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DO WOMEN WANT THE VOTE?

BY WILLIAM M. BRAY

I

WHEN the honest voters of his district elected him to represent them in the state senate, he had some idea of what might be expected of him. He had served in the legislature before. When he announced his candidacy and published his platform, however, he had not anticipated that woman suffrage would be an issue. The equal-suffrage advocates had been overwhelmingly defeated two years before when the suffrage question had been submitted to the voters of the state by means of a referendum. He knew that most suffragists were determined, persistent women who thoroughly believed in their cause and meant to win. He should have known that they would keep the suffrage question an issue until they did win. Had he been wiser, he would have realized that women's 'rights' were becoming more and more important politically, and were already a most vital issue. Not only in many states, but in Congress as well, suffragists were playing a most prominent part. Sooner or later practically every legislator in every state, every member of Congress, and almost every voter in the United States would be called upon to take a stand on the equal suffrage question.

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Our legislator soon discovered his mistake. Nowadays a candidate for political office has no chance to remain deceived on the suffrage question. Our embryo statesman meant to do what was right. He did not like to oppose women. He had always believed that if a majority of women wanted the ballot they should have it; but he did not know that a majority of them did want it. How could he find out? Practically all women who said anything to him about suffrage wanted to vote. They told him so in no uncertain terms. Probably a majority of the voters in his district were opposed to equal suffrage, however. Two years before they had voted against suffrage very decisively. Perhaps public sentiment on the suffrage question had changed since then, but presumably there had been no change, if no evidence were brought to prove it. He saw very plainly that the suffrage problem would be a difficult one for him. What was he to do?

He did not have to be told the easiest course for him to pursue. That would be to vote on this question as a majority of his constituents had voted. But should he take the 'easiest way'? He knew that when questions of right and wrong were involved, strong men did not suppress their convictions — even to please their constituents. Perhaps

he was not a strong man, but he did not want to be a weak one. He had always believed it to be the duty of a legislator to keep in close touch with his constituents, to seek the help of their advice and the benefit of their judgment, and to give their interests preference over his own. He also believed just as firmly, however, that it was a legislator's duty to realize that he was elected to make laws, not only for his own district, but for the whole state as well; and to remember too that he owed it to all for whom he must so legislate, to use his best judgment for their welfare and to be something more than a mere reflector of opinions — even of the opinions of those to whom he might owe the position which made his judgment important.

The next legislature would be asked to submit another suffrage referendum to the people. Legislators would be judged to be for, or against, equal suffrage, as they voted on this proposed referendum. Its passage would be demanded, not because there were more or better arguments in favor of equal suffrage now than there had been two years before, and not that there were any indications that the result of another popular vote would be different; but simply because suffragists wanted the vote and proposed to keep up an untiring and never-ceasing agitation in favor of what they wanted until they got it. If they could not convince the opposition, they meant to tire it out.

Without regard to the merits of equal suffrage, he could not help feeling that the legislature should not permit the state to be subjected to the annoyance and uncertainty of these proposed repeated referendums, without first being shown at least some substantial evidence to warrant the belief that public sentiment had materially changed since the previous election. The suffragists had no right to ask the coopera-

tion of the legislature in attempts to win a suffrage victory by coercion and agitation. Surely continual agitation was not in and of itself fair argument. Suffrage should win on its merits or not at all.

Our would-be statesman had often been warned that equal suffrage would win eventually, and that therefore, as a matter of policy, it would be well for him to give it his support. He thought that that consideration should have no bearing in helping him to determine his duty, however. Certainly he could not support a cause any more conscientiously simply because he thought it would win.

While a member of the legislature before, he had known several suffrage lobbyists. They had given members a great deal of attention. He remembered their persistent ways. Some had been very emphatic in expressing their opinions. Many had been quite intolerant of any ideas entertained by those who differed with them. He knew that most suffragists were good, earnest, conscientious, public-spirited women, who wanted to vote only because of the greater opportunities for doing good that they thought the ballot would give them. He wished all of them could be more charitable toward the opinions of those who did not always agree with them.

Our law-maker had met female-suffrage advocates who could see no good in any man opposed to equal suffrage, and who apparently looked upon man as woman's natural enemy — unsympathetic to her interests, unfair to her in matters of legislation, and woefully lacking in all humanitarian instincts. Such women seemed to feel antagonistic toward men as a class, and no doubt would consider any suffrage gain a victory over men. He did not admire this type of woman very much, but he realized fully that allowances should

be made for them and that he should not allow their prejudices to influence him to be unfair toward them or their cause.

His mother was a suffragist. She was not the shy, timid, modest, retiring kind either. Fortunately, however, she was one of that rarer variety who do not take even their own opinions too seriously. He was very fond of his mother and very proud of her. He knew that her ideas were generally sound and well worth listening to. She often said that her women friends needed something worth while to do more than they needed the ballot. She doubted if woman suffrage would result in better government. She did not want to vote. In her opinion, however, all mature people, without regard to sex or color, education or intelligence, taxation or property rights, or any other qualification than that of citizenship, who contributed to support government and gave up part of their personal liberty to conform to government rules and regulations, were entitled to an equal share in the management of government business. She firmly believed that, as a matter of simple justice, women should be given the ballot on an equality with men. She maintained that suffrage was a 'right' to which every woman was entitled, and that those women who wanted suffrage were justified in demanding their 'rights.' Whether or not other women wanted suffrage — or 'rights' — had no bearing on the question.

Our friend had great respect for his mother's opinions, but would have preferred not to discuss them with her. Experience had taught him that the suffrage question was an extremely difficult subject for men and women to discuss together. In all such discussions, sooner or later the relative merits of the two sexes were almost invariably brought up for debate, and disagree-

able comparisons generally followed. He had learned that suffrage arguments between men and women were to be avoided, if possible.

II

But, try as hard as he might, our well-meaning state senator could not always avoid suffrage arguments with women. Believing as he did that women should not have the ballot until a majority of them wanted it, the question that interested him particularly was whether or not most women really did want it. He found that very few equal suffrage advocates were interested in this question, however. In his discussions with them, they generally argued that suffragists should be given the ballot even if most women were opposed to it.

To present his point of view, he often tried to question those who differed with him: —

'Are suffragists in the majority?'

'Don't you think women who are opposed to equal suffrage have "rights"?'

'Is not suffrage a duty and a responsibility as well as a "right"?'

'Are you fair in trying to force duties and responsibilities upon all women, without regard to whether or not they want them, in order to secure "rights" for suffragists?'

'Don't you think the "rights" of all women should be considered in the determination of so important a question as their enfranchisement? or do you think anti-suffragists should be disfranchised on the question of enfranchisement?'

'If women are well enough informed to exercise the right of suffrage, are they not sufficiently intelligent to decide for themselves whether or not they want suffrage?'

Our inquiring young legislator liked to ask questions of others, but one day

one of his mother's friends asked him a question.

She said: 'The government of this country is the business of its citizens, each holding just one share of stock. I know I am counted a stockholder, for I am called upon to help pay the bills. The men of the country will not permit me and other women to vote our stock. They do not even allow us to vote by proxy as no one has more than one vote. You are a business man and a stockholder in this business. I don't think you or any other business man should say that I cannot vote my stock because I am a woman, or because many other women stockholders do not care enough about the business to vote their stock. How would you and your friends in the legislature like to be compelled to support a business run with such a lack of principle?'

Well, our legislator was staggered! He was flabbergasted!

Could all his fine theories be exploded by one plain simple question? Had not his mother's friend presented a strong case? Were not her premises correct? Was not her reasoning logical? Could there be more than one conclusion? He had to admit that he was quite overwhelmed. At first thought her question certainly seemed unanswerable, except in one way. He must take time and think it over. Perhaps he ought to state the hypothesis in his own way and see if he arrived at the same conclusion.

'We are all stockholders in a public business called "government," but we have never been equal stockholders so far as voting our stock is concerned. All stock is evenly divided into two kinds — common and preferred. You and other women have always owned all the preferred stock, and have had no opportunity to take part in the management of the business except in an advisory capacity. Other men and I

have always owned all the common stock and managed the business for what we believed to be the best interests of all stockholders, preferred as well as common.

'In order to permit you women to take an active part in running the business, would it be right for us to force all women — very much against the wishes of a majority of them perhaps — to exchange their preferred stock for common stock and in that way be compelled either to become active themselves in the management of the business, or to intrust their interests partly to you?

'Would not we common stockholders be fairer to you preferred stockholders, if we said to you: "You may decide for yourselves whether you want to leave the business of running this government to us or prefer to take an active part in its management. We will abide by your decision. If most of you want the right to vote, all well and good, you may have it; but if a majority of you do not want a change in government management, we will not let a minority force it upon you.'

Our young friend felt relieved. He had discovered the flaw in the lady's argument. At first, her question had seemed fairly to represent the situation and to knock all his theories in the head. He now saw plainly, however, that in her hypothesis she had failed to consider the interests of those women who did not want to be forced to take an active part in public business in order to protect their own interests, and who also did not want to have their business managed, even in part, by other women.

Our representative finally decided that the only way he could determine for himself whether or not women should be given the ballot was to submit the question to the women themselves. He resolved to find out, if pos-

sible, what proportion of the women living in his own district wanted equal suffrage. He was sure his women constituents were no less intelligent and well informed on the suffrage question than were the women of any other district in the commonwealth. If there proved to have been a decided change of sentiment throughout his district in favor of suffrage since the referendum vote of two years before, there would probably have been a proportionate change throughout the state. If a majority of the women in his district desired equal suffrage, very likely a majority in the state would favor it. For fear the women of his district were more intelligent and well informed than the average, however, and therefore, that a poll of his district would not prove a fair test of suffrage sentiment elsewhere, he finally interested other members of the legislature and induced some of them to agree that, if he would take a poll of women in his district, they would do likewise in their respective districts located in different parts of the state.

How to make a fair test was another problem. Our legislator was determined that, above every other consideration, his poll should be fair. He realized that, because of the expense involved, he could not afford to poll all of his district. He finally decided to canvass half of it, selecting such parts of each city, village, and country town as he thought would be most representative. But, being puzzled to know just how to make his canvass, he sought advice. A variety of suggestions was received. Most of them were manifestly impractical, and few of them appeared unbiased.

One suffrage advocate advised him to poll only schoolteachers, librarians, and other educated women. It seemed to her that a general poll of women, including 'uninformed and indifferent

working girls' and 'home-bodies,' would not be a fair test.

A very prominent suffragist living in a large city told him: 'The only fair method of taking a test vote would be to visit every house in the district selected, carefully explain to each woman the advantages of woman suffrage, and hand her a ballot with the request that she mark it, voting "yes" if not opposed, and "no," of course, if opposed.' The prominent suffragist said that she herself had taken many test votes in this manner and found results 'most satisfactory.'

What our inquisitive friend wanted, however, was a record of the equal-suffrage sentiment then prevailing throughout his whole district; not a selected test of such sentiment, or a test of general sentiment as it might be after arguments on one side had been presented. He made up his mind to have some ballots printed and to take his poll in his own way.

After he started his canvass, I did not see him for many days, but I heard of him frequently. One day I saw a young lady, who did not look as if she would hurt any one, approach our good old German housekeeper, who was busily hanging out the family washing, and offer her a slip of paper.

There was a short pause; then a mouth full of clothespins sputtered, 'Ach! Gott in Himmel! I got no time for such foolishness!'

I was puzzled, but finally guessed the reason for so much vehemence. The stranger was one of our legislator's suffrage canvassers. She looked tired, and graciously accepted my invitation to come in.

Her little ballots were plainly printed and read that members of the legislature wanted to know whether or not women wanted the vote. Women were asked to take the ballots somewhere where they could be alone, mark them

with a cross (x) to indicate whether or not they were in favor of equal suffrage, fold them so that their vote could not be seen, and deposit them in the ballot bag carried by the collector.

The modest young canvasser said there were other ballots to be sent by mail to women of different nationalities living in the country districts. These ballots were worded in very much the same way, but printed in different colors — one color for each nationality. She thought her employer was curious to know if nationality made any difference in suffrage sentiment.

I asked her if she were a suffragist. She said she could not tell me. Neither could she discuss suffrage nor tell how the vote was going. She had been instructed to be very careful, in talking with women, not to give any advice or information that might influence a vote. Most of the ballots were folded before being handed back to her, and she seldom looked to see how they were marked. She was expected to visit every house in the districts assigned to her. Practically every woman she saw voted, almost always without hesitation. She understood that both men and women were employed as canvassers and that half of them had been selected because they favored equal suffrage and half because they were opposed to it. None of them were allowed to inform any one how they stood. She thought there were many canvassers. Most of them were employed calling from house to house in different cities and villages, while others were taking polls in factories, stores, offices, libraries, and schools. Her employer had said he intended to secure as many votes as possible before his canvass became advertised, so that he might get a fair, impartial vote before any one interested attempted to influence the voters.

I did not think that she looked either

part, but the young canvasser thought that many people judged her to be either a 'suffragette,' or employed by the 'liquor interests.' A large number of women had told her they were interested in suffrage only because of the liquor question. Many wanted the ballot for just one reason — to close up saloons. It made no difference to her how women voted or why they voted one way or another. The man soliciting in the ward with her was an experienced canvasser. He had told her that he always put his foot in a front door as soon as it was opened, to prevent its being slammed in his face before he could explain his business. She would like to visit longer, but her employer expected her to work. Perhaps she had stayed too long. Some boys outside had followed her, calling her 'suffering cat.' She had been hoping they would go.

That same day the newspapers began to take notice of our legislator's canvass. News articles appeared, telling about 'mysterious strangers seen canvassing different parts of the city and many other places.' Because officers of the 'Equal Suffrage League' knew nothing about it, prominent suffragists were inclined to believe that 'interests inimical to the cause of suffrage, probably the liquor people,' were back of the poll.

Next day our law-maker was interviewed. He attempted to explain the mystery, but no explanation was satisfactory or acceptable. There must be something 'crooked' about the canvass, because leading suffragists had not been consulted. It was inconceivable that a fair poll could be taken by any one outside of equal-suffrage organizations. One suffragist said that she had stayed at home for three days (something she had never been known to do before) for fear the canvassers would miss her, but she had not been called upon. Another had 'called up fourteen prominent ad-

vocates of suffrage and not one of them had been asked to vote by the mysterious canvassers.' Others had told the canvassers at just what houses they should call to get suffragist votes, but many of these calls had not been made. Surely the liquor people were back of it. 'Mysterious strangers should not adopt dark, mysterious methods!'

III

I had not seen my friend the legislator for so long a time that I began to think he must be in hiding, when one day I met him coming out of a large office building. He seemed pleased to see me, and said he was 'glad to meet a friend.' He had been home for days counting ballots. There were thousands of them, and he had counted them all himself. His telephone had rung so incessantly that he was glad to leave home occasionally. His mail had grown enormously. The offices he had just visited had been canvassed twice, as sixty-one young women employed there had managed to vote eighty-two times in the first poll. He knew of no other instances, however, where the ballot-box had been 'stuffed.' He thought probably some one had been trying to play a 'practical' joke. At that particular place, a telephone exchange, he had been obliged to leave the ballots to be called for later on, after they had been marked. In every other case, his canvassers had passed the ballots around and then taken them up immediately. He was very much pleased with the success he had had in taking a fair poll. He felt sure no fairer test could be made of the sentiment of the women of his district on the suffrage question. Many thousand ballots had been cast. With very few exceptions, probably less than two per cent, every woman solicited had responded to the invitation to vote. The few wo-

men called upon who had seemed in doubt and undecided which way to vote had not been encouraged to vote at all; but there had been very few who were not ready to vote promptly.

His ballots had been distributed in his own ward first. Most of the women living in his ward were the wives of workingmen. They had voted against equal suffrage four to one.

Another workingmen's ward had voted the same way. Two others had opposed suffrage three to one.

He had next canvassed a ward where he thought the residents were more representative of all classes. In this ward homes ranged in value from two hundred dollars to as high as twenty thousand dollars and more. Two thirds of the vote in this ward had been 'no.'

A majority of the men living in the seventh ward had voted in favor of suffrage two years before. A careful canvass indicated that their women were now opposed to suffrage by a small majority.

In the thirteenth ward, the largest in the city, almost eight hundred workingmen's wives had marked ballots. Seven out of eight had not wanted women to vote.

He had polled in all six and one half of the thirteen wards in his city. Only one fourth of the three thousand women called upon in these wards had voted 'yes.'

At first he had thought that perhaps the result would be different when he polled the women whom his canvassers had not found at home—the working women in factories, stores, schools, and other places.

Most teachers, older scholars, librarians, nurses, and dressmakers had voted 'yes.' A large majority of bookkeepers, stenographers, clerks, factory girls, and hotel employees had voted 'no.'

In the other two cities in his district, the vote had been practically the same.

About seven women out of ten did not want the ballot.

There were two villages that had shown strong equal-suffrage sentiment two years before. The suffragists in these villages had almost won in his poll, but in each case a very small majority of women had been opposed.

Not a single ward, city, or village in his district had returned a majority for suffrage.

He had found the rural districts almost as strongly opposed to women voting as the cities had been. Thirteen out of sixteen country towns had voted 'no.'

In these country towns he had mailed different colored ballots to different nationalities. Three fourths of the German women answering had voted 'no.' The Irish had voted 'no.' A close majority of the Scandinavians and English and most of the Welsh had voted 'yes.'

In all he had polled almost eight thousand votes. The results indicated that fully two thirds of all the women in his district were opposed to suffrage. The referendum on suffrage two years before had shown almost exactly the same proportion of men opposed to giving women the ballot. Evidently there were no indications of a gain in suffrage sentiment in his district.

The other members of the legislature who had promised to poll their districts did not do so. He thought that they had refrained, either because they did not want to incur the expense, or did not want to agree to abide by the results. In the absence of any other test, he must assume the suffrage sentiment in his district to be a fair indication of suffrage strength throughout his state.

Just before the equal-suffrage measures introduced in the state legislature came up for consideration, our representative called upon me. He was in trouble. His mother had written him

a letter asking him to support equal suffrage. She said it would settle the liquor problem. She was visiting in a western state where women had the ballot. He did not like to disappoint his mother. Her letter read:—

MY DEAR BOY:—

What an opportunity you now have as a state senator to make our state a cleaner and better home for its citizens.

Your first privilege will be to help women to secure the ballot. I am so sure of your absolute integrity and high sense of honor that I feel certain you will not deny women justice.

My western visit has made me a real 'votes for women' enthusiast. The ballot has already done wonders for women in the west, and these recently enfranchised western women are accomplishing so much in return.

Every western man I have met tells me he is glad to have women vote. Even those who were most opposed to equal suffrage have become converted. Men out here seem to believe in women, and the women are showing themselves to be worthy of this trust.

After fifty years of saloon politics under man rule in Oregon and Washington, the women of these states have stepped in with their new untried weapons, women's votes, and banished 'demon rum' from the country. Men in politics in the east are afraid to vote against saloons, but in these western suffrage states men no longer fear the liquor vote. They know that women's votes count more than saloon votes.

In civilization there is no room for the saloon. Women realize this more than men, perhaps, because women suffer more from the effects of liquor than do men, while their judgment is not prejudiced by a taste for it. Women know that absolute prohibition is the only permanent solution of the liquor problem.

I wish we could rid our state of saloons, but I am sure this can never be done until women are given the ballot. My faith in you is so great that I am sure you will vote for woman suffrage, for you must choose between the two, equal suffrage and saloons. I know my boy could not align himself with the saloon.

Your loving

MOTHER.

I was interested to know how our state senator would answer his mother. He finally wrote her in part: —

You will not agree with me, mother, but I believe no one should support equal suffrage because of the liquor problem.

In our state, as well as in others, the equal-suffrage movement is linked with the prohibition movement. Most suffragists are opposed to saloons. Many are suffragists only because of saloons. They want women to have the ballot only to bring about prohibition.

In my opinion the liquor problem is of minor importance in comparison with the suffrage question. Whether or not women vote, it is generally admitted that the liquor problem will be permanently solved in the course of time by laws that will have public sentiment

back of them to make them enforceable. On the other hand, equal suffrage is for all time. When suffrage for women is once granted, it is an irrevocable step. How unfortunate it would be to take an irrevocable step for a reason that will no longer exist after a comparatively short time.

Friends of good government should consider the advisability of equal suffrage entirely aside from any effect women's votes might have on the liquor business. If equal suffrage ought not to be granted for other reasons than because of its effect on the saloon business, then it ought not to be granted at all, for the saloon question will be taken care of without women's votes. Linking the two questions together only tends to prevent a fair, impartial judgment of each.

And, mother, if a majority of the men in our state really want saloons (as they seem to), bad as the saloon is, would we be better off to have it abolished by women? Would it be well to have most women voting against most men? Would equal suffrage bring about such a situation?

My conscientious friend opposed all equal-suffrage bills introduced in the state senate. One of these measures failed to pass by only one vote.

THE ECONOMIC CRIME OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

I

ONE of Dante's finest passages celebrates the nuptials of St. Francis of Assisi and the Lady Poverty, 'the widow of Christ.' In the thought of the spiritual troubadours of the Middle Ages she had been left as the ward of the Church, but through many centuries none had paid her court or championed her cause. Francis became her knight and persuaded his followers to wear her favor as they went out to win Umbria and, later, all Italy. Among the most dramatic scenes in history is that of Francis and his early disciples at the little sanctuary of Santa Maria degli Angeli, when he and Egidio, Ginepro, Bernardo, Pietro, and other men of wealth and high birth, took the formal vow of poverty, electing to live on the commonest fare, in the scantiest measure, earned by menial labor or received as charity. Such a saint and poet as Francis might throw a passing glamour over the grim features of poverty, and the age in which he lived invited the vow as a parable; perhaps within the church at that time and in the Catholic church of to-day there may be justification for a clerical order bearing such marks of dedication; but the expedient or institution is entirely alien to the Protestant conception of the ministry.

Protestantism has always emphasized the pastoral function of the clerical office, not because the church has no genius for conceiving or attempting

the exceptional in spiritual strategy, but by reason of its firm belief that the main outlines of human society as they now exist are divinely sanctioned and ordained. Faith in the family unit underlies the Protestant conception of the place and function of the ministry. An order of clerics distinguished by celibacy and voluntary poverty, living in a monastic establishment or moving about from place to place without stake or right in any given community, would be a denial of Protestant principles. The more nearly a clergyman can conform to the social customs of his age, and the more completely he can build himself into the body politic, the more perfectly he realizes the Protestant ideal. To exercise the franchise of citizenship, to have a definite financial part in the fortunes of the state, to be the head of a family with its obligations and privileges, to be a participating factor in the social evolution that is forever remaking humanity, to be the neighbor and friend and guide of all kinds and conditions of men by virtue of kindred experience, to minimize the artificial distinctions between the sacred and the secular — these are the concepts which give form to the Protestant ministry. What they mean can be readily seen: influence by impregnation rather than by impact; inspiration and stimulation for spiritual achievement by coöperation within the social organism, rather than by exterior governance; a concrete and vital model of

the ideal in terms never to be misunderstood, rather than an extramundane theory propounded by one who is not called upon to put it to the test of actuality.

Because this principle of participation has been accepted by the entire body of Protestant laity the conditions upon which Protestant ministers must live their lives are defined with something like finality. Each must fit into his habitat at the stage of social evolution reached by his parish. But his precise place is not set by striking an average: he must adopt the customs and meet the standards of the better class of his parishioners. Even though his salary is no higher than that of the skilled mechanic, he and his family must dress, entertain, and contribute to local philanthropies on the scale of the comparatively rich.

To this as an immediate programme the clergyman has no objection; by instinct and education he appreciates the emblems of refinement; he wishes his children to have a flying start in a competitive age; and, above all, he wants to be a commendable representative of the civilization he is pledged to sustain and advance. The Manse, or Rectory, or Parsonage, is always too large and out of proportion to his income; books are the tools of his trade, and they are not only expensive but they become obsolete more quickly than other tools; clerical clothing cannot be bought readily and cheaply in the custom-made stores during clearance sales; charity, to him, is not a passing luxury but a permanent investment to conserve his capital in character; vacations are almost enforced, and in a high-tension-nerve-brain-and-heart occupation must not be neglected. So he takes his place, smiles, preaches optimism, gives first and last aid to every kind of injury, keeps the honor of his church and his Master beyond reproach, and spends

the residue of his strength in devising and practising secret economies.

The present gives him scarcely a care; but the future! It looms dark and bleak before him: extreme penury, possibly starvation, or — charity. He would prefer the former for himself; he has lived so intimately with chivalrous ideals and generous impulses, he has striven so hard to keep his individual independence as an inalienable right, that he would rather die a South Pacific castaway than subsist on doles of pity. But his family! and above all, the honor of his church! For these he must drain the dregs and comfort his soul with his oft-used pulpit parable of Lazarus and the crumbs. Provision for disability or old age is altogether out of the question with the average minister.

The cost of living has been rising at the rate of five per cent a year; the level of clerical salaries has not risen five per cent in a decade; and the increase, such as it is, has not been a flat advance throughout all the churches; it has been chiefly confined to the wealthier parishes and congregations. Even to save by insurance is almost out of the question, at least in an amount adequate to an old-age annuity. Taken at a comparatively early age, a \$5000 twenty-year endowment policy would swallow up more than a fifth of the average yearly salary of Protestant clergymen; supposing, however, that it could be managed, the income at five per cent will bring in only \$5 a week for old-age subsistence. No matter how saintly and devoted he is, or how deeply under obligation earth may be for his vicarious life, the Protestant clergyman can see his heaven only beyond a belt of hell through which he and his loved ones must pass.

What fault there is lies at the door of the wealthier laymen of the churches, particularly the successful business

men. Nearly all of them are officers or partners or stockholders in the great corporations of the country. They know perfectly well that practically every large and well-established industry is providing for the disability and the old age of its employees; they have almost a flawless knowledge of the action recently taken by various states in respect of employers' liability; they acquiesce in the pensions paid by the government to the personnel of the army and navy. These and other developments of the corporate conscience are now fixed factors of business and citizenship, justified alike by economic justice and humanitarianism. Nearly all of the prominent business men of America have some connection with the church; many of them are conspicuous leaders of Christian enterprise. Industrially they are Dr. Jekyll; ecclesiastically they are Mr. Hyde. What use is there in glossing the matter? They are proud of being just and fair where it is an economic necessity; they are brutally callous where it is a religious grace. The employer who dares not rip a faithful but gray-haired mechanic from his lathe and throw him upon the mercy of the community will tear a faithful but gray-haired preacher from his pulpit and drop him upon the lean cold bosom of charity. Perhaps the horrible anachronism is the last defiance of a defeated feudalism.

II

According to the United States Census Bureau, the Christian Church of America is the greatest corporation in the country. In 1906, it reported a property equipment costing \$1,257,575,860, of which the Protestant share was \$935,942,278. For the purpose of framing an indictment to which some one in particular must plead, I shall confine myself to the Protestant

Church. During the sixteen years from 1890 to 1906, that property investment increased 40 per cent; in the nine years since the latter date, the increase must have been another 25 per cent. Thus in twenty-five years, under the inspiration and guidance of its ministry, the Protestant Church has added 65 per cent of value to its capital account, but in that phenomenal increase the minister has not even an infinitesimal equity. The one institution on earth that is dedicated to the proclamation and practice of Justice is a monumental and monstrous example of injustice; the one organization in the land that has as its *raison d'être* the leadership in private and public righteousness is dragging its palsied conscience far in the rear of the nominally non-moral industrial corporations. Without shame, with scarcely a transient concern, the Protestant Church is treating its most worthy employees as though there had been no advance in social and industrial ethics since the tooth-and-claw period.

This religious corporation employs 150,000 local managers or executive officers known as priests, clergymen, ministers, pastors, or preachers. Usually these pay the cost of their own training, although some branches of the sacred business assist candidates during the years of preparation. Higher standards of character are required of the employees than in any other occupation; and, on the whole, the degree of mental efficiency demanded is as exacting as in other professions which rest on an intellectual foundation. The outstanding qualities, scrutinized with jealous care, are the instinct for spiritual interpretation and the capacity for ethical leadership. These are the rarest characteristics in the endowment of humanity, and historians and philosophers are unanimous in thinking that the stability and advancement of so-

ciety have always depended more upon the exercise of these qualities than upon any other factors. And, as may be at once conceded, the intensive cultivation of these qualities precludes the development of the economic or financial faculty; hence the sneer that ministers are poor business men is as much beside the mark as to say that as a rule bankers would make indifferent artists and corporation presidents very wretched poets. Necessity, however, in this case comes to the rescue of the clergy, for they are compelled to assist in the finances of their parishes and in course of time they do acquire a respectable degree of business acumen. As a class, at the age of thirty-five, they are probably as level-headed and worldly-wise as the men of any other class.

Moreover, the Protestant Church raises and administers well over \$100,000,000 per annum, not counting the additions to the invested permanent funds—local and general endowments. For instance, the denomination with which I am most familiar, 'The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America,'—the incorporated title,—reported for the year ending in 1915, a total income of \$27,785,036. It is manned by 9685 ministers; but this number includes permanent officials of boards, professors, missionaries, ministers without charge, and a large percentage disabled by old age from active service. And yet, out of that total only \$256,144 was designed for meeting the needs of its disabled servants or the widows and dependent children of ministers who had died.

But what is worse, only \$96,596 was given in cash by the churches during the year for bona-fide pensions—the balance being for the Relief Fund, which is a pure form of charity and barely enough to avoid scandal by giving slight alleviation to the most des-

perately needy. Later I shall point out more definitely the distinction between the charity called relief and the justice known as pensions. It is sufficient here to note that one of the wealthiest branches of the Protestant corporation has thus far failed to reach the standard of economic justice frankly recognized by industrial corporations commonly called 'soulless.'

III

Industrial justice represents the latest phase in the evolution of a social conscience. For many centuries charity has been reckoned a grace of religion, and it is supposed that grace has forever abrogated law. Perhaps in the theological realm it has, but not in the social. Swiftly, and with ever-increasing momentum, the science of economics has overridden sentiment; industrialism has frankly appropriated the language and the laws of ethics; organized bodies of laborers have dropped the pleading tone of the suppliant and speak in the accent of demand. The movement came, not from the few at the top, but from the masses at the bottom and from the multitudes in the middle. Charity has grown to be the most hated word in the vocabulary. There is no anger against the impulse of charity as felt by the almoner, but a deep indignation that the social structure should have any area in which charity is needed. Men demand economic justice as they demand liberty of thought, speech, and movement, as they demand equality before the law, as they demand representation in government; they claim it as an inalienable right, as a fundamental law of democracy; and they will accept no grace as a substitute.

Fortunately, in one department of our multiform industrial relationships, the capitalists or their executives re-

cognized almost instantly the validity of the claim. To tabulate the various forms of response in baldest outline and without a word of comment would require more than the space allotted to this article. Within a few years, thousands of schemes have been elaborated by which the producers of values may participate in the wealth produced. Leaving aside coöperative societies, stock partnerships, bonus distribution, profit-sharing, and sliding scales of wages, as being a branch of the theme that is not germane to the subject of economic justice toward the Christian ministry, we come to the question of pensions, which, in its final form, is nothing less than the equity a worker has in the value of the business his labor has helped to build up, considered from the standpoint of the time he has given to the occupation. Pensions differ from all forms of workmen's compensation for disability chiefly in the fact that the time element does not enter into the latter; but both are a distinct recognition that the employees' willingness to contribute to the production of values gives them an indubitable equity in the wealth produced, whether that wealth be regarded as permanent capital or periodic increment.

Pensions are deferred wages. They are as far removed from charity as is the ordinary biweekly pay envelope or the monthly check. Their record is not in the private bank-book of the employer but on the debit page of the ledger. This is equally true whether they are provided by a capital fund, as in the United States Steel Corporation, or whether they are charged against earnings, as by the New York Central Railroad. Indeed, the method of provision is the least important feature; the one vital point is that industrial corporations recognize that to pay wages to employees when their ability to produce has passed away is ethically

and economically sound. The principle has been almost universally adopted. Practically every railroad system and manufacturing corporation in America reckons the pensioning of disabled or aged employees as a fixed liability, no more to be evaded than the annual charge-off for depreciation.

Such a principle or practice, once established in the business world, could not fail of extension. Colleges and universities paid attention to their emeritus funds, and, when it was found that these were inadequate or inequitable, the Carnegie Foundation completed the system. The privileges of this fund have been extended to seventy-three institutions, and the average pension provided for professors who wish to retire at sixty-five years of age or later is \$1600 per annum. Public-school systems in every large centre already have made, or are making, provision for old-age retirement, but the bases of the plans adopted are so variant that no summary can be given: they represent every possible form, from contributory insurance to a straight pension paid by the Educational Board from the taxes and provided for in the annual budget. The retiring pensions of the United States army and navy, and also the old-age benefits of some of the brotherhoods of organized labor, are too well-known to need comment. Once the principle was accepted and found feasible in application, it spread in concentric circles, through municipal employees and various state and federal branches of employment, until it seems now to be coterminous with human needs everywhere. Old-age pensions are distributed by the governments of France, Germany, Great Britain, Denmark, and indeed, in one aspect or another, are in force in nearly all civilized nations of the world. In several of our own commonwealths mothers' pensions are being operated with a de-

gree of success that is far too 'subtle, though none the less real, to admit of tabulation. 'The right to live' sums up, not only the sentiment, but the ethics of this universal development of the economic conscience. Any one who works according to his ability creates for himself an inalienable equity in the totality of the world's wealth, and the annual pension is not a new form of largesse but a regular dividend upon the capital which the worker has invested in the form of time, muscle, or brain. Or, in other words, a pension is simply a deferred wage held back for book-keeping purposes. It is no more charity than is a bond coupon.

Clergymen are producers of values. Every form of property depends for its worth upon the stability of the social fabric, and upon the overhead charges of the state for its protection. There is more relevance than business men realize in the apparently cynical remark of a friend of mine: 'I stand for the church, not because I believe in Heaven, but because I believe in earth. It is cheaper to pay preachers than policemen and it is always more economical to support pulpits than prisons. I always contribute to the churches and charge it to my insurance account.' Sir Charles Warren, when chief of the London police, made the remark that each Salvation Army officer in the slums of the metropolis released two policemen from duty. Speaking of the effect of the work of a popular evangelist upon the employees of a certain railroad, one of its high executive officers said to me that his company could well afford to pay \$100,000 for the six weeks of revival meetings in return for the increased efficiency of the men by decreasing drinking and inducing a more conscientious concentration on their occupations.

In every community the clergymen stand and have always stood for those things which increase values; they are

the relentless foes of intemperance, immorality, and gambling; they stand sponsor for better housing, more effective health measures, the conservation of childhood, the laying out of playgrounds and parks, the improvement of the home, higher and more practical standards of education, and for popularizing thrift, for self-respect, and for civic enthusiasm. These value-making characteristics are pointed out because the new movement for ministerial pensions should rest squarely upon the business men of the churches, and the claim should be frankly recognized as a payment of deferred salary out of the increased values produced. And if the effort to put the movement upon a basis of equity is to succeed, the laymen of the churches must take it in hand as a part of their business and not as a work of grace. The last shame and blight that can rest upon the Protestant ministry will fall if the clergymen of the various denominations are expected to panhandle for the establishment of their respective pension funds. In fact, they will refuse in such large numbers that the schemes will fail and the Protestant Church of America, counting among its laymen the leaders of national finance and industry, will present itself as that glaring anomaly, a spiritual corporation devoid of an ethical soul.

IV

Organized charity does not differ in any essential from spontaneous and desultory charity: it is a dole dependent on the impulse of the donor rather than on the rightful claim of the recipient. The great Protestant denominations have for many years systematized the giving of relief to indigent and worn-out ministers, or to the widows and dependent children of the clergy. Quite recently, several of the churches have realized that social justice requires

something more; hence there is a well-defined movement to create and operate sound pension plans for the ministers and their dependents. The schemes have all been framed under actuarial guidance, but they vary so radically in structure and detail that anything approaching criticism would be unwise and unfair. It may be said that any plan which will work is sound, and the workability of a particular scheme must be judged with full cognizance of the ecclesiastical polity through which it is to be realized. For instance, it is obvious that a prospectus written for a firmly knit organization such as the Protestant Episcopal Church must be strikingly different from that devised for the independent communities of Congregationalism. These various plans also are either in the incubation stage or are only a little way advanced in development; their consummation will depend entirely upon whether or not the leading laymen of each denomination are willing to allow their new industrial conscience to apply itself to their church relationships; for there is not a shadow of doubt that each denomination has wealth ample for an easy and swift realization of the plan proposed.

The Baptist Church (Northern) has had local organizations for relief, but only recently has a National Board been created. An endowment is rapidly growing, and altogether nearly \$2,000,000 is held in the various funds of the denomination. This relief is pure charity, distributed not as a matter of justice, but on the basis of need as proved by the claimant. In 1914, the Northern Baptist Convention brought forward a 'Proposed Plan for the Pensioning of Baptist Ministers.' Ministers are to pay annual premiums scaled to age, sufficient to earn annuities of one hundred dollars by the time they are sixty-five years old, and the church

at large proposes to increase this annuity to a maximum of \$500, as soon as it can secure the necessary funds. Lesser benefits are offered to disabled men; and lesser still to widows and orphans. The relation is strictly contractual; the Church agrees to do a certain thing on condition that the minister does a certain thing. Those ministers who elect to enter the scheme purchase annuity insurance at eighty per cent discount — a feature that follows the plans of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. This pension scheme, however, is moving slowly, as the relief feature is being the more stressed at present.

'To provide an orderly, uniform and reasonably adequate old-age annuity based on actuarial principles, with collateral benefits for their families in case of death or disability,' is the proposal of the Congregational Church. The plan is as follows: an annual payment by the minister of one fifth the amount needed to provide an annuity of \$500 from the age of sixty-five to death; contributions by churches and individuals sufficient to meet the remaining four fifths of the cost. Three fifths of this annuity passes to the minister's widow, or at her death to minor children; payments proportionate to length of service are to be made in case of disability or death prior to the age of sixty-five; the fund is to be purely mutual — all proceeds will inure to the benefit of members.

Evidently this is a contributory pension in which the beneficiary pays a premium; thus it comes into the insurance class. Out of 5923 Congregational ministers, 275 have thus far become members of the fund. Assets from premium payments and contributions already received amount only to \$38,000. The National Council of the Congregational Church, at its recent meeting, passed the following resolution: 'It is the con-

viction of this National Council that the supreme duty of the years in which we approach the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims is the securing of a fund of not less than \$3,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 shall be devoted to Ministerial Relief and \$2,000,000 to the Annuity Fund.' The older fund for relief is apparently to remain intact, to be distributed as charity to such as cannot or do not join the Annuity; thus the dole will continue and, as long as it is compelled to operate, justice will remain as a condition only partially realized.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has 18,881 ministers and has projected a fund of \$10,000,000, the interest of which shall be used for pensions. It is hoped that this, with other available income, will give an annuity of one half of a minister's average salary computed on thirty-five years of effective service. In case of earlier disability, the benefit will be prorated; widows and minor children will likewise become beneficiaries. At present there are some other resources available for relief purposes (straight charity), such as the interest of a long-established 'Chartered Fund,' the profits of the Methodist Book Concern (amounting in 1913 to \$250,000), and an annual collection from all the churches. Whatever is left over from the 'Necessitous Fund' will go into the pension account; and, when the pension scheme is in full working order, practically the entire amount will be available for social justice. Ultimately, therefore, all the resources of the conferences will merge in the central scheme. While no direct and universal levy in the form of a premium has been made upon the ministers, some conferences have voluntarily adopted an assessment on behalf of the \$10,000,000 capital. What progress has been made cannot be stated, as the scheme is being worked out through the local

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conferences, and a report will not be available until the General Conference, in May, 1916.

The Presbyterian Church has inaugurated a campaign for raising a capital pension fund of \$10,000,000, toward which it has already received and invested \$517,445, and it has outstanding and collectable pledges of \$352,445 more. The scheme has an insurance aspect, in that only the ministers who join the fund will participate in its benefits. Their premiums will amount to 20 per cent of the total required, the other 80 per cent to be contributed by the church at large, either in gifts to the capital account or by periodic subscriptions. When the fund is complete, a flat annuity of \$500 will be paid on retirement at the age of seventy, after thirty years of ministerial service. Provision is made for earlier disability, and likewise for widows and minor children. The plan is already in operation; it has 995 premium-paying members out of the 9685 ministers on the roll of the church; it pays 43 pensions; and even though the \$10,000,000 has not been nearly subscribed, the fund feels justified in paying to each beneficiary 70 per cent of the full benefit. Joining the Sustentation Department is not obligatory, but failure to participate will leave the ministers nothing but the charity of the Relief Fund in old age, and to receive that, they must prove actual necessity.

The Relief Department or Board of the Presbyterian Church has a permanent fund of \$3,000,000, and received, in 1915, \$139,510 by subscription; making altogether, by interest and gifts, \$328,694 available for the year's distribution. At present, under the voluntary pension scheme, the work of the Relief Board will have to continue, but if every minister should join the Sustentation or Pension Department, the Board would have no further function,

and, legal difficulties overcome, its invested funds might pass over to the pension capital account.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is appealing for \$5,000,000 for the 'Church Pension Fund,' not, however, to be held as capital, but as an initial reserve for accrued liabilities — a precaution absolutely necessary under the Episcopal scheme. This proposes a levy on each parish of seven per cent on the annual stipend paid to the incumbent. Such an amount ultimately will pay a deferred salary, or pension, of at least \$600 per annum, at the age of sixty-eight, to every clergyman of the church. The very thorough actuarial study upon which this conclusion rests comprehended the age of every clergyman now in orders. But, as those who will participate are of all ages, it is obvious that the seven per cent will not be sufficient at the start — hence the \$5,000,000 to meet such accrued liabilities. The Church Pension Fund will also provide for exceptional disablement and for widows and children. In a normal case, the plan will work out as follows: at the age of sixty-eight, on retirement from active work, an annuity is to be provided, which, for technical reasons, is calculated at one and a quarter per cent of the average stipend multiplied by the number of years of the receipt of salary, no annuity to be over fifty per cent of the average salary. When ordination takes place at the average age, twenty-eight, and service in the church has been continuous, the forty years of service multiplied by one and a quarter per cent means fifty per cent, or half-pay. Two things stand out clearly in this scheme: the churches will pay the premiums, and the amount of the pension will vary according to these premiums and therefore according to the salary the beneficiary has received during his active ministry. The premium in the stronger parish, how-

ever, is so calculated that it not only pays the pension to its rector, but enables the pension in the weaker parishes to be brought up to a minimum of \$600, which is half of the average active salary throughout the Episcopal Church.

The Episcopal Church now has relief funds, retirement funds, or emeritus provisions, amounting to \$222,908 per annum, but this amount comes from more than fifty separate sources. When the national plan goes into effect, it will comprehend and supersede the Diocesan, General Clergy Relief, and local retirement funds, and from the Church Pension Fund will meet disability or approaching age as a matter of liability. The Episcopal Church, with its 5700 clergymen, proposes to abandon its haphazard charity and to recognize that its servants have a life-long and indisputable equity in the ecclesiastical corporation. The scheme must go into effect as a whole, and it cannot even be launched until the \$5,000,000 for accrued liabilities is in hand.

Other denominations are facing the question, some of them having already launched schemes that promise well. The sample sketches of pension plans given above do not pretend to be an exhaustive account of what the churches have in mind; no judgment should be passed upon any of them from this cursory survey; it has been my purpose simply to show that several ecclesiastical bodies have at least reached the threshold of economic justice — and that it will be an unspeakable disgrace if the forward movement does not reach a consummation. Christian institutions must not allow purely industrial organizations to eclipse them in a matter of applied morals. And, to be severely logical, if the Protestant church cannot reach the level of the industrial ethics of this age and land with its present conception of the ministry, then it

should, in common honesty, revise its definition of the clerical office and function. It is quite conceivable that Protestantism could continue with a celibate clergy; it is conceivable that Protestantism could continue without a paid ministry at all; but it is inconceivable that Protestantism shall continue in honor and in power if its treatment of the ministry, based on the family unit, shall fall below the current moral standard of the industrial world.

As sure as there is a conscience in the race there will be a frightful Nemesis if the alternative is not faced. Already there is difficulty in getting a supply of high-calibre candidates for the ministry; the men of broadest mind and most sensitive soul are not willing to pay the toll. And there are many ministers, too old to serve the church but not too old to suffer, who secretly envy the Jesus of Nazareth who died at thirty-three with his work done.

THE CRUX OF THE PEACE PROBLEM

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

I

THE revulsion of feeling against war itself, engendered by the present war, is beyond question the most powerful stimulus to the cause of universal peace the world has yet known. It has created in many minds the conviction that war must end, and it has stirred in some minds the determination to strive without ceasing to bring about this result. The feeling is manifestly acquiring a strength and consistency of purpose sufficient to carry it beyond the generation in which it has been developed, and to give it the cumulative power of time.

And yet it cannot be claimed that the progress of the peace movement is proportionate to the stimulus which is constantly acting upon it. The current of feeling which sets so strongly away from war does not run with equal force toward peace. It seems to be increasingly difficult to organize the anti-war

sentiment into the peace movement. The reason commonly given is the confirmed unbelief of men in the practicability of universal peace. I question the sufficiency of the explanation. When men are stirred by tremendous convictions they are not daunted by the fear of impracticability. I believe that we are as clearly justified in committing the cause of universal peace to 'the opinion of mankind' as were our forefathers in committing their new doctrine of universal liberty and equality to the same accessible and sufficient authority. True, we thereby ask for nothing less than a reversal of the habit of thought of the world. They in their time asked for nothing less. The great generations have always asked in one way or another for the same thing. Though in itself something new and strange, it is not without historic warrant, that men who have inherited the habit of thinking in terms of war should be expected to acquire

the habit of thinking in terms of peace.

We must go much deeper for the explanation of the increasing hesitancy in the acceptance of the doctrine of universal peace. The problem of peace, for such the peace movement has now become, does not lie in the conviction of its impracticability, unless it be deemed morally impracticable. The suggestion of the moral impracticability of peace seems like a contradiction of terms. Nevertheless, if we follow it but a little way, it will lead to the disquieting discovery of a very strong suspicion in the popular mind of a latent selfishness in peace; and further, after due observation and reflection, we shall be brought, I think, to see that the very crux of the problem of peace lies in the difficulty of eradicating this suspicion. The awful immoralities of war, so terribly obvious, are offset in part by the counteracting effect of the impressive displays of unselfishness.

We are all conscious of a grievous inconsistency in our feelings about war. As the horrors of the present war press steadily upon us, and the menace of militarism becomes more threatening, there are times when the argument against war seems to be complete and final. But when the moral aspects of our own Civil War are brought before us in vivid retrospect, as in the recent gathering of so many survivors of the conflict in their enfeebled but exultant comradeship; and when the moral result of that war is set forth in the words of a peace-loving President as 'a miracle of the spirit, in that, instead of destroying, it has healed'; and when, after the lapse of the half-century, we can see no other way than that then taken through which we could have reached our present state of unity and peace, we are not so sure that the present war has closed the case against war.

War, in itself essentially evil, may acquire moral character as the instru-

mentality for serving a righteous cause. Peace, in itself essentially good, may lose moral character from the failure to identify itself with a righteous cause in the time of its extremity. I trace the popular suspicion of a latent selfishness in peace to its undefined and indeterminate attitude in so many cases toward ends outside and beyond itself. The constant insistence upon peace as an end in itself is to be deprecated. If we are to create confidence in the trustworthiness of peace to render that sacrificial service which is at times rendered so effectively through war, it must be made to wear a different aspect from that which it now presents to the world. We cannot afford to overlook the very marked distrust of its moral reliability for the more serious business of the nations. We cannot afford to ignore the hesitancy of men in the lower ranks of rights and privileges, powerless except for numbers, to employ a new and uncertain agency to secure broader rights and higher privileges. Neither can we afford to make light of the questionings in our own hearts as to our ability, under such conditions of peace as we have known, to awaken and satisfy those nobler instincts of human nature which have at times found stimulating if not satisfying employment in war. Certainly the ordinary routine of peace would not be satisfying. Its luxuries would be debasing. Human nature would send up its continual challenge for some moral equivalent of war. I note with careful attention this sentence, quoted by the reviewer of a recent book, *The Unmaking of Europe*: 'Europe will never cease from war till she finds some better thing to do; that better business is neither trade nor philosophy, nor even art: it is — in one word — sacrifice.'

I am convinced that it will be to the ultimate advancement of the cause of universal peace if we inquire with suffi-

cient concern into the moral effect of our present insistence upon peace as an end in itself, rather than as an instrumentality for effecting greater ends outside and beyond itself. The maintenance of the so-called arts of peace is not a sufficient justification for peace under all conditions. To the degree in which we fail to clothe peace with moral power, to identify it with objects of moral concern, to make it the incentive and opportunity for sacrifice and heroism, we leave it under the popular imputation of selfishness. I follow out the danger from this defect in our advocacy of peace into sufficient detail to indicate the extent of the popular distrust, and to show the grounds of it.

II

The most evident, and in some respects the most justifiable, ground of popular distrust of the peace movement is the fear that it may effect a change in the relative moral value of things which have thus far held the first place in the estimation of men. These first things are justice, liberty, and, more recently, equality. Of these there is probably the greatest sensitiveness in regard to liberty. But loyalty to some one of these moral constants, as the given circumstance may direct, has been regarded as the primary duty. Will this distinction be maintained under peace, or will there be a tendency to raise the relative value of those secondary duties which are incident to some supreme struggle in behalf of liberty or justice?

We are gaining an understanding of the relative significance of the primary duty of defending liberty as we are called upon to meet one of the secondary duties thrust upon us by the war. We have accepted neutrality as our national duty in the present crisis. We have accepted it as prescribed by our

position, rendering physical participation in the war relatively impracticable; as most consistent with our traditions warning us against foreign alliances; and as necessitated apparently by the composite character of the nation, made up as it is out of the nations at war. It has been accepted, under the high leadership of the President, as a duty which carries with it the distinction of making us the 'mediating nation of the world.' 'We are,' to use his words, 'compounded of the nations of the world; we mediate their blood; we mediate their traditions; we mediate their sentiments, their tastes, their passions; we are ourselves compounded of those things. Therefore we are able to understand all nations. In that sense America is a mediating nation.'

This is a noble and commanding conception of the duty attending the increase and expansion of the nation, but it inevitably suggests Mr. Lincoln's conception of the duty attending its origin and the cause of its existence, in the familiar words of the Gettysburg speech. It was the conception there set forth, realized in the sight of the world, which brought hither the peoples out of all nations who have made this a composite nation. It is this conception, not the increase of numbers which it has effected, which is the reason of our continuance as a nation. It is this conception which is entitled to undisputed precedence as the generations pass and as still newer peoples and races enter our gates.

These two conceptions, that of a composite and mediating nation, and that of a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the maintenance of it, are in no sense incompatible if they are held in true proportion the one to the other. If in the final settlement of the issues of the present war this nation shall be able, because of its neutrality, to cast the vote which shall reinstate

Belgium in its sovereignty and restore to France its ravished provinces, we shall have achieved a great victory for the new policy of making neutrality tributary to liberty. If we fail in our endeavor, the endeavor will stand to our credit in the account with peace, but not to our credit in the account with liberty. The liberty-loving and sacrificing nations, though they may in that event have suffered defeat, will necessarily assume the moral leadership among kindred nations, leaving to us the place of leadership in the cause of neutrality. Just what this may signify in the long future will depend upon the part which neutrality is to play in international affairs. But at present there are those among us who cannot persuade themselves that the cause of neutrality in its widest reach is comparable with the cause of liberty. While we follow with approval the course of the Administration in the vindication of our rights as a neutral nation, our hearts are in the contest across the sea. We are conscious that the great issues are being settled there. Our unofficial neutrality is charged with sympathies which find their only relief and satisfaction in the fact that our official neutrality can be legitimately used to the advantage of those with whom we sympathize.

Our present position, however, as related to the supreme issue of the war, is calculated to awaken, and has awakened in many minds, serious forebodings. In the event of the final victory of Germany we have the definite prospect of the consolidation of the Teutonic nations, with the inclusion of the tributary races of Southeastern Europe, and with the incorporation of the Turk, giving a combination for the support of militarism such as the world has not seen since the days of the Roman Empire. No one can fail to understand the part which this combination would

play in the continued struggle between absolutism and democracy, a struggle in which there will be lessening room for the operation of neutrality, and a straitening of place for the neutral nations. The forecast gives significance to the words of Lord Cromer: 'If Germany should be vanquished in the present contest, all will fortunately be well for nations which have been able to preserve their neutrality. The triumph of the Allies will incidentally involve their triumph. But if the contrary should prove to be the case, and if Germany should emerge victorious from the struggle, neutrals will eventually have to ask themselves whether a more timely and active interference on their part might not have obviated the disastrous results which must inevitably ensue both to themselves and to the world in general.'

In this view of the situation national preparedness assumes a new meaning. It means self-defense in all contingencies, but it means in certain contingencies the wider defense of liberty. I doubt if the more extreme pacifists have ever contemplated the defeat of the Allies, at least their disastrous defeat. It is one thing to hold the more absolute views of peace unvexed by any thought of the actual danger to liberty, and another thing to entertain the same views in quietness of mind if the securities of liberty are evidently endangered. But the advocacy of peace may be carried to the point of 'moral temerity' through a fatal lack of perspective, as in the present untimely effort to arrest the war at the very moment when militarism is in the ascendant, and when the party of aggression has the most to gain and the least to lose. The whole circumstance of the war as it proceeds makes the problem of peace terribly urgent, but it makes the problem also terribly searching in its questionings. What kind of peace

are we willing to accept as the outcome of the war? What unexpiated crimes against liberty are we willing to forget? What securities of liberty are we willing to forego?

The German Chancellor has announced that it is Germany's aim 'to be the shield of freedom and peace for the small and the big nations of Europe.' When we think of universal peace, do we or do we not tolerate the thought of a peace established in militarism and guaranteed by militarism?

III

The problem of universal peace cannot be restricted to wars induced by national ambitions or by national antagonisms: it must take due account of the social strife. The social strife represents a possible transition, not only in the incitements to war but also in the means of war, from the nation to the class as the unit of organized power. On the ethical side it represents that widespread struggle for equality which may supersede the struggle for liberty as the chief cause of revolution.

The comparative unconcern regarding this phase of warfare has produced in not a few minds a distrust of what may be termed the democracy of peace. The movement for universal peace did not enter upon the crusade against war with that popular sympathy which might have been gained by some earnest endeavor to compose the social strife. The opportunity had been for a long time present, and it had become increasingly urgent. The war, it must be remembered, did not come upon us simply as an interruption of peaceful pursuits. It caused rather an instant and complete diversion from contentions which had filled the minds of peoples and of rulers with anxieties and forebodings. With the exception of Germany — the reasons for this ex-

ception have since become evident — every nation was profoundly agitated by the threatenings of the social strife. But this state of affairs received little attention from the advocates of peace. Doubtless the danger was underestimated, but the impression often produced was that of indifference to the issues involved. It was noted that the sympathies of men could be enlisted for the crusade against war who were themselves interested parties in the social strife.

In what form, and with what energy, the social strife may be renewed at the close of the war by the nations more immediately involved in it, no one may predict. We can, however, foresee the possibility that in some nations, perhaps in England, the war may avert a social revolution by having virtually effected a social revolution. Such a reduction of economic inequality may have been brought about, and such a redistribution of political power may have been made, that the tension of the social strife may prove to have been greatly relieved. In this country the conditions will certainly be different, creating the tendency to increase rather than to diminish the social strife. Very much of the spirit of sacrifice which has supported the nations at war may be expected to go over into the economic struggle to recover the markets of the world. This willingness to endure economic sacrifice must cause a cheapening of the market, which in turn must affect the wages of the American workman. Dr. David Jayne Hill goes so far as to predict that America will be made the dumping-ground for the cheaply made goods of Germany, owing to the continued hostility of the opposing nations as expressed in restrictions upon trade. It is doubtful if a like protective restriction in this country would maintain wages at the present standard. Incidentally, and yet very seriously,

the disturbance of the labor market caused by the manufacture of war munitions may affect the whole labor situation when the collapse of that stimulated industry shall occur. No one who believes in the legitimacy of this industry, or sympathizes with the intent of it, can blind his eyes to the economic danger which lurks in its development. In fact, at the time when the rupture of diplomatic relations between this country and Germany seemed imminent, it was a partial relief of the strain to reflect that, in that event, this industry might come under the control of the government for the regulation of its profits, as well as for the direction of its uses.

It has long been evident, though the fact has not yet made its due impression, that industrialism is the modern training-school for war or peace. It is there that men are actually thinking of one another in terms of war or peace. It is there that they learn to organize for or against one another. The lock-out and the strike are distinctly war-like measures. Arbitration is a term of war, the most advanced term looking toward peace, but still presupposing a state of warfare. Coöperation, in some one of its manifold forms, is the only distinctive term of peace. It is such, not simply because it implies sympathetic action, but because it educates all concerned in 'those sobrieties on which democracy must at last rest.' As we recall how many persons are in the training school of industrialism, how early they enter it and how long they remain in it, and how various and how influential are the experiences through which they pass, we can see how far back the peace movement must reach in its educative work. What can we hope to accomplish in the training of our diplomats for carrying out the policy of universal peace, if we cannot train our captains of industry, in the

ranks both of capital and of labor, to think and to act in the terms of peace? The inconsistency is greater than a nation can maintain, and at the same time aspire to the place of leadership in the cause of universal peace. Peace is not a contrivance for the settlement of disputes between nations. Peace is a state of mind in peoples themselves, developed, if at all, out of the ordinary experiences of associated life. The social strife creates a state of mind which makes peace in any large sense seem impracticable. If we cannot do business according to the principles and methods of peace, how can we expect that such a course of action will be successful in the conduct of the government? Nothing would refute so quickly or so effectively the charge that peacemakers are theorists as the application of the principles and methods of peace to industrialism. So long as it is necessary to employ the Federal army to keep the peace in Colorado, or for like emergencies in other states, it is very difficult to persuade the average man of the moral consistency of efforts for general disarmament.

IV

In accounting for the lack of popular response to the present claims of peace, we must recall the pessimistic views which pervaded society, during the years of peace immediately preceding the war, regarding the spiritual outcome of our modern material civilization. Now that war has come and wakened men to the larger issues of life, they do not care simply to revert to former conditions.

I think that the pessimism which preceded the war was overwrought; but no one can deny its existence, or doubt that we are now feeling the effect of it in our endeavor to justify the demands of peace. In view of this past experi-

ence, which is still fresh in the minds of men, it is manifestly harder for them to believe in the satisfaction, within the restrictions of peace, of some of those higher instincts which have free play in the tumult of war. Certainly it gives an added pertinency to the questions, where is the moral stimulus of peace, and what is its moral equipment for the tasks, the conflicts, and the adventures of life?

When we turn from our past unsatisfying experiences to observe more carefully the range of ordinary moral incentives and opportunities, we are impressed by two conditions. On the one hand we see the lessening of what may be termed the heroic opportunity for the average man. The outer world seems to be closing in upon him. Once, and in days not far remote, this outer world gave him freedom, incitement, adventure. It created heroic types out of common men. The seafaring man made England. The pioneer made America, as one may see in reading, for example, Winston Churchill's *The Crossing*, worthy of a permanent place in American literature as an epic of early American life. To-day it is the task, the 'job,' which confronts the average man, not the adventure. When we think of the splendid possibilities in industrialism to arouse the energies, to quicken the imagination, to multiply the power of each man by that of his fellows, we might assume an increase rather than a lessening of the opportunity for the strenuous life. But the fact is otherwise. Industrialism has not yet realized its possibilities of incentive and opportunity. For the present the raw immigrant is more in the line of succession to the pioneer than any man amongst us. He may be disappointed, disillusioned, but not before he has bequeathed to his children desires and ambitions which he may have failed to realize.

On the other hand, passing from the average to the exceptional man, the man with the full opportunities of the intellectual life before him, we see how easy it is for him to detach himself from the incentives of the spiritual life. It would not be charitable or true to say that the expansion of the intellectual life has produced merely intellectualism. It has produced great moral results, as notably through many of the sacrifices attending the progress of science. But it has also produced a class, corresponding to that of the newly rich in social life, which has not found its place in the intellectual world. With many of this class the mark of intellectual superiority is a certain disdain of any of the recognized sources of the spiritual incentive. As a result of this intellectual contempt, the inner world of spiritual motive is closed to the man of this type as effectually as is the outer world of adventure to the average man.

War brings the heroic opportunity to the door of the average man, and the heroic incentive to the mind of the exceptional man. We deplore this kind of opportunity and this kind of incentive. The cost is fearful, to be reckoned largely in the price which others must pay; but men recognize the opportunity and feel the incentive. It would be worse than idle for us to ignore the quick transition which war may effect in responsive natures from the commonplace or the cynical to the sacrificial and the sublime. No one of us can deny, nor can we read unmoved, the testimony of those who have passed or are now passing through this experience. A poet, of the quality of Rupert Brooke, reborn out of the experience of the present war and at the cost of his life, has the right to be heard.

Now, God be thanked who has matched us with
his hour,

And caught our youth, and wakened us from
sleeping,

With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened
power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honor could not
move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

The demoralization attending the present war is as appalling as the physical ruin that it has wrought, but we are none the less awed and abashed in the presence of the spiritual transformations which it is effecting in the lives of individual men, and even of nations. Probably no phenomenon connected with the war has been so impressive as the spiritualization of France.

v

Whenever a moral movement has reached the stage at which it becomes a problem the fact may be accepted as evidence of its vitality. Problems do not vex declining causes. It is the function of a problem to deepen and strengthen the movement which it arrests, provided it is understood and treated as a problem. It is not well to try to force the issue which it raises by the stress of moral passion, or to attempt to smother it by sentiment. A problem is not solved in that way. The problem of peace cannot be solved by intensifying the crusade against war. What very many wish to know before enlisting in the cause of universal peace is the full moral purport of the peace movement: what is its attitude toward the supreme issues of the present war; what its relation to the causes of the social strife; what its provision for the satisfaction of things fundamental in human nature. The popular distrust of the peace movement, growing out of the present uncertainty, constitutes, as it seems to me, the immediate problem of peace; and my contention is that the

only practical way of solving this problem is by removing, so far as possible, the causes which have created it. My further contention is that the attempt to solve the problem of peace in this practical way will deepen and strengthen the peace movement at the point where it most needs depth and strength. The peace movement cannot be said to be lacking in respect of means for the accomplishment of its purpose, many of which bear the marks of constructive statesmanship. What it most lacks is motive power, due to its failure to reach down into those deep undercurrents of popular conviction, which, when once reached, carry a movement on to its conclusion.

Evidently the most effective step that can be taken toward removing the causes of distrust is to define peace: to put forward, to begin with, a definition which shall declare unmistakably its full moral bearing upon present conditions. Such a definition should attempt to show, not simply how peace may be achieved, but what kind of peace is to be striven for, what to be accepted, what to be rejected. It is confessedly difficult to define peace apart from its relations at any given time to existing conditions. The sentiment of peace lends itself to vague generalizations, or to aphorisms which crumble before specific moral tests. The familiar aphorism of Franklin, 'There never was a good war or a bad peace,' has been passed along the peaceful generations on the strength of Franklin's reputation for political sagacity. It was quickly forgotten, if indeed it was ever generally known, how vehemently the saying was repudiated by its author when he was confronted by the possible application of it to a treaty of peace between the Colonies and Great Britain which might impugn their loyalty to their allies. Writing to his English friend, David Hartley, un-

der date of February 2, 1780, he said, 'If the Congress have entrusted to others, rather than to me, the negotiations for peace, when such shall be set on foot, as has been reported, it is perhaps because they may have heard of a very singular opinion of mine, that there hardly ever existed such a thing as a bad peace, or a good war, and that I might therefore be easily induced to make improper concessions. But at the same time they and you may be assured, that *I should think the destruction of our whole country, and the extirpation of our whole people, preferable to the infamy of abandoning our allies.*'¹

The creed of peace should be aggressive; it should also be defensible — aggressively defensible. It should anticipate and challenge all doubts and suspicions. With this intent the creed of peace for to-day should start out of the reaffirmation of the great loyalties. If justice and liberty are to be transferred from the guardianship of war to the guardianship of peace, the acceptance of the trust should be announced in no uncertain terms. It is quite useless to evade or even to defer the announcement, for the time is at hand when the attitude of the peace movement to the issues of the war must be made evident by its attitude to the terms of settlement. The present ambiguity must soon end. Whenever it ends, the position then taken will determine the fortune of the cause of universal peace in the mind of this generation. I can conceive of no greater setback to the cause than the acceptance, in the name of peace, of a 'peace' which should celebrate the triumphs of militarism. I can conceive of no greater betrayal of the cause than the acceptance, in the name of peace, of a 'peace' which should make the violation of Belgium the tragedy of the twentieth century, as the partition of Poland became the

tragedy of the eighteenth century. The time may come when the long-delayed protest in behalf of Belgium must be made to save the cause of peace, if it cannot save Belgium. How much more significant and how much more effective than a protest, the timely avowal in the creed of peace of the supreme allegiance of peace to liberty!

Next to a clear definition of peace in its relation to the moral issues of the war, as an aid in removing popular indifference to the peace movement, I put the expression of active sympathy with efforts to abate the social strife. This does not imply a diversion of purpose or a dissipation of energy. Sympathy between related moral causes is always to be expected. It is to be expected that sympathy will be active where causes are closely identified. The relation of the social strife to war is evident. No less evident is the reason for sympathetic if not mutual struggle for the suppression of each. The advocates of peace, as has been suggested, may well regard industrialism as an elementary school for the practice of the methods of peace. Insistence upon the use of this opportunity at the present time may be deemed inopportune, but it cannot be regarded as inopportune for the peace movement to come into far closer sympathy than is now apparent with what is known distinctively as the social movement.

And further still, if a radical change is to be effected in the popular attitude toward the peace movement, peace itself must be made more representative of the positive elements of human nature. War is the perversion of a very great and a very noble instinct, the desire to conquer. A great deal that is best in human endeavor takes that form. The instinct for conquest is latent in all strenuous work, in the closest investigation and research, and in the struggle for moral reform. To-day it

¹ Bigelow's *Franklin*, vol. II, p. 498.

has an unlimited range for activity in the sphere of industry, of science, and of religion. It is an instinct which must be recognized to the full if we are to continue the struggle for the conquest either of nature or of human nature. Whatever may be the apparent claims of consistency in our advocacy of peace, I believe that we must make it clear above all dispute that we hold fast to one great reservation, — the reservation of the right and of the duty of moral conflict, including the liabilities which conflict may involve. So far as we can look into the future, the permanency of peace must rest upon the courageous exercise of this reserved right and duty.

At the beginning of this article I avowed my belief in the practicability of universal peace. In full view of what has been written I renew the avowal of my faith. But the peace to which I subscribe is not merely the cessation of war. A variety of causes may operate to bring about the cessation of the present war, not one of which may be to the honor of peace. The cessation from war may be prolonged for a century through causes not one of which may be to the honor of peace. The time is past, in the interest of peace, for bal-

ances of power and concerts of nations. The peace for which the world waits will rest upon the securities which peace has to offer in its own right, under its own name, guaranteed by its loyalties to the inalienable rights of men, and enforced, if need be, by the powers under its authority. The significant and encouraging fact about peace is that the higher its aim and the broader its scope, the more practicable it seems. The one reason for its present claim to practicality lies in its claim to universality. Put this claim aside, and the question may be asked of the men of peace in this generation, 'What do ye more than others?' Having made this daring advance, it behooves us to see to it that we do not weaken it by those unreasonable demands for quick results which characterize the spirit of our generation. The essential part of our task in this great business of peacemaking seems to me to lie in the attempt to give peace the requisite moral standing in the eyes of the world. It is beyond our power to give those assurances that must have the sanction of time, but we may at least hope to remove those suspicions and distrusts which embarrass us in our work, and which, if not removed, must embarrass all future workers for peace.

LITTLE BROTHER

BY MADELEINE Z. DOTY

It was a warm summer's day in late August. No men were visible in the Belgian hamlet. The women reaped in the fields; the insects hummed in the dry warm air; the house doors stood open. On a bed in a room in one of the cottages lay a woman. Beside her sat a small boy. He was still, but alert. His eyes followed the buzzing flies. With a bit of paper he drove the intruders from the bed. His mother slept. It was evident from the pale, drawn face that she was ill.

Suddenly the dreaming, silent summer day was broken by the sound of clattering hoofs. Some one was riding hurriedly through the town.

The woman moved uneasily. Her eyes opened. She smiled at the little boy.

'What is it, dear?'

The boy went to the window. Women were gathering in the street. He told his mother and hurried from the room. Her eyes grew troubled. In a few minutes the child was back, breathless and excited.

'O, mother, mother, the Germans are coming!'

The woman braced herself against the shock. At first she hardly grasped the news. Then her face whitened, her body quivered and became convulsed. Pain sprang to her eyes, driving out fear; beads of perspiration stood on her forehead; a little animal cry of pain broke from her lips. The boy gazed at her paralyzed, horrified; then he flung himself down beside the bed and seized his mother's hand.

'What is it, mother, what is it?'

The paroxysm of pain passed; the woman's body relaxed, her hand reached for the boy's head and stroked it. 'It's all right, my son.' Then as the pain began again, 'Quick, sonny, bring auntie.'

The boy darted from the room. Auntie was the woman doctor of B. He found her in the Square. The townspeople were wildly excited. The Germans were coming. But the boy thought only of his mother. He tugged at auntie's sleeve. His frenzied efforts at last caught her attention. She saw he was in need and went with him.

Agonizing little moans issued from the house as they entered. In an instant the midwife understood. She wanted to send the boy away, but she must have help. Who was there to fetch and carry? The neighbors, terrified at their danger, were making plans for departure. She let the boy stay.

Through the succeeding hour a white-faced little boy worked manfully. His mother's cries wrung his childish heart. Why did babies come this way? He could not understand. Would she die? Had his birth given such pain? If only she would speak! And once, as if realizing his necessity, his mother did speak.

'It's all right, my son; it will soon be over.'

That message brought comfort; but his heart failed when the end came. He rushed to the window and put his little hands tight over his ears. It was only for a moment. He was needed. His

mother's moans had ceased and a baby's cry broke the stillness.

The drama of birth passed, the midwife grew restless. She became conscious of the outer world. There were high excited voices; wagons clattered over stones; moving day had descended on the town. She turned to the window. Neighbors with wheelbarrows and carts piled high with household possessions hurried by. They beckoned to her.

For a moment the woman hesitated. She looked at the mother on the bed, nestling her babe to her breast; then the panic of the outside world seized her. Quickly she left the room.

The small boy knelt at his mother's bedside, his little face against hers. Softly he kissed the pale cheek. The boy's heart had become a man's. He tried by touch and look to speak his love, his sympathy, his admiration. His mother smiled at him as she soothed the baby, glad to be free from pain. But presently the shouted order of the departing townspeople reached her ears. She stirred uneasily. Fear crept into her eyes. Passionately she strained her little one to her.

'How soon, little son, how soon?'

The lad, absorbed in his mother, had forgotten the Germans. With a start, he realized the danger. His new-born manhood took command. His father was at the front. He must protect his mother and tiny sister. His mother was too ill to move, but they ought to get away. Who had a wagon? He hurried to the window, but already even the stragglers were far down the road. All but three of the horses had been sent to the front. Those three were now out of sight with their overloaded wagons. The boy stood stupefied and helpless. The woman on the bed stirred.

'My son,' she called. 'My son.'

He went to her.

'You must leave me and go on.'

'I can't, mother.'

The woman drew the boy down beside her. She knew the struggle to come. How could she make him understand that his life and the baby's meant more to her than her own. Lovingly she stroked the soft cheek. It was a grave, determined little face with very steady eyes.

'Son, dear, think of little sister. The Germans won't bother with babies. There is n't any milk. Mother has n't any for her. You must take baby in your strong little arms and run — run with her right out of this land into Holland.'

But he could not be persuaded. The mother understood that love and a sense of duty held him. She gathered the baby in her arms and tried to rise, but the overtaxed heart failed and she fell back half-fainting. The boy brought water and bathed her head until the tired eyes opened.

'Little son, it will kill mother if you don't go.'

The boy's shoulders shook. He knelt by the bed. A sob broke from him. Then there came the faint far-distant call of the bugle. Frantically the mother gathered up her baby and held it out to the boy.

'For mother's sake, son, for mother.'

In a flash, the boy understood. His mother had risked her life for the tiny sister. She wanted the baby saved more than anything in the world. He dashed the tears from his eyes. He wound his arms about his mother in a long passionate embrace.

'I'll take her, mother; I'll get her there safely.'

The bugle grew louder. Through the open window on the far-distant road could be seen a cloud of dust. There was not a moment to lose. Stooping, the boy caught up the red squirming baby. Very tenderly he placed the lit-

tle body against his breast and buttoned his coat over his burden.

The sound of marching feet could now be heard. Swiftly he ran to the door. As he reached the threshold he turned. His mother, her eyes shining with love and hope, was waving a last good-bye. Down the stairs, out the back door, and across the fields sped the child. Over grass and across streams flew the sure little feet. His heart tugged fiercely to go back, but that look in his mother's face sustained him.

He knew the road to Holland. It was straight to the north; but he kept to the fields. He did n't want the baby discovered. Mile after mile, through hour after hour he pushed on, until twilight came. He found a little spring and drank thirstily. Then he moistened the baby's mouth. The little creature was very good. Occasionally she uttered a feeble cry, but most of the time she slept. The boy was intensely weary. His feet ached. He sat down under a great tree and leaned against it. Was it right to keep a baby out all night? Ought he to go to some farmhouse? If he did, would the people take baby away? His mother had said, 'Run straight to Holland.' But Holland was twenty miles away. He opened his coat and looked at the tiny creature. She slept peacefully.

The night was very warm. He decided to remain where he was. It had grown dark. The trees and bushes loomed big. His heart beat quickly. He was glad of the warm, soft, live little creature in his arms. He had come on this journey for his mother, but suddenly his boy's heart opened to the tiny clinging thing at his breast. His little hand stroked the baby tenderly. Then he stooped, and softly his lips touched the red wrinkled face. Presently his little body relaxed and he slept. He had walked eight miles. Through the long night the deep sleep

of exhaustion held him. He lay quite motionless, head and shoulders resting against the tree-trunk, and the newborn babe enveloped in the warmth of his body and arms slept also. The feeble cry of the child woke him. The sun was coming over the horizon and the air was alive with the twitter of birds.

At first he thought he was at home and had awakened to a long happy summer's day. Then the fretful little cries brought back memory with a rush. His new-born love flooded him. Tenderly he laid the little sister down. Stretching his stiff and aching body he hurried for water. Very carefully he put a few drops in the little mouth and wet the baby's lips with his little brown finger. This proved soothing and the cries ceased. The tug of the baby's lips on his finger clutched his heart. The helpless little thing was hungry, and he too was desperately hungry. What should he do? His mother had spoken of milk. He must get milk. Again he gathered up his burden and buttoned his coat. From the rising ground on which he stood he could see a farmhouse with smoke issuing from its chimney. He hurried down to the friendly open door. A kindly woman gave him food. She recognized him as a little refugee bound for Holland. He had difficulty in concealing the baby, but fortunately she did not cry. The woman saw that he carried something, but when he asked for milk she concluded he had a pet kitten. He accepted this explanation. Eagerly he took the coveted milk and started on.

But day-old babies do not know how to drink. When he dropped milk into the baby's mouth she choked and sputtered. He had to be content with moistening her mouth and giving her a milk-soaked finger.

Refreshed by sleep and food, the boy set off briskly. Holland did not now

seem so far off. If only his mother were safe! Had the Germans been good to her? These thoughts pursued and tormented him. As before, he kept off the beaten track, making his way through open meadows and patches of trees. But as the day advanced, the heat grew intense. His feet ached, his arms ached, and, worst of all, the baby cried fretfully.

At noon he came to a little brook sheltered by trees. He sat down on the bank and dangled his swollen feet in the cool, fresh stream. But his tiny sister still cried. Suddenly a thought came to him. Placing the baby on his knees he undid the towel that enveloped her. There had been no time for clothes. Then he dipped a dirty pocket handkerchief in the brook and gently sponged the hot, restless little body. Very tenderly he washed the little arms and legs. That successfully accomplished he turned the tiny creature and bathed the small back. Evidently this was the proper treatment, for the baby grew quiet. His heart swelled with pride. Reverently he wrapped the towel around the naked little one, and administering a few drops of milk, again went on.

All through that long hot afternoon he toiled. His footsteps grew slower and slower; he covered diminishing distances. Frequently he stopped to rest, and now the baby had begun again to cry fitfully. At one time his strength failed. Then he placed the baby under a tree and rising on his knees uttered a prayer:—

‘O God, she’s such a little thing, help me to get her there.’

Like a benediction came the cool breeze of the sunset hour, bringing renewed strength.

In the afternoon of the following day, a wagon stopped before a Belgian Refugee camp in Holland. Slowly and

stiffly a small boy slid to the ground. He had been picked up just over the border by a friendly farmer and driven to camp. He was dirty, bedraggled, and footsore. Very kindly the ladies’ committee received him. He was placed at a table and a bowl of hot soup was set before him. He ate awkwardly with his left hand. His right hand held something beneath his coat, which he never for a moment forgot. The women tried to get his story, but he remained strangely silent. His eyes wandered over the room and back to their faces. He seemed to be testing them. Not for an hour, not until there was a faint stirring in his coat, did he disclose his burden. Then, going to her whom he had chosen as most to be trusted, he opened his jacket. In a dirty towel lay a naked, miserably thin, three-days-old baby.

Mutely holding out the forlorn object, the boy begged help. Bit by bit they got his story. Hurriedly a Belgian Refugee mother was sent for. She was told what had happened, and she took the baby to her breast. Jealously the boy stood guard while his tiny sister had her first real meal. But the spark of life was very low.

For two days the camp concentrated on the tiny creature. The boy never left his sister’s side. But her ordeal had been too great. It was only a feeble flicker of life at best, and during the third night the little flame went out. The boy was utterly crushed. He had now but one thought—to reach his mother. It was impossible to keep the news from him longer. He would have gone in search. Gently he was told of the skirmish that had destroyed the Belgian hamlet. There were no houses or people in the town that had once been his home.

‘That is his story,’ ended the friendly little Dutch woman.

'And his father?' I inquired.

'Killed at the front,' was the reply.

I rose to go, but I could not get the boy out of my mind. What a world! What intolerable suffering! Was there no way out? Then the ever-recurring phrase of the French and Belgian sol-

diers came to me. When I had shuddered at ghastly wounds, at death, at innumerable white crosses on a bloody battlefield, invariably, in dry, cynical, hopeless tones, the soldier would make the one comment, —

'C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?'

FIRELIGHT

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

AGAINST the curtained casement wind and sleet
Rattle and thresh, while snug by our own fire,
In dear companionship that naught may tire,
We sit — you listening, sewing in your seat,
Half-dreaming in the glow of light and heat,
I reading some old tale of love's desire
That swept on gold wings to disaster dire,
Then rose re-orient from black defeat.

I close the book, and louder yet the storm
Threshes without. Your busy hands are still;
And on your face and hair the light is warm,
As we sit gazing on the coals' red gleam
In a gold glow of happiness, and dream
Diviner dreams the years shall yet fulfill.

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THE OPERA

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

THE form of drama with music which we loosely call 'opera' is such a curious mixture of many elements — some of them closely related, others nearly irreconcilable — that it is almost impossible to arrive at any definite idea of its artistic value. A great picture or piece of sculpture, a great book or a great symphony represents a perfectly clear evolution of a well-defined art. You do not question the artistic validity of *Pendennis* or of a portrait by Romney; they have their roots in the earlier works of great writers and painters and they tend toward those which follow. The arts they represent grew by a slow process of evolution, absorbing everything that was useful to them and rejecting everything useless, until they finally became consistent and self-contained. The development of opera, on the other hand, has been a continual compromise — with the whims of princes, with the even more wayward whims of singers, and with social conventions.

Its increasing costliness (due sometimes to the composer's grandiloquence and sometimes to the demands of the public) has necessitated producing it in huge opera houses entirely unsuited to it; and, being a mixed art, it has been subject to two different influences which have not by any means always been in agreement. Its life-line has been crossed over and over again by daring innovators who, forgetting the past, have sought to force it away from nature and to make it an expression

of excessive individualism. Methods which would find oblivion quickly enough in any pure form of art have been carried out in opera, and have been supported by an uncritical public pleased by a gorgeous spectacle or entertained by fine singing. All the other art-forms progress step by step; opera leaps first forward, then backward; it becomes too reasonable, only to become immediately afterward entirely unreasonable; it passes from objectivity to subjectivity and back again, or employs both at the same time; it turns a man into a woman, or a woman into a man; it thinks nothing of being presented in two languages at once; it turns colloquial Bret Harte into Italian without the slightest realization of having become, in the process, essentially comic: in short, there seems no limit to the havoc it can play with geography, science, language, costume, drama, music, human nature itself.

Any attempt, therefore, to deal here with the development of opera as a whole would be an impossible undertaking. We should become at once involved in a glossary of singers (now only names, then in effect constituting the opera itself), an unsnarling of impossible plots, an excursion into religion, into the ballet, into mythology, demonology, pseudo-philosophy, mysticism, and Heaven knows what else. We should see our first flock of canary birds, — released simply to make us gape, — and we should hear a forest bird tell the hero (through the medium of a singer off the stage) the way to a

sleeping beauty; we should hear the hero and the villain sing a delightful duet and then see them turn away in different directions to seek and murder each other; we should find the Pyramids and the Latin Quarter expressible in the same terms; our heroines would include the mysterious and demoniac scoffer, Kundry, the woman who doubts and questions, the woman who should have but did not, and the woman who goes mad and turns the flute-player in the orchestra to madness with her; we should see men and women, attired in inappropriate and even unintelligible costumes, drink out of empty cups, and a hero mortally wound a papier-mâché dragon; we should have to shut our eyes in order to hear, or stop our ears in order to see; if we cared for music, we should have to wait ten minutes for a domestic quarrel in recitative to finish; if we cared for drama, we should have to wait the same length of time while a prima donna tossed off birdling trills and chirpings. We should, in short, find ourselves dealing with a mixed art of quite extraordinary latitude in style, form, dramatic purpose, and musical texture.

It will be sufficient for our purposes, therefore, to state that both sacred and secular plays with music have existed from the earliest times, and that their development has tended toward the form as we now know it. The introduction of songs into plays was, in itself, so agreeable and interesting that their use continually increased until some vague operatic form was reached in which music predominated.

But there are two great revolutionary epochs to which proper attention must be paid if we are to understand opera at all. The first of these is the so-called 'Florentine Revolution' in the years 1595 to 1600, and the second is the Wagnerian reform in the middle of the last century.

II

The 'Florentine Revolution' was an attempt to create an entirely new type of opera in which all tradition was thrown to the winds. To *Eurydice*, the best known of these Florentine operas, its composer, Peri, wrote a preface from which we quote the following: 'Therefore, abandoning every style of vocal writing known hitherto, I gave myself up wholly to contriving the sort of imitation (of speech) demanded by this poem.' (Is this, indeed, Peri speaking? Or is it Gluck, or Wagner, or Debussy?) In any case, the abandonment, in any form of human expression, of every style known hitherto is a fatal abandonment, for no art, or science, or literature can throw away its past and live. The Florentine Revolution was not revolution, but riot, for it undertook to tear down what generations had been slowly building up, and to substitute in its place something not only untried but (at that time) impossible. It was an attempt to found a new art *entirely detached* from an old one: Beethoven without Haydn and Mozart, Meredith without Fielding, the Gothic without the Classical, a Renaissance without a birth, daylight without sunrise. It was an entirely illogical proceeding from first to last, but opera came forth from it because opera can subsist — it has, and does — without logic or even reasonableness.

There had been composed before the year 1600 the most beautiful sacred music the world possesses — that which culminated in the works of Palestrina. A style or method of expression had been perfected, and this style or method was gradually and naturally being applied to secular and even to dramatic forms. There were at that time, also, songs of the people which had been often used in plays with music, and which might have supplied a

basis for opera. But the creators of the new opera would have none of these. They had a theory (fatal possession for any artist): they wanted to revive the Greek drama, and they believed that, in opera, music should be subservient to the text. It was Peri and his associates who first saw this will-o'-the-wisp, which has since become completely embodied into a fully equipped and valiant bugaboo to frighten and subdue those who love music for music's sake. All that one needs to say on this point is that there is no great opera in existence, save alone *Pelléas et Mélisande* by Debussy, in which the music is not supreme over the text (and Debussy's opera is unique in its treatment and leads nowhere — or, if anywhere, away from opera). Peri's reforms were artistically unreasonable, but the composers who followed him gradually evolved what is called the aria or operatic song and did eventually make a more or less coherent operatic form, although a long time passed before opera unified in itself the various elements necessary to artistic completeness.

It was only a short time, however, before opera attained the widest favor all over Europe, a favor which it has enjoyed from that day to this. The reasons for this never-waning popularity are found first in the natural preference on the part of the public for the human voice over any instrument. For whatever facility of technique or felicity of expression musical instruments may have, they lack the intimate human quality of the singing voice. The voice comes to the listener in terms of himself, whereas an instrument may be strange and unsympathetic and awaken no response. So complete is this sympathy between the singer and listener that almost any singer with a fine voice (she is, very likely, called a 'human nightingale') is sure to attract an audience, no matter what she

sings or how little musical intelligence she shows. (It is this sympathy, too, which inflicts on us the drawing-room song, the last word in utter vacuity.) Coupled with this is the delight the public takes in extraordinary vocal feats of agility. The singer vies with a flute in the orchestra, or sings two or three notes higher than any other singer has ever sung, and the public crowds to hear her. But it is useless to dwell on this: the disease is incurable; there will always be, I fear, an unthinking public ready for any vocal gymnast who sings higher or faster than anybody else, or who can toss off trills and runs with a smiling face and a pretty costume, and in entirely unintelligible words. And, second, when this singing, which the public dearly loves, is coupled with the perennial fascination of the drama, the appeal is irresistible.

I do not need to dwell here on the quality in the drama which has made it popular from the remotest time until now. One can say this, however: that to people who are incapable of re-creating a world of beauty in their own minds — although nature surrounds them with it, and imaginative literature is in every library — the stage is a perpetual delight. There they behold impossible romances, incredible virtues and vices, heroes and heroines foully persecuted but inevitably triumphant, impossible scenes in improbable countries, everything left out that is tiresome and habitual and necessitous, no blare of daylight but only golden sunrise and flaming sunset: the impossible realized at last. These qualities are in all drama to a greater or less extent, for they embody the essence of what the drama is. Æschylus and Shakespeare divest life of its prose as completely as does a raging melodrama, for a play must move from one dramatic and salient point to another; and while those great dramatists imply the whole of life, — whereas

the ordinary play implies nothing, — they do not and cannot present it in its actual and complete continuity.

Now the drama is subject more or less to public opinion and to public taste, because in the drama we understand what we are hearing. On the other hand the opera, considered as drama, is almost free from any such responsibility, because it is sung in a foreign language; or if, by chance, in our own tongue, the size of the opera house and the disinclination of singers to pay any attention to their diction renders the text unintelligible. So the libretto of the opera escapes scrutiny. 'What is too silly to be said is sung,' says Voltaire.

Let us note also that when an art becomes detached from its own past, when it is not based on natural human life, and does not obey those general laws to which all art is subject, it is sure to evolve conventions of one sort or another and to become artificial. This is to be observed in what is called the 'rococo' style of architecture, as well as in the terrible objects perpetrated by the 'futurists' and 'cubists' (anything that is of the future must also be of the past, no matter whether it is a picture, or a tree, or an idea). Opera was soon in the grip of these conventions from which, with a few notable exceptions, it has never escaped. Even the common conventions of the drama, which we accept readily enough, are in opera stretched to the breaking point. For many generations operas were planned according to a set, inflexible scheme of acts; a woman took a man's part (as in Gounod's *Faust*); characters were stereotyped; the position of the chief *aria* (solo) for the prima donna was exactly determined so as to give to her entrance all possible impressiveness; the set musical pieces (solos, duets, choruses, and so forth) were arranged artificially and not to satisfy

any dramatic necessity. There is some justness in Wagner's saying that the old conventional opera was 'a concert in costume.'

An example of this conventionality and lack of dramatic unity may be found in the famous quartette scene in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, an opera which is typical of the Italian style (in which, in Meredith's phrase, 'there is much dallying with beauty in the thick of sweet anguish'). In this scene there are two persons in hiding to watch two others. The concealment is the hinge upon which, for the moment, the story swings. But the exigences of the music are such that, before the piece has progressed very far, all four are singing at the top of their lungs and with no pretext of concealment — in a charming piece of music, indeed, but quite divested of dramatic truth and unity. And then, naturally enough, the thin veneer of drama having been pierced, they answer your applause by joining hands and bowing, after which the two conceal themselves again, the music strikes up as before, and the whole scene is repeated.

But one of the most artificial elements in the old operas was the ballet. Its part in the opera scheme was purely to be a spectacle, and great sums were lavishly spent to make it as gorgeous as possible. It had usually nothing whatever to do with the story, but was useful in drawing an audience of pleasure-lovers who did not take opera seriously. Once upon a time, in London, by an extraordinarily unlucky stroke of fate, Carlyle was persuaded to go to hear an opera containing a ballet; whereupon he fulminated as follows: 'The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right

great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees — as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with open blades, and stand still in the Devil's name!

One remembers, also, *War and Peace*, with its scene at the opera — and Tolstoi's reference to the chief male dancer as getting 'sixty thousand francs a year for cutting capers.' So, looking over the older operas which still hold their place in the repertoire, we think of them as rather absurd, and comfort ourselves with the reflection that to-day opera has outgrown its youthful follies and has become a work of art.

III

Then came the second great operatic reform, — that of Wagner, — which was supposed to free us from the old absurdities and make of opera a reasonable and congruous thing. This, Wagner's operas, at the outset, bade fair to be. In *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* there is a reasonable correspondence between the action and the music; we can listen and look without too great disruption of our faculties. Wagner's librettos are, with one exception, based on mythological stories or ideas. His personages are eternal types — Lohengrin of purity and heroism, Wotan of power by fiat, Brunhilde (greatest of them all) of heroic and noble womanhood. He adopted the old device by means of which certain salient qualities in his characters — such as Siegfried's youth and fearlessness, Wotan's majesty, and so forth — were defined by short phrases of music called *leit-motifs*; he made his orchestra eloquent of the movement of his drama, instead of employing it as a

'huge guitar'; he eliminated the set musical piece, which was bound to delay the action; he kept his music always moving onward by avoiding the so-called 'authentic cadence,' which in all the older music perpetually cries a halt.

But by all these means he imposed on his listener a constant strain of attention: *leit-motifs* recurring, developing, and disintegrating, every note significant, a huge and eloquent orchestra, a voice singing phrases which are not parts of a complete melody then and there being evolved, — as in an opera by Verdi, — but which are related to something first heard perhaps half an hour before in a preceding act (or a week before in another drama): we have all this to strain every possibility of our appreciative faculty, and *at the same time* he asks us to watch an actual combat between a hero and a dragon, or to observe another between two heroes half in the clouds, with a God resplendent stretching out a holy spear to end the duel as he wills it, while a Valkyrie hovers above on her flying steed. Or he sets his drama under water, with Undines swimming about and a gnome clambering the slippery rocks to filch a jewel in exchange for his soul. Yes, even this, and more; for he asks us to witness the end of the world — the waters rising, the very heavens aflame — when our heart is so torn by the stupendous *inner* tragedy of Brunhilde's immolation that the end of the world seems utterly and completely irrelevant and impertinent.

After all, we are human. We cannot be men and women and, at the same time, children. We should like to crouch down in our seat in the opera house and forget everything save the noble, splendid, and beautiful music, seeing only just so much action as would accord with our state of inner exaltation. An opera must be objec-

tive or subjective; it cannot be both at the same time. The perfection of *Don Giovanni* is due to the exact equality between the amount and intensity of the action and of the musical expression — or, in other words, to the complete union of matter and manner, of form and style. The 'Ring' cycle is objective and subjective; it is the extreme of stage mechanism (and more), and, at the same time, everything that is imaginatively profound and moving. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Wagner in those great music-dramas lost sight of the balance between means and ends, and the proportion between action and thought. His own theories, and the magnitude of his subject, led him to forget the natural limitations which are imposed upon a work of art by the very nature of those beings for whom it was created. The 'Ring' dramas should be both *acted* and *witnessed* by gods and goddesses for whom time and space do not exist, and who are not limited by a precarious nervous system. No one can be insensitive to the great beauty of certain portions of these gigantic music-dramas, — every one recognizes Wagner's genius as it shows itself, for example, in either of the great scenes between Siegfried and Brunhilde, — but the intricate and well-nigh impossible stage mechanism and the excursions into the written drama constitute serious defects. (For the scene between Wotan and Fricka in *Das Rheingold* and similar passages in the succeeding dramas are essentially scenes to be read rather than acted.)

One would suppose that Wagner had made impossible any repetition of the old operatic incongruities. Quite the contrary is the case. One of the latest Italian operas is, if anything, more absurd than any of its predecessors. What could be more grotesque than an opera whose scene is in a mining camp

in the West, whose characters include a gambler, a sheriff, a woman of the camp, and so forth, whose language is perforce very much in the vernacular, whose plot hinges on a game of cards, — an *Outcast-of-Poker-Flat* opera, — and this translated, for the benefit of the composer, into Italian and produced in that language? 'I'm dead gone on you, Minnie,' says Rance; '*Ti voglio bene, Minnie,*' sings his Italian counterpart.

Rigoletto does entrance us by the beauty and the sincerity of its melodies; it is what it pretends to be; it deals with emotions which we can share because they derive ultimately from great human issues. The Count, Magdalina, Rigoletto, and Gilda are all types; we know them well in literature — in poetry, novel, and drama; they are valid. We accept the strained convention of the scene as being inevitable at that point in the development of the opera. But after Wagner's reforms, and the influence they exerted on Verdi himself, the greatest of the Italians, it would seem incredible that any composer could lapse into a *Girl of the Golden West*.

Nearly all Puccini's operas are a reversion to type. The old-fashioned lurid melodrama appears again, blood-red as usual; as in *La Tosca*, which leaves almost nothing to the imagination — one specially wishes that it did in certain scenes. 'Local color,' so called, appears again in all its arid deception — as in the Japanese effects in the music of *Madame Butterfly*; again we hear the specious melody pretending to be real, with its octaves in the orchestra to give it a sham intensity. It is the old operatic world all over again. When we compare any tragic scene in Puccini's operas with the last act of Verdi's *Otello*, we realize the vast difference between the two. It is true that Puccini gives us beautiful lyric moments — as when Mimi, in *La Bohème*, tells Rudolph who

she is; it is true, also, that we ought not to cavil because Puccini is not as great a composer as Verdi. Our comparison is not for the purpose of decrying one at the expense of the other, but to point out that the greater opera is not called for by the public and the lesser is; that we get *La Bohème*, *Madame Butterfly*, and *La Tosca* twenty times to *Otello's* once, and that we thereby lose all sense of operatic values.

The most trumpeted operatic composer of to-day is the worst of operatic sinners. Nothing could be more debasing to music and to drama than the method Strauss employs in *Electra*. In its original form *Electra* is a play of profound significance, whose art, philosophy, and ethics are a natural expression of Greek life and thought. It contains ideas and it presents actions which, while totally alien to us, we accept as belonging to that life and thought. In the original, or in any good translation, its simplicity and its elemental grandeur are calculated to move us deeply, for we achieve a historical perspective and see the meaning and significance of the catastrophe which it presents. This great story our modern composer proceeds to treat pathologically. Nothing is sacred to him. He invests every passion, every fearful deed with a personal and immediate significance which entirely destroys its artistic and its historical sense. The real *Electra* is an impersonal, typical, national, and religious drama; Hofmannsthal and Strauss have made it into a seething caldron of riotous, unbridled passion.

The lead given by Strauss in *Salome*, *Electra*, and, in different form or type, in *Der Rosenkavallier* has been quickly followed. *The Jewels of the Madonna* is an *Electra* of the boulevard, in which the worst sort of passion and the worst sort of sacrilege are flaunted openly in the name of drama. It belongs in the

Grand Guignol. Let any reasonable person read the librettos of current operas and form an opinion, not of their morals, — for there is only one opinion about that, — but of their claims on the attention of any serious-minded person.

I refer to the moral status of these stories only because many of them stress the abnormal and lack a sense of proportion. Art seeks the truth wherever it be, but the truth is the whole truth and not a segment of it. A novel may represent almost any phase of life, but it must keep a sense of proportion. Dostoïevsky pushes the abnormal to the extreme limit, but on the other hand he is 'a brother to his villains' and he gives us plenty of redeeming types. The hero in *The Idiot* is a predominating and *overbalancing* character. The object of all great literature is to present the truth in terms of beauty. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is as moral as *Emma*. But the further one gets from a deliberate form of artistic expression like the novel, the less latitude one has in this respect. An episode in a novel of Dostoïevsky would be an impossible subject for a picture. So opera, which focuses itself for us in the stage frame and within a limited time, must somehow preserve for itself this truthfulness and fidelity to life as it is. *The Jewels of the Madonna* might serve as an episode in a novel of Dostoïevsky, or of Balzac; as an opera libretto it is a monstrosity.

IV

I have referred to these various inconsistencies and absurdities of opera, not with the idea of making out a case against it; on the contrary I want to make out a case for it. This obviously can be done only by means of operas which are guiltless of absurdities and of melodramatic exaggeration, which

answer the requirements of artistic reasonableness, and are, at the same time, beautiful. This cannot be said of *Cavalleria Rusticana* (Rustic Chivalry — Heaven save the mark!), *La Bohème*, *La Tosca*, *The Girl of the Golden West*, *Thaïs* (poison, infidelity, suicide, sorcery, and religion mixed up in an intolerable *mélange*), *Contes d'Hoffman* (a Don Juan telling his adventures in detail) — these are bad art, not because they are immoral, but because they are untrue, distorted, without sense of the value of the material they employ.

Operas which are both beautiful and reasonable do exist, and one or two of them are actually in our present-day repertoire. The questions we have to ask are these: Can a highly imaginative and significant drama, in which action and reflection hold a proper balance, in which some great and moving passion or some elemental human motives find true dramatic expression — can such a drama exist as opera? Is it possible to preserve the body and the spirit of drama and at the same time to preserve the body and spirit of music? Does not one of these have to give way to the other? We want opera to be one thing, and not several. We want the same unity which exists in other artistic forms. We want to separate classic, romantic, and realistic. If opera changes from blank verse to rhymed verse, so to speak, we want the change to be dictated by an artistic necessity as it is in *As You Like It*. We want, above all, such a reasonable correspondence between seeing and hearing as shall make it possible for us to preserve each sense unimpaired by the other. A few such operas have been composed. A considerable number approach this ideal. From Gluck's *Orfeo* (produced in 1762) to Wagner's *Tristan* (1865) the pure conception of opera has always been kept alive. Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Wagner, and Verdi are the great names

that stand out above the general level.

Gluck's *Orfeo* is even more interesting since the dark shadow of Strauss's *Electra* has appeared to throw it into relief. Once in a decade or two *Orfeo* is revived to reveal anew how nobly Gluck interpreted the old Greek story. And it must be remembered that Gluck lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when music was quite inflexible in the matter of those dissonances which are considered by modern composers absolutely necessary to the expression of dramatic passion.

After Gluck came Mozart with his *Don Giovanni*, preserving the same balance between action and emotion, with an even greater unity of style and the same sincerity of utterance. Mozart possessed a supreme mastery over all his material, and a unique gift for creating pure and lucid melody. In his operas there is no admixture: his tragedy and his comedy are alike purely objective — *and it is chiefly this quality which prevents our understanding them*. We, in our day and age, cannot project ourselves into Mozart's *milieu*; the tragedy at the close of *Don Giovanni* moves us no whit because it is devoid of shrieking dissonances and thunders of orchestral sound. Our nervous systems are adjusted to instrumental cataclysms. (We are conscious only of a *falling* star; the serene and placid Heavens look down on us in vain.) Could we hear *Don Giovanni* in a small opera house sung in pure classic style, we should realize how beautiful it is; we should no longer crave the over-excitement and unrestrained passion of *La Tosca*; we should understand that the deepest passion is expressible without tearing itself to tatters, and that music may be unutterably tragic in simple major and minor mode. *Don Giovanni* is a type of operatic hero, — he may be found in some modified form in half the operas ever written, —

but Mozart lifts him far above his petty intrigues and makes him a great figure standing for certain elements in human nature. (It is the failure of Gounod to accomplish this which puts *Faust* on the lower plane it occupies.) The stage setting of *Don Giovanni*, — the conventional rooms with gilt chairs, and the like, — the costumes, the acting, the music (orchestral and vocal), are all unified in one style. And this, coupled with the supreme mastery and the melodic gift of its composer, makes it one of the most perfect, if not the most perfect, of operas.

Beethoven's *Fidelio* (produced in 1805) celebrates the devotion and self-sacrifice of a woman — and that devotion and self-sacrifice actually have for their object *her husband!* It is a noble opera, but Beethoven's mind and temperament were not suited to the operatic problem, and *Fidelio* is not by any means a perfect work of art. The Beethoven we hear there is the Beethoven of the slow movements of the sonatas and symphonies; but we could well hear *Fidelio* often, for it stands alone in its utter sincerity and grandeur.

The romantic operas of Weber tend toward that characterization which is the essential equality of his great successor, Wagner, for *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe* are full of characteristic music. Weber begins and ends romantic opera. (Romantic subjects are common enough, but romantic treatment is exceedingly uncommon. Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, for example, in passing through the hands of librettist and composer becomes — in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* — considerably tinged with melodrama.) There is evidence enough in *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe* of Weber's sincerity and desire to make his operas artistic units. Each of them conveys a definite impression of beauty and avoids those specious appeals so common in opera.

Meanwhile, in the early part of the nineteenth century, *opéra comique* was flourishing in France. Auber, Hérold, Boieldieu, and other composers were producing works in which the impossible happenings of grand opera were made possible by humor and lightness of touch. The words of these composers are full of delightful melody and are more reasonable and true than are many better-known grand operas.

Then comes the Wagnerian period, with its preponderance of drama over music. In *Tristan und Isolde* Wagner, by his own confession, turned away from preconceived theories and composed as his inner spirit moved him. *Tristan* is, therefore, the work of an artist rather than of a theorist, and although it is based on the leit-motif and on certain other important structural ideas which belong to the Wagnerian scheme, it rises far above their limitations and glows with the real light of genius. In *Tristan* the action is suited to the psychology. It is a great work of art and the most beautiful of all recantations. In it we realize how finely means may be adjusted to ends, how clearly music and text may be united, how reasonable is the use of the leit-motif when it characterizes beings aflame with passion; how the song, under the influence of great dramatic situations, can be expanded; how vividly the orchestra can interpret and even further the actions; how even the chorus can be fitted into the dramatic scheme — everywhere in *Tristan* there is unity. This is not true of most of Wagner's other operas. *Die Meistersinger* comes nearest to *Tristan* in this respect. May we not say that of all the music-dramas of Wagner, *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger* lay completely in his consciousness unmixed with philosophical ideas and theories? In them the leit-motif deals chiefly with emotions or with characteristics of persons rather

than with inanimate objects, or ideas; in them is no grandiose scenic display, no perversity of theory, but only beautiful music wedded to a fitting text.

Wagner's reforms were bound to bring about a reaction, which came in due season and resulted in shorter and more direct works, such as those of the modern Italians. No operas since Wagner, save Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff*, approach the greatness of his music-dramas, and the tendency of many of these later works has been too much toward what we mildly call 'decadence.' But there is a great difference between the truthfulness and artistic validity of *Carmen* and that of *La Bohème* and *La Tosca*. The former is packed full of genuine passion, however primitive, brutal, and devastating it may be; and its technical skill is undoubted.

The most interesting phase of modern opera is found in the works of the Russians. It was inevitable that they should overturn our delicately adjusted artistic mechanism. Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* is as though there never had been a Meredith or a Henry James, and Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov* is as though there had never been a Mozart or a Wagner. It has something of that amorphous quality which seems to be a part of Russian life, but, on the other hand, it has immense vitality. How refreshing to see a crowd of peasants look like peasants, and to hear them sing their own peasant songs; and what stability they give to the whole work! *Boris Godounov* gravitates, as it were, around these folk-songs, which give to it a certain reality and truthfulness.

v

These various works have long since been accepted by the musical world as the great masterpieces in operatic form.

Many of them are practically out of the present repertoire of our opera houses. Were we to assert ourselves — were the general public given an opportunity to choose between good and bad — we should hear them often. And who shall say what results might not come from a small and properly managed opera house, with performances of fine works at reasonable prices?

Opera is controlled by a few rich men who think it a part of the life of a great city that there should be an opera house with a fine orchestra, fine scenery, and the greatest singers obtainable. It does not exist for the good of the whole city, but rather for those of plethoric purses. It does not make any attempt to become a sociological force; it does not even dimly see what possibilities it possesses in that direction. Opera houses and opera companies are sedulously protected against any sociological scrutiny. They are persistently reported to be hot-beds of intrigue; they trade on society and on the love of highly paid singing; they surround themselves with an exotic atmosphere in which the normal person finds difficulty in breathing, and which often turns the opera singer into a strange specimen of the *genus* man or woman; they go to ruin about once in so often, and are extricated by the unnecessarily rich; they are too little related to the community that supports them save in the mediums of money and social convention.

These artificial and false conditions are bound to bring evils in their train, but these conditions and these evils are chiefly the result of our own complacency. Were opera in any sense domestic; were opera singers to some extent, at least, human beings like ourselves, moving in a reasonable world; did we go to hear opera as we go to a symphony concert, or to an art museum, — to satisfy our love of beauty,

and quicken our imagination by contact with beautiful objects; were the conditions of performance such as to enable us to hear the words, then would opera become a fine human institution, then would it take its place among the noble dreams of humanity.

In my endeavor to make some distinctions between good and bad opera I have drawn a somewhat arbitrary line. I do not wish to give the impression that I think all opera on one side of the line is bad and on the other good. I have tried to strike a just balance by applying certain admitted principles of artistic construction and expression. From these principles, which are the basis of life and, therefore, of art, opera has unjustly claimed immunity.

And finally we come to that point in our argument where reasoning must stop altogether. For opera is to many people a sort of fascination entirely outside reason. They refuse to admit it as a subject of discussion; they enjoy the spectacle on the stage and the spectacle of which they are a part; the sight of three thousand people well dressed like themselves comforts them; the fine singing, costumes, and stage-setting, the gorgeous orchestra throbbing with passion entirely unbridled — all these they enjoy in that mental lassitude which is dear to them. They are, perhaps, slightly uncomfortable at a symphony concert; here there are no obligations. Opera is, in short, to such people a slightly illicit æsthetic adventure.

PREPAREDNESS AND DEMOCRATIC DISCIPLINE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

'THE great word of the present day,' said Emerson in 1838, 'is Culture.' It was the same word with a different meaning with which the war began. Some of the defenses of Germany by which her statesmen and professors sought then to justify her in the eyes of the world raised not merely issues of right and wrong as to the war itself, but issues as to fundamentals in civilization.

The Germans asserted a high claim for world-power for the Teutonic race, based upon a superior *Kultur*, a civilization which Germany has evolved and which they declared demands through

its success, through its practical results, a far wider sphere of power and influence in world-civilization than it has yet received.

Some of these claims of *Kultur* we have forgotten, as they were not often repeated after the first few months of the war.

The Germans said, in effect: We alone of the great nations of modern times have succeeded in evolving a great organization of government, a perfection of administration, unequalled in the whole history of the world. We have done it against tremendous odds and in an incredibly short time. France is a decadent and corrupt bureaucracy, masquerading as a democ-

racy. England is a patchwork of disorganized law, feudal survivals, and precedents patched with clumsy adaptations of transplanted modern German ideas — a civilization gone to seed. What right does her civilization give her to the choice place in the sun? What is there about the organization of English government which justifies its continuance except on the basis of sea-power and force? Rome lived and spread her eagles through the ancient world by the superior genius of Roman law, by the civilizing power of that law which lived even after the barbarian laid his hands upon the city of the Cæsars. The Teutons, declared the German professors, are the successors of the Cæsars. The right to world-dominion belongs and rightly belongs to this race, the race alone capable of evolving a superior world-civilization.

So we in America were compelled to think hurriedly, and for too short a period, of world-civilization. The train of our reflection — if we reflected — was not entirely pleasant. We remembered that ours is not the youngest, but the oldest of modern democracies. We remembered that many, if not most, of the general principles of democracy were born, or first practiced, on our soil; that these ideas were, a hundred years and less ago, the great contribution of America to the transformation of Europe. The revolutionary principles which Metternich and the concert of Europe a hundred years ago strove to stamp out had thriven on the new and favored soil. We had no feudalism to overcome. Our press was not fettered; our religion was free. No bonds of caste and heredity gripped us to the past. We had no white peasants attached to the soil. We had a new rich continent of unlimited wealth. We preached to the world the promise of democracy. All the handicaps from which we were free bound Germany,

and many more beside. Yet, at the beginning of this great war, she was claiming in sincerity and good faith the right to a world-domain as justified by the results of a superior world-civilization.

This is no place to consider the accuracy of the Teuton's prefatory estimate of his civilization. No other country has made a similar contention. No other nation has sufficient confidence and pride in its accomplishments in the organization of national life to make such a boast, even if, indeed, it would be willing to concede that such a standard alone is a sufficient test for civilization. Last of all would democratic America make such a claim.

Yet the issue is one which we cannot blink, and which has not changed simply because we have ceased to think about it. The fundamental postulate of this war is the failure of democracy as a system of human government; that we need in place of it, in place of its wasteful, shiftless, haphazard character and methods, a civilization of intense and practical efficiency based upon autocracy and to the existence of which autocratic discipline is essential. This issue should make us, even in the midst of the smoke and thunder of war, self-critical. On the accuracy of this fundamental postulate the future history of democracy will largely be determined — our own as well as the democratic spirit in other lands.

When we marvel at Germany in this war, at her wonderful capacity for carnage, at the terrible efficiency and completeness of her mechanism for destruction; when we see the disorganization of England, the long wait for the development of sufficient ammunition, the attitude of the trade-unions, the strikes of the workers, the fumbling with the drink problem in a national crisis, the lack of adequate enlistments — the claims of the German professors come back to us; for in the final analysis this

war is between the soulless Great State and democracy. Those who believe in democracy in our own land should not be blind to this issue. Drifting along as we are in America to-day, without moral leadership, with public opinion a perpetual pendulum between sentimentalism and materialism, with one class so filled with the horror of bloodshed as to want peace at any price and another counting its riches in war-stocks and war-orders and reaching out for South American trade, we need to be made to see the issue as it affects ourselves, — not in our pockets, but in our principles of government, — to see that the war, whatever its outcome, is bound to influence profoundly, for good or for ill, our national life.

We cannot keep out of this war. We may avoid the conflict in arms, but the question whether the democratic principle deserves to live remains ours, at least. Whether it can live is the problem of England and France.

Unless we can do one of two things, this war must mean moral loss to America: unless we can enter it as a participant for something more than a trade reason; or unless, while keeping out of it, we can prevent the soil of America from becoming engulfed in a morass of materialism, by finding an issue upon which the moral forces of this country can unite.

It is to make clear that issue, that fundamental issue of the permanence of democracy, that America to-day needs leadership.

II

We need to be made to see our own stake in this war. In 1815, the concert of the powers expressed by their joint action a final determination as to what the crushing of France should mean to the intellectual and spiritual life of Europe. It was that the last ember of the French Revolution should be relent-

lessly extinguished. It meant for forty or more years the triumph of reaction, the sterilization of life, the suppression of freedom of thought, of action, of everything remotely resembling the democratic impulse in every country in Europe. In no country was the power of that reaction stronger than in Germany and in Austria under Metternich. Upon it Bismarck built the modern Germany. The conception of the Great State — the state as power; the subordination of the individual wholly to the state, his rights considered as derivative and not innate; the state as the autocrat, the individual as vassal; the new feudalism headed by a divine-right monarch whose conception of power was such as died in England nearly three centuries ago with the axe which beheaded Charles the First — this became Germany's new principle of civilization. On it she has built a powerful, a highly organized, an immensely efficient government. The German militaristic government has made modern bureaucratic Germany what she is to-day — a menace to the spiritual future of the world. It was the remorseless logic of the new Jesuitism, the conception of the state as power, superior and unconstrained by law, by duty or pledged word, which marched through devastated Belgium and closed the sea over the drowning women and children of the Lusitania.

What is to be the final effect of Germany successful or Germany defeated upon American opinion and upon American life? For forty years history traces upon Europe the reaction of European thinking on the French Revolution. It was for the most part a reaction against democracy, against the bloody shibboleth of Freedom, Equality, Fraternity. What will the present war do to American opinion? The character and the future of democratic government will depend for many years

upon the lines of thinking set in motion among our people by this war. What will they be? Will they be such as to send us forward as a nation, or set us back?

It is a time in which Americans should consider anxiously their own country. Peace has its dangers no less menacing than war. Even in the midst of war, we can but see certain spiritual gains in the countries which are pouring out their blood and treasure. The development of national consciousness, the establishment in tears and sorrow of the spiritual unity of a great people, is the thing which comes to us from France, reborn in her resolve to make the France of her children free from the menace of militarism. England, with her prosperous and self-satisfied bourgeoisie, her sporting-squire government, her terrible and inexcusable poverty unrelieved except by the silly shifts of Lady Bountifuls and poor rates, her discontented and jealous working classes; England, stale with an unequal and unjust prosperity, is breaking up a caste system and reorganizing and revitalizing a national life. Belgium, devastated and exploited by barbarous invasion, will send down to generations yet unborn the thrill of her King's rejoinder to menacing Germany, that 'Belgium is a country and not a road.' The national consciousness born of war, the precious by-products of sacrifice, of tears, of common and united effort for victory in arms, is not to be denied, even to Russia. The dreaming Slav sees the beginnings of a new era in Holy Russia. Germany holding a world at bay and waging war with a relentless and deadly efficiency, such as the world never saw, girding her loins for fresh aggression, at once the menace and the marvel of our time, shouts her 'Deutschland über Alles,' the hymn of a nationalism which threatens civilization itself. The war

means, not the destruction of national spirit, but the creation of newer and perhaps finer diversities, the finding of the common soul of varied peoples, the finding in common sacrifice and effort of the spiritual basis for national life.

I am not glorifying war; but, hate war as we may, it does these things. The Nelson monument set among the lions at Trafalgar Square, the tattered battle-flags in the church of St. Louis almost touching the tomb of Napoleon, the trophies of war treasured in public galleries in all great nations of the world, are not symbols of victories, or of heroes and conquerors, but expressions of that unity of spirit which makes the soul of a nation. There is no true patriotism, no true love of country, without this unity of spirit. No true nation exists or can exist without it. It is a thing which money cannot buy, or mere natural wealth create.

This is something which we Americans should remember. We hope for the day when there shall be what William James calls a moral substitute for war, that is, the attainment of true unity of national spirit, without blood, without the tears of widows and the fatherless. What will this world-war do to the largest country except China now enjoying peace? Can we endure the hardships of a mean prosperity and keep our soul? Can we evolve, from and by peace, this moral substitute for war? Can we so revitalize democracy that when the war is over America will mean to Europe something else than the land which fattened on war-orders and the trade salvage of distress?

Suppose we stop for a moment our everlasting talk about the prospect of being the money market of the world, of being a creditor nation, about opportunities for South American trade and the perpetual ticker talk and the new nabobism of the war-stocks. Suppose we consider the demands which this

war makes upon American patriotism. It is only a larger and finer democracy which can produce a moral substitute for war.

The President's addresses in his recent speaking tour have been admirable in tone and have lifted the purely military aspects of preparedness to a high ethical plane where they belong. But what we have to deal with is not mere military and naval preparation in this narrow sense. The main problem with which we have to contend, and for which we must find a solution, if we are to be anything better than a South African millionaire among the nations, is the problem of democratic discipline. The wise editor of *Life* has put it so well, that I can do no better than quote him:—

'It is Prussian discipline that is crowding the world so hard, and the question is whether democracy can produce a discipline to match and overcome it. If it cannot, Prussian discipline based on autocracy seems likely to possess the earth. So the war seems still to be a contest between absolutism and democracy, its main errand being to compel democracies to develop and maintain an effective discipline. Collectivism may be the result from the war, but it will be a by-product. The main asset will be democratic discipline.'

Where? Where else than on our own soil? Are we producing it? Are we thinking about it at all? Is this new militarism, this clamor for armaments, for a bigger navy, for a larger army, this jockeying for position among the politicians, in the name of preparedness, the best we can do? A mean pacifism feebly denounces the principle of preparedness. A stupid and blustering militarism talks about preparedness with a tone of finality as though a bigger navy and army for America were all that was needed for the apotheosis

of a shiftless, undisciplined democracy, for its transformation into something which will fill the eye and sicken the soul.

III

We are in a perilous period of American democracy; we are threatened with what bankers and fools call prosperity; we are threatened with wealth which we have not earned and do not deserve. What will it do to us? Can we evolve the higher democracy? No boy is proud of his father simply because he is rich; no man is proud of his country simply because it is prosperous. This war is creating in every European country a flood of new and finer loyalties, patriotic affections born of sacrifice and tears. Will the sea which separates us from the war separate us from these finer things also? Can we attain the high patriotism without war?

A former highlutin period in our country was vocal with manifest destiny. The slogan has not been heard among thoughtful Americans for a generation. It was based upon our natural resources, boundless opportunities, the contributions, not of man, but of nature. In the wasteful and orderless exploitation of these natural resources, a lawless, undisciplined, and formless type of government followed. At a moment when the necessity for a democratic discipline comes home to us, we are forced to realize some of the ugly things which come in our own country from the absence of that discipline. Take first the 'hyphen.'

What is there about the much berated hyphenated American which irritates us? Is it not first and foremost a feeling of failure at a point where we had always blissfully assumed success? We had assumed that, having carefully inspected the immigrant for contagious diseases and a few other matters, before letting him loose upon our soil to

be exploited and to struggle with that new and pervasive lawlessness which we called American opportunity, he would straightway, certainly after a few years, become an American.

The menace of non-assimilated masses in our undisciplined democracy has taken a new meaning in the presence of the possibility of our own participation in the war. The disturbances in Lawrence, Paterson, Colorado, were mere labor troubles a few years ago. We are uneasily conscious now of a new element of danger. We reflect upon it from a new angle of vision to-day. Un-Americanized America is a new aspect of the discontent which we had repressed with martial law and which flamed forth in the I.W.W., the Socialists, the Syndicalists, and the dynamiters. What could we expect for the defense of our institutions from those who are taught by Socialism to-day that our constitution was formulated by grafters, to make money out of the depreciated paper currency which they had bought up in anticipation of a rise after a more stable government had been adopted? What could we expect from those who are taught by the same teachers that patriotism is folly and that government is the mere expression of conscious and purposeful class-selfishness in its effort to exploit the worker—the worker, moreover, who in turn is urged to grasp for government, to rule in turn by making laws, not for the general good, but for his own immediate and selfish interest?

What will democratic discipline do with the American immigrant after the war? Will it continue as before to consider him merely as a human mechanism, an asset for industrial exploitation, or as a man, a potential unhyphenated American? Shall we wait until after the war to begin to formulate a programme, wait until the flood-gates are open and the inundation begins? Shall we con-

tent ourselves with abusing our foreign-born as though the love of the old country were not a virtue, a potential benefit to the new? There are no hyphenated gypsies. Do we want more of them?

Shall we organize our army under the stimulus of the clamor for preparedness on a basis hostile to, or auxiliary to democracy? An army may be a menace to democracy. Many European armies are of this character. An army may also be a training-school for democratic discipline, a means for the union of all classes and conditions of men for service on the basis of a common duty to the state in such fashion as to create new and desirable conceptions of national unity; a means, moreover, of creating a closer association of men from different walks of life, as good for democratic government as ploughing is for the soil. Shall the army for preparedness be made an instrument of democracy, or a menace to it, a sheer adventure in militarism foreign to our traditions and repugnant to our ideals?

The 'hyphen,' the immigrant, and the army are in the foreground. But the great America—the America large enough to meet the obligations of a new world—must respond to new reactions which will result either in a larger and finer conception of democratic discipline, or a humiliating failure to attain a triumph for democratic ideals which will mean loss, not merely to us, but to the whole world.

One of the first problems which will come to us will be a result of certain new reactions due to a confusion of militaristic Germany with German social and industrial organization. A considerable part of the industrial legislation which Germany had adopted for the physical well-being of her people is associated now in our country with a conception of the state which is distasteful to us and wholly foreign to

our own ideas, — a conception of the state in which the worker is a feudal dependent upon an autocratic, militant, but otherwise benevolent overlord, and under which, as we are now told, his individual initiative and personal freedom have been so fully suppressed that the average workman is unconscious of their absence. Industrial Germany conserves her human resources. Militant Germany to-day uses those resources. This principle of conservation is new with us, is practically untried and much needed. Individual initiative and personal freedom as political rights are our oldest and most cherished doctrines. The wreckage occasioned by our failure to work out effective modifications of our individualism to meet a new industrialism had in recent years inclined many of us to experiments with German industrial legislation for the conservation of human resources to meet our own economic conditions. The workmen's compensation laws of recent years are of German origin. They have taken firm root and are not likely to be dislodged in the near future by any reaction against what is now called the German conception of the Servile State. But the compulsory pensions, the occupational-disease, old-age and sickness insurance plans, the state-controlled housing systems, all of which are parts of German social legislation and which honest and efficient management have there brought to a high degree of perfection, are already being considered with critical eyes and their availability in a democracy is being questioned. The logic involved seems to be this: German social legislation has produced a vast number of physically fit soldiers for the German armies. Therefore, the system which makes them fit as soldiers is evil and should be avoided in a democracy. The startling figures on the unfitness of the English as soldiers,

shown by the percentages of rejections for physical reasons, which Price Collier¹ gave us a few years ago, do not disturb us. We dislike to think of our own workers as possible soldiers.

We prefer to ignore the great fact of modern warfare, that war to-day is no longer the mere putting into battle array of a small percentage of the population, leaving the great majority of citizens to their ordinary employment. The war which is going on in Europe is a war, not merely of soldiers but of nations. Every particle of economic power is being invoked to make military success. It will not be soldiers, but the discipline of nationality, expressed in countless ways, which will triumph. In such a warfare, how would the discipline of American life, of American government, of American industrial and social organization stand the test which would be placed upon them?

In the report of the Secretary of the Interior for 1915 occur some wise words on this subject, which will bear repetition: —

'Some months since I sought to learn what I could of the assets of this country as they might be revealed by this department, where we were in point of

¹ Price Collier says (in his *England and the English*): —

'The following table, covering a twelvemonth ended September 30, 1907, gives a commentary upon the physical condition of the men offering themselves as recruits for the regular army.'

	Offered for enlistment	Rejected for physical reasons
London	20,975	8807
Birmingham	1,858	1084
Manchester	2,523	1821
Sheffield	1,031	363
Leeds	791	452
Newcastle	1,493	1046
Sunderland	776	232
Glasgow	2,905	1135
Dundee	956	680
Edinburgh	1,500	628

'These men were young men and men with a taste for outdoor life. Nor is the standard itself very high which they are called upon to pass.'

development, and what we had with which to meet the world which was teaching us that war was no longer a set contest between more or less mobile armed forces, but an enduring contest between all the life forces of the contesting parties — their financial strength, their industrial organization, and adaptability, their crop yields, and their mineral resources; and that it ultimately comes to a test of the very genius of the peoples involved. *For to mobilize an army, even a great army, is now no more than an idle evidence of a single form of strength, if behind this army the nation is not organized.*'

Our crop yields, our mineral and financial resources are doubtless excellent and satisfying. I have given in a footnote some statistics on the unfitness of the English worker for service in the army. What are the American statistics on the same subject? I have before me as I write the statistics compiled by the United States Marine Corps for the year 1915, showing the number of applicants examined, those accepted for enlistment, and the percentage accepted. For the whole United States, the applicants were 41,168 in number. Of these 3,833, or 9.31 per cent were found physically fit for the service; in other words, one man out of every eleven examined. Eleven thousand and twelve men applied in New York City, and of these 316 were found fit for service, or 2.869 per cent. Those who find themselves now suddenly interested in physical fitness as a great element in military preparedness may profitably consider these statistics. Industrial anarchy in peace does not make for physical preparedness in war.

IV

It is because the organization of national life is so eminently important, because its absence is one of the main

sources of our peril, that we should be interested primarily in the development of a national consciousness and a discipline, which are good for peace, and which can be forwarded now by the peril of war if statesmen of vision can be found to give the movement leadership. Any reaction of opinion which tends to retard or frustrate that development is a national peril. The lack of just that kind of leadership to-day is conspicuous. The time is ripe for the development of a discipline adapted to and expressive of the philosophy of democracy for a definite and concrete programme. Instead of such statesmanship, we have nothing as yet which is constructive, unless a propaganda for large expenditures on purely military and naval matters deserves the name.

There is with us, moreover, now as always, a type of mind which is not entitled to leadership, which often successfully claims it, which learns nothing and forgets nothing, which for the needs of a far-reaching future has nothing but a morass of learning and a perpetual appeal to the traditions of the past, which clamors for the revival of the eighteenth-century philosophy of an agricultural democracy, for 'a return to those principles of individual liberty on which our country was founded' — principles truly American, but which need now as never before expansion and adaptability to new and changed surroundings. These men are proclaiming to slightly bored listeners, at countless public dinners, the desirability of teaching the foreigner coming to our shores eighteenth-century individualism as an essential and precious American doctrine, peculiarly desirable for the underfed and the overworked. This type of preaching, together with the reorganization of our views on the adaptability to our soil of German conceptions of social legisla-

tion, has brought industrial legislation nearly to a standstill.

A reaction against all social legislation has begun. The manufacturers' organizations are already soliciting funds from one another to wipe out social legislation; to prevent the continuance or extension of the new type of law for the improvement of the condition of the worker. A new ally has joined them. The selfish desire artificially to stimulate the growth of labor unions by taking away from all working people every other form of protection from exploitation has induced Mr. Gompers to announce recently a campaign by the American Federation of Labor against such legislation throughout the country. He is against industrial boards and commissions even more than the manufacturers' organizations. 'Repeatedly,' he declares, 'the warning has been given that these numerous attempts to regulate industrial conditions and evils by law are insidious dangers to the best interests and welfare of the wage-earners.'

This reaction is not confined to the field of labor legislation. The existence of war affords an opportunity for Toryism, half-stupid and half-cunning, to clamor against 'regulation,' against meddlesome government clogging the wheels of industry, throttling industry, and so forth. There is a very considerable class in America of those who are against democratic discipline, because they can make money or attain power by its absence. Industrial feudalism, well-established, does not wish to be disturbed by the law. If the Tory reaction against German industrial legislation can be extended to cover the whole field of social and economic legislation, the future of American democracy will be seriously and injuriously affected.

Will it succeed? It is perhaps too early to say. Recent years have made

revelations which are too fresh to be forgotten and which ought to make the reaction less extreme. It was only a few years ago, for example, that the principle of government regulation of railway securities was declared an outrageous interference with individual and corporate rights. Recent railroad history has thrown a flood of light upon the true motives of those who led the clamor against this kind of legislation. It is not likely that the exposures of Rock Island, Frisco, New Haven, and half a dozen similar but smaller scandals, will be readily forgotten. The Toryism which is against interference and regulation is largely stupid, but it also is largely selfish and dishonest. Will the anti-Servile-State propaganda be effective to thwart or delay genuine and needed reform on lines consistent with American principles?

German ideals are largely expressed in making the bottom of the social scale comfortable and, still worse, contented; ours, until quite recently, in more or less ineffective attempts at making the top of the social scale uncomfortable, leaving the bottom to seethe with all the justified discontent which industrial feudalism generates in a politically democratic state. The fact that our anti-trust acts, like the English penal laws of a century ago, have been both drastic and ineffective, is beside the mark. The point is that, however stupid the effort may have been, American democracy aimed to limit the undue wealth of the powerful rather than the undeserved poverty of the poor.

Social legislation in America is likely to receive a new turn as a by-product of the war. It may for a time cease altogether. The cost of government has increased enormously in recent decades. The clamor for efficiency in the past few years has been largely a demand for the elimination of 'regulatory' legislation of all kinds. This clamor will in-

crease. The thinking behind it, real or alleged, is for the most part a composite of the views of those who believe in the economic gospel of Herbert Spencer and of those whose conservatism is social blindness carried to the point of stupidity. It is this combination which is far more dangerous to the future of America than the Socialists, who are teaching the immigrant that ours is and from the beginning was a purely capitalistic government, cunningly devised for the purpose of sucking his blood.

The conflict in America will be intensified in the next few years between those who believe in the evolution of American law adequate to meet, not merely political, but economic and social demands, to which it must respond or fail, and those who believe in Mr. Carnegie's gospel of wealth — anarchistic individualism tempered by ostentatious philanthropy; the philosophy whose fullest practical expression is recorded in the *Pittsburg Survey* — a hideous cartoon on Democracy.

The next few years will require from most of us a deal of thinking to know in which camp we belong. Great changes of one sort or another are coming. The anti-German sentiment is being utilized by those who hope to develop, not only a hatred of Prussian autocracy and despotism, — against which the German people themselves were struggling before the war and which they must meet after it is over, — but an equal prejudice against the wonderful system of government by which in spite of militarism Germany has evolved in less than forty-five years an intelligent, coördinated, intensive, highly educated, and efficient nationalism such as the world never knew before.

Those who just now are talking almost hysterically about a policy of preparedness are making certain false assumptions. They are advocating a national policy which, if adopted in the

one-sided and incomplete way in which it is at present being presented, will set us back fifty years in possibility of true progress. The notion that preparedness is a mere military thing, to be had by superimposing upon the most wasteful, extravagant, and inefficient army and navy establishment in the world a new mass of similar expenditures, is a delusion. If we are so insistent upon preparation for war, and if we are, as we say, still unprepared after spending on such preparations over three billion dollars in the last twenty years, exclusive of pensions, let us at least in our preparation recognize an essential part of its true basis. The power behind military Germany is industrial Germany. The organization of German life is doubtless extreme, but the current preparedness doctrines, however much they may differ on military or naval estimates, agree at least in this: they ignore absolutely every necessity for improving the industrial organization, the economic basis for national unity. Sweat-shops, child-labor, industrial anarchy held in check by martial law, the exploitation of the worker, lack of an intelligent policy in handling the immigrant, industrial accidents crippling and burdening the worker, industrial diseases unregulated and unprevented, the almost total absence of effective labor legislation on the side of inspection and regulation, the exploited tenant farmer, the stupid chaos of liquor legislation, the whole mass of haphazard, slipshod laws which seem to defy all attempts at coördination and economy of administration — all these and a hundred others are true problems of preparedness which are today ignored.

It is a disciplined democracy which America needs, a democracy disciplined to a capacity for true leadership such as will effectuate a Pan-American federation, as a new world-contribu-

tion of democracy toward the foundations of peace. The strident patriots who are expounding crude preparedness propagandas, in principles and purposes identical with all the armed peace propagandas which have proved wrong in a hundred years, ignore all such considerations. If they have their way, there may be an additional reason for ignoring the economic basis of national unity, the plea of poverty: that we can't afford it. The propagandists of preparation seem ready to do anything but improve the quality and character of our democracy. To them it is all a matter of guns, soldiers, submarines, and huzzas for the flag; not the establishment of a democracy supremely worth fighting for.

True preparedness calls, not merely for an external, but for an internal and industrial programme. The national defense orators who to-day fill the papers with their speeches seem to have in mind only enormous naval and military expenses — a programme which leaves pressing industrial problems as usual to private initiative and to philanthropy. Already, for example, one organization of public-spirited citizens is planning a programme for the alien which ought in its essential features to have been a governmental policy expressed in effective law at least twenty-five years ago.

Every destructive and disintegrating force in America is logically and by instinct on the side of the militant, for the militant programme retards the normal development of a sane industrial programme, an effective government, an organized democracy. Most of us, except the extreme pacifists, are entirely willing to have our government expend all the money which may be reasonably necessary for national de-

fenses and the protection of our national honor. We are also willing and quite anxious to have the funds provided, in part at least, by cutting millions out of the fraudulent pension rolls, out of the impossible naval stations and absurd army posts, out of the countless lootings of the pork barrel of Congress for extravagant and unnecessary public buildings, and the endless appropriations for river and harbor improvements, which improve nothing but the political fences of statesmen. No country in the world has so little to show for her enormous expenditures on military and naval establishments as our own. A timely and patriotic programme of preparedness might well begin with a policy of retrenchment against waste and extravagance, an expression of self-denial akin to self-discipline. Nothing so revolutionary and so desirable has as yet been more than suggested. There are pending as I write, thus early in the session of Congress, bills involving the expenditure of \$300,000,000, for munition factories where they will do local political interests the most good.

How can a sane programme for the perfection of a democracy of peace be even thought of in the midst of such a clamor for military preparedness — and appropriations? Yet that programme must be considered. The danger to America to-day is the ascendancy at this time of shortsighted men, unduly excited over preparation for war, who cannot visualize the America whose great need is preparation for peace, for the evolution by patient labor and infinite pains, by the love and loyalty and wisdom of her freemen, of that difficult and ideal democracy, which harmonizes and blends political and industrial freedom — the only liberty which can enlighten the world.

THE NEW NAÏVETÉ

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

WE have a new art, these days. Many persons, surely not to be accounted ignorant, think that it is the sweet old art of poetry with a morning freshness on its face to meet the new day and the new hour. That it has freshness of a kind is indisputable. Is it that of the child or of the *ingénue*? That of the student whose eyes are now lighted with the joy of discovery after long poring over the mysteries, or of the youth who finds the sun coming up in the east — often as that has happened — a revelation? That of the painted lady, or of the gentlewoman cherishing the gracious sincerities which keep life sweet?

The two phases of this new art, or, perhaps more correctly, this new movement in the old art of poetry, are imagism and *vers libre*. Technically they are not at all the same thing, but practically they spring from the same intellectual and æsthetic condition. They announce different doctrines, but it is easy to see that the imagist's declaration that it is his first aim to use the accurate phrase and show the thing he sees as it is, and the renunciation by the writer of free verse of what he looks upon as the shackles of an established law and order in poetry, are both advocacies of the return to nature, that frequently recurring hope of artists and preachers alike, of philosophers and statesmen and moralists. What is the basis of faith in a creed of this sort? What constitutes a return to nature, and what indeed is nature? How far back must we go to find nature? Can we stop in the Middle Ages, or in decadent Rome,

or in David's Judæa, or with the men of the Stone Age, or with the monkeys that preceded the Stone Age, or with the nucleated cell that preceded the monkeys, or with the molten rocks that preceded the cell? Just why man in nineteen hundred, or in nineteen hundred and fifty, is not a part of the chain of nature as much as the cave-dweller, and why the elaborations of his speech and his social system are not as much a part of nature as the cave-dweller's roar of rage or fear and his brandished club, I am not at all able to see.

That returning to nature is going back, however, and going back a long way, even to the naïveté of infancy, is very clearly the actual, if not the conscious, doctrine of the new movement in poetry. Poem after poem in this sort is full of the simple wonder of a child picking up pebbles on the beach and running to some other child with yellow hair, in happy wonder at finding the pebble and the hair of a like color. That big-eyed recognition of agreement between two sense-impressions is about as far toward correlation of their material as the imagists or the writers of free verse ever get.

Every new movement in art makes new assumptions about the art itself, has new understandings of its purpose, its reason for being, its fundamental character. The ostensible assumption of this movement is evidently not the assumption of its own naïveté. It is rather the assumption of a degree of advanced artistry which gives warrant for disregarding the sense for poetic

form that man has developed through the ages. The movement toward imagism and free verse is theoretically a revolt against the prevailing literary form or forms; but the interesting thing is that the attempt to revert to more elementary forms has resulted at once in a reversion to the more elementary in substance. It is an astonishing thing. Among a highly sophisticated people, at the heart of a more eagerly progressive civilization than the world has ever known before, there develops in the highest, most complex, and most intellectual of the arts, the art of literature, a movement which encourages the inexperienced, the untutored, the unthinking to participate in that art. When, after centuries of hard self-tutelage, man has come to realize that he carries life forward with any certitude only by relating a multitude of experiences as fully as possible, then suddenly he stops, refuses to burden his mind with the business of so relating them any longer, is content merely to look at things, like a child, open-eyed and open-mouthed, to report the retinal image to the brain, to transfer it to innocent blank paper, and lastly to impose it on a credulous world for poetry.

Hypothetically the thing is impossible. In fact it is exactly what has happened. The books are in print in ample proof, and the magazines are adding evidence plentifully. There is a reason in all this somewhere, inexplicable as it may seem, but perhaps it is safest to do no more than hazard the guess. My guess is that the very variety in the phenomena that the human organism is called upon to survey is too much for the palpitant sensibilities of minor poets. They relax under the strain and find it easier and more in accordance with their physical, æsthetic, and mental limitations to take experiences one at a time. If we were all to do that, our human world would go back promptly

to chaos — or to wondering babyhood clutching at the moon. Fortunately the world is not made up of minor poets trying to justify themselves by a philosophy and an art-theory adapted to the range of their vision and their capabilities.

Some exhibit of what passes for poetry in *vers libre* is almost necessary. In any school of art, of course, it is always possible to pick out contemporary examples which are not representative and which may therefore falsely seem to condemn it. The lines which follow were quoted in an editorial in a daily paper under the caption, 'This is Poetry.' They are not my choice, but that of the editorial writer who declared them 'worthy of a place in any anthology of English literature.' They are given here, therefore, as having so much approach to a critical approval.

I will arise:

I will go up into the lofty places
 Apart from all man's work, and there commune
 With God and mine own soul. I will search out
 By lonely thought some meaning or accord
 Or radiant sanction that may justify
 The ways of life. The void and troubled world
 Will I renounce, to gain in solitude
 What the world gave not — sense of life's design.

As I have sufficient reasons of my own for believing, the writer of this, highly skilled in verse of a better sort, would probably not have written it in free verse, if he had thought it real poetry. With him it was doubtless a mere chip of the workshop, not quite to be thrown away, and yet not to be made beautiful as poetry is beautiful. Why it is not itself poetry is a matter for but a word. From beginning to end it is bald commonplace, an obvious platitudinous thing, without glamour and without glow. It is idea without feeling, the skeleton of thought unclothed. That any one should think it poetry is part of the explanation of the currency of *vers libre*. There are others than the

writers of free verse who are persuaded of its charm. It has a constituency.

In a poem entitled 'The Poet,' John Gould Fletcher, prominent among the writers of the new school, has given us what may pass for a partial picture of what a poet of this sort is.

The poet, with his big gray eyes,
Smiling, looked out of the window
And replied:

'The wind is shifting and stirring the tree-tops,
Light is oozing out of them into the white gaps of
the sky,

The roofs faintly glimmer
With the subtle, cold silver of the stars.'

This is not all of the poem, but with relation to the matter at issue here it contains the rest. The poet stands at the window of life and looks out. He sees the wind in the tree-tops and the silver of the rain in the air, but that is all. He is simply a bit of impressionable wax on which the stylus of life may leave its mark. As he stands at the window, he is barely concerned about the wind or the rain, and he does not care at all whether anybody has an umbrella. His smile is as 'childlike and bland' as that of Harte's 'Heathen Chinees,' and its guilelessness is much more genuine.

The questions which arise at once in reading this, are two. Is this the portrait of a real poet, or is it not? Why is this the mood of poetry, or if not, why not? In the first place, poetry is an intensely personal thing, but it is not personal in this way. The real poet does not look upon the sun and the rain as things existing largely for the purpose of providing him with sensations. That would be to centre the world in himself. The little poet does that just as any other little man does, but the real poet does not. Poetry is the treatment of that portion of life, or, perhaps, that portion of our human outlook upon life, which lies between the cold detachment of philosophy and the warm self-interest of religion. The poet wants to know what the world is. In that wish he is

eternally curious with the philosopher, but, as it is a need as well as a wish, he is also eternally alive in his emotions with the religious man. His curiosity takes him away from himself into the world, and the human vitality of his interest in the world makes him quick to catch its glow and color. He is not willing simply to see things and live in the procession of his own retinal changes. He receives impressions, but he goes beyond that in reducing those impressions to some sort of order, in finding a character in them, in giving that character a touch of some quality drawn from his own nature. This is beautiful, he says, and this is rich and wonderful, and this again is terrible. He so expresses a judgment, but it is not a judgment of the intellect alone. It is a judgment of the personal feelings, but it is a judgment of those feelings as they look upon the thing judged in its large human relationships, not simply in its relations to the judging mind itself. Such judgment demands coördination of a variety of experiences. It will not rest in receptivity. It is a process of interpretation, and in the great poetry of the world such judgment goes forward as a part of the continually changing values and understanding of values that make up the web of life.

Response to impressions and representation of those impressions in their original isolation are the marks of the new poetry. Response to impressions, correlation of those impressions into a connected body of phenomena, and final interpretation of them as a whole are, have been, and always will be the marks of the enduring in all literature, whether poetry or prose. Failure to carry his work forward to interpretation is for any writer ultimate failure. Falling short of that, as the imagists do fall short of it, is dropping back from art into journalism.

It is a peculiarity of the new poetry

that its failure in interpretation is so complete that one poem is hardly distinguishable from another; and, even when they are by different writers, one is not at all rememberable as distinct from another after twenty-four hours. They run together into a descriptive blur, the lights of the city softening and spreading, the cool green depths of the woods turning to indistinct shadow, the velvety richness of the mosses at the roots of the trees becoming simply color and then grayness and then nothing. Under the influence of the same experiences, one imagist's view of the world would be the same as another's. They are all of them no more than the medium for the transmission of those experiences, the air through which light passes to the eye, sometimes clear air, sometimes misty air, sometimes smoky air, but always air, whether a breath of miasm over a fen or a wind blowing across the hills, — always air.

A sympathetic critic, recently discussing the work of Mr. Fletcher, says that he 'sees nature very much as the painter or the musician,' and in the preceding sentence this critic has just declared that for the musician or the painter 'the emotion of color or the emotion of sound' is sufficient. That is a prime defect in the whole conception upon which imagism is based. Literature, if it is to fulfill its function, must go beyond music and painting in the matter of interpretation. It must exhibit the life of the mind as establishing a value in the things presented. It must reveal the creative intelligence as dominant over the sensuous organism. The weakness of imagism is that the sensuous organism becomes so quickly both the objective and the subjective factor in it — objective as the thing whose experiences are worth while, and subjective as that which shuts up its experiences within itself for the appraisal that shall be its pleasure.

The other day I finished reading a comparatively recent English novel, *The Man of Iron*, by Richard Dehan. It occurred to me as I put the book down that the writer had drawn into the net of words that make its nearly seven hundred pages, more of those things that touch the senses — sights, sounds, colors, odors — than would suffice several imagists for the production of a number of volumes of poetry each.

And what is true of this novel is true in a degree of the modern novel in general. The difference between the novelist and the imagist is in the use that each makes of his material. The imagist presents his sensuous world in detached bits, a flower here, a glimpse of crannied wall there, a flash of sunlight on the water somewhere else. He does not apply his mind to these bits at all. They simply exist, and he reports their existence, fully perhaps, but baldly, as might the dumbest prosaist. The novelist, on the other hand, takes these various aspects of his material world and makes them parts of an organic whole, something that his mind shapes, the creation of an intelligence taking hold of the issues of life and refusing to be subjected by them or borne under.

One interesting if unfortunate consequence of the development of imagism and free verse has been the irruption into print of a considerable body of writers who would probably be technically helpless before the difficulties to be encountered in writing real and singing poetry. This is a field too large for survey here, but there is illustration at hand in the work of Amy Lowell, one of the foremost American representatives of the school, loudly acclaimed in many quarters and not to be looked upon as a barbarian breaking into the sacred city through the failing vigilance of the guards at the gates. Her technical mastery of her art is worth considering, since she may safely be assumed to be

more competent than most of her kind. The following lines are taken from a recent volume of hers, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds*, and they are abundantly instructive with regard to the technical limitations which may be the negative promptings accounting in part for imagism and *vers libre*. These lines, it is to be said, are attempts in a regular form of rhymed verse.

And to get it out he made great shift.

The context of this line does not matter. Neither do the rules of rhetoric matter, as rules. At any time and at any stage of literary development the line is a bad line, almost atrociously bad, bad with the badness of a sophomore versifier who has just ceased being a freshman. The words are awkward in their arrangement, they are bald, prosy, and trivial in themselves, and they have been changed from their natural order to bring them into artificial agreement with an exigency of the verse as verse. A writer who has achieved even a moderate control of the singing word knows better than to force consciousness of the raw mechanism of his art upon his reader in the fashion of such gaucherie as this.

In the library with its great north light
Clotilde wrought at an exquisite
Wreath of flowers
For her Book of Hours.

These lines have a touch of romantic beauty, but the rhyming necessity of pronouncing 'exquisite' with the sound of long *i* and a heavy accent on the last syllable turns it all into ugliness at once. Torturing words into barbarous pronunciations to make them rhyme is torturing the reader too, and such a monstrous verbal perversion is enough to spoil the page on which it stands.

Till reaching the table again, her face
Would bring recollection, and no solace
Could balm his hurt till unconsciousness
Stifed him and his great distress.

This is wooden metre and worse than wooden rhyme. It makes me feel as if I were looking at something akin to my first page of Chaucer and trying to accept some scholar's assurance that Chaucer is musical. The language of free verse—even if this were free verse—is not a new language with new quantities and new sounds. So far as I know, it is the English language of everyday use, and in that language 'solace' has no accent on the second syllable and 'unconsciousness' no accent on the last.

In the morning he selected all
His perfect jacinths. One large opal—

This is pure freakishness. Addressed to children, such verbal distortions might be amusing rather than offensive. For the ears of adults, they are merely so many tortures. If they were infrequent, they might be felt to be excusable, but hardly a page is free from them. The bad taste of one is not out of the mouth before we must swallow another dose of literary rudeness that seems almost illiteracy. It is impossible to read far without realizing that technical insufficiency is not an accident of the verse, but a part of its very spirit. The consciousness of the writer here, as in the movement in general, is centred, not in the reader, not in the thing of which she writes, but in herself. If she were more mindful of the reader, she would not give him so many distresses, would not wish to carry him so joltingly over so rough a road, would not be so regardless of his natural instinct for beauty. If she had a clearer and more devoted interest in the thing itself, the subject of her verse, she would be more anxious to have it brought before her reader unobscured by such a host of metrical entanglements and verbal infelicities.

That egotistic self-consciousness is a primary motive in the new movement appears sufficiently in the demand on

the part of Mr. Ezra Pound, the self-appointed high priest of the coterie, that poets be endowed so that they may escape the need of writing to please the public. The art impulse exhibits itself in two forms, as expression and as communication. The musician, sitting alone before his instrument and evoking its harmonies for his own ears, is finding his pleasure in expression, and with that his pleasure stops. It is a quite legitimate pleasure for him, but literature is essentially an art of communication. Words were invented for hearers, and writing for readers. They are quite futile spent in soliloquy or in anything that approaches soliloquy. The great writers have been deeply conscious of their fellows. They have never wished to shut themselves off in a little world where they could say their tinkling say, regardless of those who heard. They have always wanted to be a voice and an influence. Nothing but sterility can come from isolation in a world of art from which the great demands of life and the need of understanding it and interpreting it have been more or less excluded.

At the same time that imagism and *vers libre* as developed into an art cult are freakish and barren in themselves, it is no doubt true that they are indicative of some new romantic impulses which will be ultimately fruitful in the way of a fuller and more vital poetry. It is interesting to remember that the romantic movement of the eighteenth century had as one of its early influences the poems of Ossian. They were the *vers libre* of their day, although without that designation they were hailed as something not so much new as old, something antique, whether genuine or fraudulent, not at all as the latest and most progressive innovation. This is how the first paragraph of the 'Carric-Thura' looks, taken out of the Ossian

and printed after the fashion of our latest presumption.

Hast thou left thy course in heaven,
Golden-haired son of the sky?
The west has spread its gates;
The bed of thy repose is there.
The waves come to behold thy beauty.
They lift their trembling heads.
They see thee lovely in thy sleep;
They shrink away with fear.
Rest in thy shadowy cave, O sun!
Let thy return be in joy.

It must be admitted that this would not quite pass for the free verse of our day, because it has a different subject-matter; but technically, in its form, it is its perfect match, an imitation of our newest manner nearly two centuries ago. It did not then become the vogue of English poetry, although it found an echo later in some of Byron's work. Its bombast and turgidity forbade that, but it did give an impulse toward the breaking of the shackles of the classicism then decaying. Some like consequence we can expect from this movement of our day, although we are not now tied to outworn forms that we should throw away. It will not endure in itself. It is little more than a child's flutter of excitement over the world that it is beginning to discover; but it is the sign in its way of a fresh kind of interest in the variety of our modern life. As they go on and develop into vital forces in the interpretation of our human actualities, imagism and *vers libre* will cease to have anything more than historical importance. Even so, they will have stimulated a productive activity and will in that degree be a part of the fuller poetry which triumphs over them. That fuller poetry will believe in art for life's sake, and so it will not be petty with self-consciousness. The mark of that serpent is over the new poetry in all its ways, and there is no surer mark of ultimate inadequacy and decay.

POETRY TO-DAY

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

THOSE poets whose fate it is to be young along with the youth of the twentieth century face a problem unique in its difficulty. Alone among the singing-men of our race, it is theirs to extract the poetry from a man-made and essentially unpoetic world — the world of mechanistic science, of great industrial centres, of the uncrystallized human mass. Theirs, too, to write of man as though he were the creature of an environment without mystery and without God.

In performing this task, as difficult as it is novel, there must inevitably be much discarding of old forms and fashions, much testing of new methods. So many young writers have found in *vers libre* the appropriate vehicle for their inspiration that the increasing body of cadenced, more or less rhythmic writing, which escapes the status of prose without arriving at that of formal verse, is often called the New Poetry. This restriction of the 'newness' to certain forms, is, of course, a perfunctory and inadequate classification. If there is a new poetry, — and one must acknowledge that it is coming on rapidly even if not yet quite arrived, — its real basis is a new spirit. Taken by and large, poetry grows out of and implies an attitude toward life. It is a metaphysic of the relation of man to his environment.

You may not like the way the new poet is solving his problems as compared with the way that Tennyson and

Browning solved theirs, but, after all, poetry is poetry. And even when it is not poetry to those who read, if it has been poetry to those who wrote, it is not worthless, for it has fulfilled toward at least one human creature its true function of freeing the spirit. The genuine thing in poetry, under any guise, is forever justified, forever triumphant. Open-mindedness toward the new poetry, then, befits us. We cannot afford to patronize or ignore any possible source of poetry, because poetry, like art, has become too much an exotic in modern life. It is to-day completely detached from our affairs. The new poets specifically recognize this condition and offer, rather pitifully, different remedies, so much less deep-seated than the disease that one can hardly expect their success.

However superficial and forgotten our knowledge of the beginnings of English letters, we are aware that our case was not always thus. Poetry was basal in the life of our remote forefathers. For them it was, literally, the language of the soul. When the spirit spoke, it spoke in numbers for the numbers came. Poetry was the wild, hardy, deathless thing, growing in the depths of the Dark Ages as gorse grows on the moor. It fed on war and war's alarms. Prose was the fragile plant, the garden flower. Not until King Alfred made peace of a kind in England and strengthened the land against invasion, did the story of English prose begin.

The repetition of these familiar facts

may be pardoned because of their bearing upon our attitude toward current verse. Since poetry was once an integral part of men's lives, and since free verse derives from the stressful Saxon poetry, with its assonance, its alliteration, its lines of varying length to fit the singer's feeling, its general emotional plasticity, one takes up these little experimental volumes with a stir of hope. Will one find, this time, something of the essential spirit of an elder day as well as its unfettered rhythm? Will the latter show itself again a vital thing, flexible to the writer's thought, a power in his hand — or will it be merely a toy with which he makes a conventional protest against convention? In all the earthly choir there are no singers so feeble and futile as those who ape the forms of revolt because it is the fashion in their set!

II

There is a new life, and it demands a new poetry. Man has become a city-dwelling animal. From the fields he has emigrated to the factories. To a great extent he has left behind his sanity, his soul, his God.

It was of the very nature of the old poetry that it was concerned with meanings, with relations, with the soul. We hardly called it poetry unless, for us, it threw light on the path. It is of the very nature of the new poetry that it evades these issues in the shape we knew them once. The new philosophy has not yet taken shape. Here and there we see it forming, but more often the new poets are satisfied to depict, without comment or deduction, whatever they choose for subject, be it a garden rose, a July day, or a human life. The greater part of the new poetry deifies observation and deprecates thought.

Well — what else can it do? We

know what we were. We know not what we shall be. It remains to be seen whether the Creator has use for the factory-made world of man's devising. If he has, doubtless we shall learn how to make it both tolerable and poetic. One thing is certain: in the transvaluation of values that industrialism is bringing about, industrialism itself will not endure unless it somehow provides for the man of good will his chance for poetry. Beside this issue the minimum wage becomes a minor matter.

Belgium has produced a poet who grips the question of the future explicitly, fervently, firmly. The octopus-cities of these latter days obsessed Verhaeren's imagination and he has faith that they are a development, not a retrogression, and that our path lies through them to some great future yet to be attained by the mass rather than by the individual. No poet in England or America has yet worked out so definite, even if so unconvincing, a philosophy as this. Most of them are in a more tentative stage of thought, hesitating to make assertions of any kind, perhaps denying that assertions are part of a poet's function. You may take or leave what they have to give. They offer, as life offers, a cup whose flavor for you depends largely upon your own sense of taste.

Where the work of the 'younger set' diverges from the old traditions and adopts free verse, it exhibits two distinct strains. One shows the French influence, while the other derives, through Whitman, from the close-to-life singing of our Saxon fathers. On French soil it is free verse that is the exotic, in spite of the brilliant modern mastery of the method that the French have shown. The native French forms, imported into England with the Normans and receiving their final naturalization at Chaucer's hands, were exact and measured, depending upon rhyme

and fixed length of line. If we had not these remote but still potent facts of ancestry to help us explain current phenomena, we might well wonder why some of the new poetry is so bold and unconstrained, so palpably close to the breathing world, while some of it is so remote and delicate that its very freedom seems a kind of graceful artifice.

Chief producers of the latter type, we note the interesting group of imagists, who frankly acknowledge the influence of the post-symbolist French poets. Their not very exhaustive account of themselves (in the preface to *Some Imagist Poets*) is that they mean to present an image definite in its particulars, adhering to terms of common speech so far as choice of the 'exact word' permits; to create new rhythms and to produce 'clear, concentrated' poetry. Mr. John Gould Fletcher adds to these articles of faith a belief that poetry should be as free as to cadence and the groupings of cadences as music is in regard to time, these gradations of *tempo* being used for emotional ends and welded into a unity, taking the poem as an artistic whole. Miss Lowell's summing-up is that poetry should exist because it is a created beauty.

Success is always legitimate. The imagist poets have assailed their especial problem valiantly, and often with as prosperous an issue as the limitations they have set permit. They are almost always adroit and often exquisite, though some of them at times, failing to achieve the clear image that their ideal demands, become vague and futile. Miss Lowell is the most prolific and impressive member of the group, and her work is adorably full of color. She is especially fortunate in conveying by the weight and shine and shape and lilt of words themselves, the inner essence of the image she would offer.

Words could hardly give a more coruscating picture of the electric contact between two whose antagonism is founded on essential attraction than does 'Fireworks' in a recent *Atlantic*. *The Precinct, Rochester*, is so perfect a presentation that it carries almost as many implications and connotations as any cathedral close could do to the seeing eye — which is saying much.

Here is a little verse by 'H.D.' from *An Imagist Anthology*, which is typical of the minor imagist somewhere near his best. It would be hard to recall more vividly an August afternoon.

O wind
rend open the heat,
cut apart the heat,
rend it sideways.

Fruit cannot drop
through this thick air;
that presses up and blunts
the points of pears
and rounds the grapes.

Cut the heat,
plough through it,
turning it on either side
of your path.

To be a good imagist obviously demands mastery of the *nuance*. You do not really represent an object unless you depict, or so imply that you seem to depict, the connotations of that object as it seems to our deepest perceptions. In other words, things *do* have a meaning. There is a sense of tears in them, or a sense of laughter, and no image can be perfect that takes no account of an object's soul. One is not clamoring for morals plastered over the universe precisely, especially as we all like to make our own morals; but surely if the things that we see have no meaning, then also they have no beauty. The demand of the mind for meaning is as insistent as the demand of the eye for beauty, and the two attributes are practically inseparable for man.

III

The imagists are the only group of the oncoming poets who have the advantage of a body of doctrine and an official designation. They need these benefits to compensate for their lack of fundamental conceptions, of philosophy in short, for the poetry-lover refuses to be wholly satisfied without this. His interest in objects and in lovely words is great, but, frankly, they satisfy only a small part of his appetite for poetry.

Two poets of very unusual ability who adhere strictly to the presentation of their subject without comment and without philosophy are Robert Frost and Edgar Lee Masters. They are the best examples of the new spirit in so far as that spirit dictates 'Hands off the Soul of Man!' Both have seen that, if the poet is to present his subject with such complete detachment, then the only possible subject for him to present, in order to be read much or long, is that one in which we are always vitally interested — namely, the life of our individual fellow man. Mr. Frost adds to his interest in New England lives an equally compelling interest in New England landscapes. He presents both with a clarity, an austerity, a detachment almost terrible. Reading *North of Boston* one suddenly asks one's self if Mrs. Wharton knows that she too is a poet? For if these are poems — and one willingly admits that they are poems of a high order — then *Ethan Frome* is also a poem of identically the same school, but an even greater poem than these rather wonderful productions of Mr. Frost. For it has precisely the same clarity, austerity, detachment, the same exalted and just phraseology. It, too, is a hopeless tragedy presented absolutely without comment, yet one hears in the background the whirring of Clotho's wheel. Destiny, cruel and sardonic if you will, but con-

scious and volitional, presides, while Mr. Frost's tragic characters, actual as they are, yet seem as little to attain human dignity as do the lichens on his birch trees. They are insignificant, patient growths, unconsidered excrescences on that Great Futility, the universe. Considering them, one has a flash of insight, perceiving that man is not man unless God is God — and no poetic art can make this otherwise.

The author of *A Spoon River Anthology* in presenting his marvelous human exhibit uses a device which permits the reader to escape the agony of witnessing helpless suffering which is experienced so often in *North of Boston*. Spoon River folk, a whole community of Southern Illinois, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, speak to us from the peace of their graves. The fever is forever past, the agony a by-gone matter. There remains dry wisdom, a deep perception of the crucial thing in each life's little day. This is recounted with an almost miraculous concision and definiteness. A whole personality goes into half a page. The vulgarities, the grossness, the pettiness of average lives are unblushingly recorded, but so are the great moments, the high decisions, and the things upon which they hinge. It is just in this perception of the creative part played in personality by the apparently negligible incident that Mr. Masters is strongest. The book displays immense insight into the hearts of men. Certain of the poems add to this imagination, tenderness, and beauty of an unusual order. Consider this account of *Anne Rutledge*. It will be remembered, she was the young girl who was betrothed to Lincoln in early life. The biographies attribute his fundamental melancholy to the shock of her death, which unbalanced him temporarily, and it is certain that he entered political life as an anodyne for her loss.

Out of me unworthy and unknown
 The vibrations of deathless music;
 'With malice toward none, with charity for
 all.'

Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward
 millions,

And the beneficent face of a nation
 Shining with justice and truth.

I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these
 weeds,

Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln;

Wedded to him, not through union

But through separation.

Bloom forever, O Republic,

From the dust of my bosom!

Surely this is a great poem of its kind. It indicates the high-water mark of achievement in strictly reportorial poetry and points out with some sureness the direction such poetry must take for its best growth. Here is human life in its simplicity and here are tenderness and that glorifying touch of imaginative vision which alone can make any picture of human life imperishable.

IV

If the evolution of twentieth-century poetry were to proceed strictly according to *a priori* considerations, we might expect its present phase to end here with this admirable objective work. For such work, once done as well as possible, has no conceivable future, since it can have no further development. But apparently logic has as little to do with poetry as with life. Mechanistic science and industrialism to the contrary, it is still fluid and still free. So we have other developments. There are a dozen other poets singing bravely and gracefully, each according to his own belief. Of these Louis Untermeyer is probably the most widely known and Margaret Widdemer the latest comer. These and others are still writing with much charm and sensitiveness the 'old' poetry, although touched by the 'new' spirit. Then there are still others, like Mr. Vachel Lindsay

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who believes that in order to restore poetry to a world bereft of it, there must be a closer personal relation between the poet and his hearers. He should be again the wandering minstrel — a belief which Mr. Lindsay put to the happy test of experience. There are other young poets, like Mr. Fletcher of the Imagists, who say that Mr. Lindsay's rousing, rattling verse 'intended to be read aloud' is literary rag-time. So they go, to each man his sufficing belief and to each the joy of working it out with an adequate talent — for they are all clever and competent, these new poets.

Fluid and free, again, is the work of James Oppenheim and Lincoln Colcord. Both follow Whitman very closely, almost slavishly, in the matter of form — or formlessness — and both feel themselves unconstrained and sure in the possession of a philosophy fitted for the on-coming age. One may respect these convictions and believe conviction basal to any poetry destined to further development, without wholly accepting the immediate creed of either poet. Oppenheim finds all perfections, glories, laws, and sanctions in the individual will; Colcord, whose *Vision of War* is the most serious and worthy piece of work the great European conflict has yet brought to print, presents the final goal of the New Age as the life of the mass in a perfect brotherhood of love, labor, and service, only to be achieved after long eras more selfish and more material than any we have yet known. All great convulsions discipline us for this end. Hunger and war are our schoolmasters. But 'the world has yet to pass through the Dark Ages of Democracy while practice is catching up with theory.' However, the Great Dream once dreamed, is deathless. Mr. Colcord explicitly defies mechanistic science and industrialism — those modern foes of the spirit — to

defeat it. The one thing of which his breadth of vision seems unconscious is that men once called this same dream of a blissful world-state 'the New Jerusalem descended from God,' and defied the world, the flesh, and the devil to compass its defeat.

It is worth noting — though no man can say what is the exact significance of the fact — that poetic activity with a concurrent tendency to freedom in verse-form is likely to be synchronous with the gestation of war. Whitman's work lies well within the field of force that played about our Civil War; so also does the Transcendentalist movement in New England, which surely was a vehement attempt at putting poetry into practice. 'Free verse,' this, indeed, the freest of all and the finest!

Obviously the poetic activity of our passing hour is unusually large and varied. It is, obviously also, a little hard here, a little cold there, now too 'cosmic' and now too rigidly objective, sometimes too contentedly complacent and self-willed. Even where it is noblest and finest, as perhaps in the *Vision of War*, it nevertheless fails to answer the deepest cry of the soul of man. By these signs it is not yet great poetry. But, and this is the innermost joy of it, it is the plasma of which great poetry is made. Without committing ourselves too freely to any of the new poets we may delight in their achievement and look forward with certainty to the coming of others whom they mutely prophesy. 'There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.'

THE FAILURE

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

I

At an unearthly hour in the morning John Scidmore sat up suddenly in his bed and remembered Julia Norris's telephone message. He rose at once, switched on the shaded light on the bureau, and looked at his watch: the minute hand had just swung past three o'clock.

Undisturbed by her husband's nocturnal prowling, Kitty Scidmore slept with almost childish naturalness. He plunged the room into darkness again and felt his way out into the hall and down the short flight of stairs to the dining-room.

The night was unusually warm. As he opened the garden window, pungent odors of dry stubble wet with a late October dew floated toward him. He leaned out and drew in a deep breath, but his attempts at calmness failed utterly.

He knew that it was absurd to fret; he might just as well go back to bed and sleep peacefully. One could not place a line of insurance at three o'clock in the morning. Upon what day had Julia Norris telephoned? Was it last Friday? Yes, he remembered now, perfectly. He had been busy with a peevish customer who haggled about a twenty-five-cent overcharge. In the midst of

the controversy, in her characteristically impulsive way, Julia Norris had rung up:—

‘Oh John! is that you, John? Place ten thousand dollars with the Falcon Insurance Company on my flats in the Richmond District.’

He had recognized her voice even before she gave her name. And he had been *so sure* he would not forget. Why, he had been so *very* sure that he had not troubled to make a memorandum. And to think that the excitement of arguing a twenty-five-cent overcharge should have so completely put to rout Julia Norris’s order!

A sudden rage at his carelessness seized him. How he loathed his life, his work, and the soul-killing routine and cramped vision of the figurative counting-house! He switched on the light and peered into the mirror over the mantel, smiling satirically at the reflection greeting him,—the reflection of plain Johnny Scidmore, insurance broker’s clerk, a commonplace, rather undersized, law-abiding citizen just turning forty, whose face showed the lack of that forceful ability necessary to convert opportunity into success.

As he drew back from the glass with a shrug of disgust, the futility of his life flashed over him. He still could remember the time when he went blithely to the day’s work, buoyed by youth’s intangible hope of better things. But the years soon took their toll of enthusiasm, and there were days when John Scidmore went through his paces like a trick horse urged by the whip of necessity. Lately he had been worried to find how easily he was forgetting things—telephone messages, instructions from his chief, orders to place insurance. So far nothing very important had slipped by him, but now he felt quite sure that he could never trust himself again. There were many reasons why he should have remembered

Julia’s Norris’s orders. First, because she was his wife’s friend; second, because a ten-thousand-dollar order to his credit was not an everyday occurrence; and third, because the circumstance that had overshadowed it was relatively of so little importance.

For over a week, then, Julia Norris’s property had gone without insurance protection. What if it had burned up? What if it were burning up at this very moment? He sat down suddenly.

He got up again, fumbled about, and found cigarettes and a box of matches. Two cigarettes quieted him. He began to think that he was a silly fool, mooning about when he should have been sleeping. In the morning he would take an early train to San Francisco and place the line without further ado. Yes, after all, he was as silly and notional as a young schoolgirl. He put down the window, turned off the lights, and crawled upstairs to bed.

II

True to his resolve, John Scidmore took an early train to San Francisco next morning, although he could not have said why. It was as impossible to place insurance at eight-thirty as it was at three A.M., since no self-respecting insurance office opened until nine. Still there is a certain comfort in even futile activity when one has the fidgets.

It was a beautiful October morning such as often veils the Berkeley hills in faint purple and draws a soft glamour over the city of San Francisco; and as Scidmore walked briskly down the elm-shaded streets of Berkeley toward the train he felt elusively happy, notwithstanding the ripples below the surface of his content.

The office-boy was taking books out of the safe when he arrived at the office. In a corner by the wash-basin one of the stenographers stood, fluffing up her

hair. A janitor dusted the desks with casual attention.

As Scidmore entered he noticed a woman sitting near the counter. She rose instantly, lifting her veil, smiling a welcome at him. He crossed over to her — it was Julia Norris. His heart began to beat violently, but the next moment he had recovered himself and was able to smile back at her in perfect self-control.

'You are early,' he said, offering her his hand.

'Yes, and I'm in trouble. You know those flats I insured last week — they burned down early this morning. They tell me there is n't a stick left standing.'

His hand fell as if a blow had wilted it. 'The flats you insured last week —' he echoed, sparring for time. 'I don't believe I — understand.'

'Why, did n't you get my telephone message? I 'phoned last Tuesday. I thought I talked to *you*. I was sure it was your voice. Could I have rung up the wrong office?'

Her uncertainty steadied him. Unconsciously she opened a door of escape. Scidmore laid his hat on the counter. Julia Norris fluttered back to her seat and he sat down beside her.

'I suppose I've bungled things again,' she went on. 'Usually I leave everything to Mr. Rice, but this insurance matter I took into my own hands. I wanted you to have the business, so I left positive instructions with Mr. Rice to let me know when the next insurance policy expired. That was last Friday. I 'phoned you at once. I can't imagine —'

As she rattled on, pointing an accusing finger at herself, John Scidmore grew surer and surer of his next step. There was not the faintest note of calculation in his attitude; confused and dazed he merely followed her lead.

'And you never received any policy?' he questioned. 'Not after a week? You

must have thought we were rather inattentive — or slow.'

She shook her head. 'I forgot the whole transaction — until this morning. Rice 'phoned me at eight o'clock.'

'But there may still be a chance,' Scidmore suggested, shamed by the very ease with which he was escaping. 'Perhaps another clerk got the message. I'll question them all. Or — maybe you rang up the Falcon's office direct.'

She laid a gloved hand on his arm as she shrugged.

He shook his head. 'You can't imagine how this bothers me,' he went on. He began to feel a certain boldness, such as thieves feel when they put over a sharp trick. He wanted to prolong the discussion, to dally with danger. 'To think that in trying to be of service to me you should have gone astray. I would n't have had it happen for — Let me see, what was the amount of your order?'

'Ten thousand dollars.'

'*Ten thousand dollars!* That's a lot of money.'

'Yes,' she admitted slowly, as she moved toward the door. 'I'm pretty comfortable, but nobody likes to throw money into the street.'

He thrust his hands into his pockets in an effort at nonchalance. He could feel his temples throbbing. But his confusion cleared before Julia Norris's unruffled smile, deepening a growing sense of irritation. She was not greatly concerned, first, because she did not have to be, and second, because her faith in his integrity was unshaken. Her complacency and trustfulness enraged him. What was ten thousand dollars to her?

In the midst of his musings, her voice, curiously remote, roused him.

'I'm going to have lunch with Kitty,' she said, almost gayly.

'Lunch with Kitty?' he echoed. Then, floundering with mingled con-

sternation and embarrassment, he finished, 'Oh, yes, — won't that be fine! Yes, by all means do!'

And yet, unnerved as he was, he went through the conventional motions of courtesy, bowing her to the door, pressing her hand cordially, sweeping her a good-bye with exaggerated warmth. Even when she was gone her unperturbed smile mocked him. She did not have the slightest suspicion of his unworthiness, and therein lay the essence of the sudden and unqualified hate he began to feel for her.

III

John Scidmore questioned all the clerks as they entered the office. Had any one received a telephone message about a week ago from Mrs. Julia Norris? He was playing his game so earnestly that he would not have been surprised to find somebody acknowledging the transaction. The manager came in at ten o'clock; Scidmore even presented the case to *him*: Mrs. Julia Norris, a client of his, had telephoned an order for insurance over a week ago. Nobody remembered it. The property to be insured had burned up. Of course, Mrs. Norris might have been mistaken (she admitted as much), but there was just a chance —

The manager, instantly interested, adjusted his glasses. A ten-thousand-dollar line neglected! Incredible! He began to investigate personally, calling up one clerk after another, while Scidmore listened like a highwayman, tempting chance from a spirit of sheer bravado. Nobody remembered, even under the most searching cross-examination. The private exchange operator, who was usually very keen about such matters, could not place the call.

Then came a discussion of how to prevent such a lapse should one occur. Scidmore sat at the manager's desk,

quite the hero of the hour — a very important personage, whose ten-thousand-dollar client had come to grief. It was years since he had figured in a question of office policy. Gradually the uniqueness of his position pushed Julia Norris and her loss into a hazy background.

He returned to his routine work with a gay spirit. Several times during the morning the manager called him for further conference and inquiry. Finally a letter was drafted to Mrs. Julia Norris, to the effect that the California Insurance Brokers' Company regretted exceedingly to inform her that upon closer examination no trace could be found of her telephone message. They could only conclude that she inadvertently had rung up the wrong office. Inquiry at the Falcon Company's office, however, developed that no such insurance had been placed, even by a rival firm. They hoped that this unfortunate occurrence would not stand in the way of other favors at her hands, and so forth.

John Scidmore signed the letter with a flourish.

All morning the fiction of Julia Norris's mistake still persisted. Why had she not taken greater precautions? The idea of telephoning in a line of insurance and not inquiring the name of the person who took the message! Common sense would dictate such a course. He began to feel abused, as if Julia Norris had betrayed him in some way.

IV

It was not until John Scidmore had scrambled aboard the ferryboat on his way home and sat himself down in his usual place, under the pilot-house, that his inflated spirits began to collapse. The afternoon had been spent in a mad rush of business, — an avalanche of petty orders and details such

as periodically afflicts an insurance broker's office.

The sense of security which had enveloped him all day fell away before a vague uneasiness. Before an audience, he had played his part spiritedly; without the spur of interested auditors his performance lagged. There was an element of excitement in serving moral fiction to unsuspecting listeners, but hoodwinking himself proved a bore-some task. The boldest highwayman had a cleaner record: at least such an outlaw made bold plays and took great chances. He had not risked so much as his little finger on his enterprise, and his victim's cheek was still warm with the kiss of betrayal. Lies, thievery, murder — one by one these suggestions of outlawry mentally passed in review and sank into insignificance before this sinister word — *betrayal*. In all the calendar of human weaknesses, John Scidmore could recall none that served so contemptible an end as betrayal. And he, John Scidmore, had been guilty of this crowning meanness.

If the memory of Julia Norris's confidence stabbed him, what of the attitude of his superiors at the office? *They* had never even thought of questioning him. As he looked back on the events of the morning he was appalled. It seemed that all these years he had built up barriers of moral responsibility only to see them swept away before a freshet of fears.

A tramping of feet warned him that the boat was swinging into the slip. He rose mechanically. The exertion of following the scrambling crowd and finding himself a seat on the train interrupted his self-accusation. By the time he was comfortably settled again, he mentally had begun his defense.

Why should he make such an absurd fuss over confessing his fault to Julia Norris? She was rich; her husband had left her a cool million. Ten thousand

dollars did n't matter, and besides, she was Kitty's friend. Had he the right to purchase a quiet conscience at the expense of Kitty's pride?

What had he given Kitty in the fifteen years of their wedded life? Had he played the game boldly and well? Did she hold her head high at the mention of his name? No, he had fallen short of his own standards. How much more must he have fallen short of her hopes for him. And now he was lacking the courage to swallow his medicine. He was ready to whimper and whine at the load which his own inefficiency had forced upon his conscience. He argued that strong men made bold plays and damned the consequence; in other words, they took a chance. But his soul was tricking itself out in a dramatic subterfuge. What he really had discovered was something to excuse his weakness, and this something loomed up conveniently in the person of Kitty Scidmore, his wife.

V

When Scidmore arrived home, he went directly to his room and closed the door. The thought of meeting Kitty troubled him. But after he had slipped on an old coat and freshened up, he felt better.

At the dinner table he noticed a tired, pinched look about his wife's mouth. Julia Norris was every day as old as his wife, but time had dealt kindly with her. Her face was still fresh and rosy; there was not even a glint of gray in her hair. Resentment began to move him, resentment at Julia Norris, at her fortune, at her friendship for his wife, at every detail connected with his memory of her.

Kitty began to talk. Scidmore sat silent, crumbling his bread. Finally the dread subject came to life. Kitty looked up and said, —

'Julia was late to-day, as usual. Poor dear Julia, what a generous soul she is!'

Scidmore began to fidget. 'Late? How did that happen? She left our office long before ten o'clock.'

'Oh, but you don't know Julia! She did a thousand and one things before she arrived here. And such a disheveled creature as she was! And so full of apologies and troubles! Nothing to speak of — she laughed them all away in five minutes.'

'Then she did n't tell —'

'About the insurance? I should say she did. She was so worried for fear you'd be distressed about it all. She admitted that *she* was to blame. But she knows how conscientious you are, and she was afraid —'

Scidmore impatiently interrupted his wife. 'Julia Norris ought to have some business sense, Kitty; upon my word she should. And it *has* worried me. A woman like that — one never can be sure of just what she does think. It's an even chance that deep down she believes that she delivered the message to me, and that *I* neglected it.'

He could feel his face flushing with mingled indignation and disapproval as he voiced his displeasure.

Kitty got up to pour a glass of water.

'Why, John,' she half chided, 'I'm sure Julia would n't be guilty of such a thought. You don't know her — generous — impulsive. Why, she'd forgive you for neglecting, if you really had neglected anything. As a matter of fact she said very decidedly, "If I'd been dealing with anybody but John Scidmore, I do believe I'd be inconsistent enough to try to blame the other fellow, but of course I know —"'

'Yes,' he broke in excitedly, 'that's just it. That's the way she puts it, to you. But such a remark as that just bears out what I say — she's not altogether satisfied. I know what she

thinks; I saw it in her face this morning — *this is what comes of trying to help one's poor friends.*'

His wife stopped pouring water and laid down the pitcher. 'Nonsense. Julia Norris has perfect faith in you.'

'Why should she have?' he persisted hotly. 'Is n't it just as possible for me to forget, to overlook a telephone message, as the other fellow? I'm not infallible any more than she is.'

'No,' Kitty returned very quietly. 'I don't think she imagines that you are infallible. But she knows that if you took her message and forgot it, you'd admit it.'

He rallied from this blow with a feeling of fierce antagonism. 'Well,' he sneered sarcastically. 'If she's silly enough to have any such notions, she *does* need a guardian! As a matter of fact, I'd conceal my mistakes as quickly as any one else would.'

Kitty began to laugh, a full-throated, indulgent laugh, that made him bite his lips. 'What a lot of foolish brag you're indulging in, Johnny Scidmore. Well, after all, let's forget about it; Julia herself laughed it off.'

He crumpled the napkin in his hand. 'Yes, that's just it. *She* can laugh over it, while we — why, if we lost ten thousand it would be a tragedy. I could n't help thinking to-day after she'd left the office, suppose, just suppose, I *had* received Julia Norris's 'phone message — and forgotten it. The very thought made me sick all over.'

He paused, frightened at the lengths to which his uneasiness had forced him. His wife's smile gave way to a puzzled look as she returned very quietly, —

'Do you really think it worth while to face these imaginary situations?'

His resentment flared again at the comfortable evenness of her tone. 'Yes, I do,' he snapped back. 'It helps one to exercise one's morals. I wanted to know just how I would act in such

an emergency. And I've found out. The very thought frightens me too much. I know that I should feel morally bound to confess, but I'd never have the courage of my convictions. Now, what do you suppose you would advise me to do in a situation like that? What would you tell me to do?

Kitty Scidmore looked straight at her husband. He dropped his eyes.

'I would not advise you, John,' she said, distinctly.

He glanced up at her. 'You'd not say a word?'

She shook her head. 'No, it would n't be necessary.'

He began to stir his tea. His hand was shaking, and his spoon rattled noisily against the teacup.

VI

After he had helped Kitty with the dishes, John Scidmore left the house for a walk. It was a calm, beautiful night, lit by a slender moon hung high in the heavens and stars twinkling cheerily. As he went along the elm-shaded streets, he drew in deep breaths, striving to steady the tumult within him.

Kitty's words hummed themselves into his inner consciousness. 'No, John, it would n't be necessary.' What did she really mean? Did she think he had the courage to settle such a question decisively — righteously? Did — He stopped, turning the phrase over in his mind. He knew that materially he had been a failure. People called him a *nice* fellow and let it go at that. Was it possible for his wife, the wife who had lived so close to all his weaknesses, to glorify him with so large a hope? The thought began to thrill him.

He heard the Old Library clock on the University campus chime nine.

He began to walk slowly in the direction of the chiming clock. He was still undecided, still battling with his cow-

ardice. The shrill whistle of an incoming train arrested him. This same train would swing back to San Francisco in ten minutes. He retraced his steps. In ten minutes — His legs seemed weighted. He wondered whether he would really catch it.

Standing before the massive façade of the Hotel Fairmont, John Scidmore had a fleeting hope that Julia Norris would not be at home. But almost as instantly he felt a desperate need to clear himself at once. If he waited even an hour he could not vouch for the outcome. He walked rapidly into the lobby, gave his name to the hotel clerk, and awaited the reply with beating heart. Mrs. Norris *was* in. A bell-boy, answering the clerk's summons, showed him to her apartments.

A maid ushered him into a reception room. He sank into one of the luxurious chairs, drumming upon its arms with nervous fingers.

A lamp on the centre table threw a rich, golden light over the surroundings. Thrown over a chair a lace scarf fell with the undulating softness of a cascade. Near a vase of blood-red roses a long white glove had been dropped carelessly.

He did not wait long. Julia Norris came toward him with her usual warm smile, and a hand outstretched in welcome. He stood up. She was very simply dressed, in white, and a band of velvet at her throat set off a fine cameo ringed with pearls, but her air of quiet elegance caught and held his resentful eyes. A fierce, unreasoning hate began to sway him; for a moment his vision blurred.

As she stepped back to pick up her lace scarf from the chair, John Scidmore recovered his poise.

'I was afraid you would be out,' he began inadequately.

She threw the scarf about her shoul-

ders. 'I was preparing to drift downstairs to watch the dancing,' she answered. 'You caught me just in time.'

He stood irresolutely, almost awkwardly, watching her dainty manipulations of the filmy lace. Then quite suddenly, so suddenly as to surprise even himself, he blurted out, —

'I lied to you this morning. I took your order for insurance. I forgot to place it.'

She stood for a moment in silence. 'What made you —'

John Scidmore shrugged. His vision was clearing. He felt quite calm. 'You suggested the idea yourself. You were so ready to take the blame. I suppose it was self-preservation. I began to strike blindly — as any desperate man would. I'm not what they call a success — I never have been. You know how it is, some people — Oh, well! Some of us don't get by, that's all.'

He turned away. Julia Norris touched him on the shoulder. 'John, can't you see that the ten thousand dollars does n't matter to me? But you and Kitty — you and Kitty *do* matter.'

He began to crush his hat between his clasped hands.

She threw the scarf from her shoulders. 'Look here, John —'

He stopped her with an abrupt gesture. 'I've won this victory for Kitty's sake,' he said. 'This is the first time in my life I've lived up to her hope of me. If you were a failure you'd realize how much that means.'

She was standing by the vase of roses, scattering petals with ruthless fingers. She crossed over to him and put both her hands in his.

'You're not a failure, John Scidmore,' she said simply.

The rose-petals were dropping in a steady shower upon the table. He saw them lying lightly on the white glove. He felt a great relief as he put his clenched hand to his eyes.

VII

As John Scidmore rode home he felt desperately tired. He never remembered a day that had seemed longer.

He dragged up the elm-shaded street, down which he had whistled his confident way twelve hours before, a shuffling, ineffectual figure. As he opened the front door his hand shook.

He lingered in the hall, hanging his hat with unnecessary care, twisting his necktie into shape, smoothing the thin wisps of hair about his temples.

He found Kitty in the living-room. A tiny fire crackled in the grate. Standing in the doorway he watched the needle which Kitty deftly plied slipping about its task with fascinating gleams. Her face was happily flushed and she was humming softly to herself. The elegant memory of Julia Norris rose before him. He saw again the golden shower of light from the huge table-lamp, the vase of American Beauty roses, the lace scarf thrown carelessly across a brocade chair. He pressed his lips together and entered the room.

Kitty looked up. He stopped short. 'Something new?' he ventured.

She gave a little laugh. 'New? I should say not. Just freshening up a bit for to-morrow.'

'To-morrow?' he echoed dully. 'What's on for to-morrow?'

'Guest day at the club. Mrs. Wiley has asked me to pour tea. What kept you out so late, Johnny?'

He crossed over to the fire, pulling his easy chair into place. 'I went over to the city — to see Julia Norris.'

He stood a moment, undecided, his back turned toward Kitty, his hand upon the chair. He was waiting for Kitty to question him. Finding that she did not answer, he turned and looked at her. She was intent on her sewing, but he fancied that the flush of happiness suddenly had fled her cheeks.

'I went over to see Julia Norris,' he repeated desperately. 'You said your advice would n't be necessary.'

He sank into a chair. Across the room he heard the monotonous ticking of a clock.

He was wondering what Kitty would say. Of course she understood; the whiteness of her face told him that her feminine intuition had bridged the gaps in his explanation. He began to have a terror lest she would come up to him, or speak — perhaps even weep. The fire in the grate flared up suddenly, turned faintly blue, and died. Still Kitty said nothing; still the clock ticked rhythmically.

He leaned back, closed his eyes, and drew a long breath. Kitty was stirring. She came over and dropped gently before the fire, leaning her head against him.

'I forgot to tell you,' she said slowly. 'I asked Julia Norris over for Sunday dinner. She's so awfully stuffed up in that horrible hotel.'

Her bravery smote him more than tears could have. He did not answer, but he just put out his hand and touched her hair caressingly, as she finished, —

'It's very grand, I know, and all that. But, after all, it is n't home, Johnny, is it?'

THE ORIENTAL MANNER OF SPEECH

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

THE Oriental I have in mind is the Semite, the dweller of the Near East, who, chiefly through the Bible, has exerted an immense influence on the life and literature of the West. The son of the Near East is more emotional, more intense, and more communicative than his Far-Eastern neighbors. Although very old in point of time, his temperament remains somewhat juvenile, and his manner of speech intimate and unreserved.

From the remote past, even to this day, the Oriental's manner of speech has been that of a worshiper, and not that of a business man or an industrial worker in the modern Western sense. To the Syrian of to-day, as to his an-

cient ancestors, life, with all its activities and cares, revolves around a religious centre.

Of course this does not mean that his religion has not always been beset with clannish limitations and clouded by superstitions, or that the Oriental has always had a clear, active consciousness of the sanctity of human life. But it does mean that this man, serene or wrathful, at work or at play, praying or swearing, has never failed to believe that he is overshadowed by the All-seeing God. He has never ceased to cry, 'O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such know-

ledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it!

And it is one of the grandest, most significant facts in human history that, notwithstanding his intellectual limitations and superstitious fears, because he has maintained the altar of God as life's centre of gravity, and never let die the consciousness that he was compassed about by the living God, the Oriental has been the channel of the sublimest spiritual revelation in the possession of man.

Note the Syrian's daily language: it is essentially biblical. He has no *secular* language. The only real break between his scriptures and the vocabulary of his daily life is that which exists between the classical and the vernacular. When you ask a Syrian about his business he will not answer, 'We are doing well at present,' but '*Allah mûn 'aim*' (God is giving bounteously). To one starting on a journey the phrase is not 'Take good care of yourself,' but 'Go in the keeping and protection of God.' By example and precept we were trained from infancy in this manner of speech. Coming into a house, the visitor salutes by saying, 'God grant you good morning,' or 'The peace of God come upon you.' So it is written in the tenth chapter of Matthew, 'And as ye enter into the house, salute it. And if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it; but if it be not worthy, let your peace return unto you.'

In saluting a day-laborer at work we said, '*Allah, yaatik-el-afie*' (God give you health and strength). In saluting reapers in the field, or 'gatherers of the increase' in the vineyards or olive groves, we said just the words of Boaz, in the second chapter of the book of Ruth, when he 'came from Bethlehem and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you. And they answered him, The Lord bless thee.' Or another scriptural expression, now more extensively

used on such occasions, 'The blessing of the Lord be upon you!' It is to this custom that the withering imprecation which is recorded in the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Psalm refers: 'Let them all be confounded and turned back that hate Zion: let them be as the grass upon the housetops which withereth afore it groweth up: wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom. Neither do they which go by say, The blessing of the Lord be upon you: we bless you in the name of the Lord.'

In asking a shepherd about his flock we said, 'How are the blessed ones?' or a parent about his children, 'How are the preserved ones?' They are preserved of God through their 'angels,' of whom the Master spoke when he said, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father.' Speaking of a good man we said, 'The grace of God is poured upon his face.' So in the book of Proverbs, 'Blessings are upon the head of the just.'

Akin to the foregoing are such expressions as these. In trying to rise from a sitting posture (the Syrians sit on the floor with their legs folded under them), a person, using the right arm for leverage, says, as he springs up, '*Ya Allah*' (O God [help]). In inquiring about the nature of an object, he says, '*Sho dinû?*' (what is its religion?) And one of the queerest expressions, when translated into English, is that employed to indicate that a kettleful of water, for example, has boiled beyond the required degree: 'This water has turned to be an infidel' (*kaffer*). It may be noticed here that it is not the old theology only which associates the infidel with intense heat.

So this religious language is the Oriental's daily speech. I have stated in my autobiography that the men whom

my father employed in his extensive building operations were grouped with reference to their faith. He had so many Druses, so many Greek Orthodox, so many Maronites, and so forth.

The almost total abstinence from using 'pious' language in ordinary business and social intercourse in America may be considered commendable in some ways, but I consider it a surrender of the soul to the body, a subordination of the spirit of the things which are eternal to the spirit of the things which are temporal. In my judgment, the superior culture of the West, instead of limiting the vocabulary of religion to the one hour of formal worship on Sunday, and scrupulously shunning it during the remainder of the week, should make its use, on a much higher plane than the Orient has yet discovered, co-extensive with all the activities of life.

Again, the Oriental's consideration of life as being essentially religious makes him as pious in his imprecations and curses as he is in his aspirational prayer. Beyond all human intrigue, passion, and force, the great avenger is God. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no God with me: I kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand.'

By priests and parents these precepts have been transmitted from generation to generation in the Orient, from time immemorial. We all were instructed in them by our elders with scrupulous care. Of course as weak mortals we always tried to avenge ourselves, and the idea of *thar*—revenge—lies deep in the Oriental nature. But to us our vengeance was nothing compared with what God did to our 'ungodly' enemies and oppressors.

The Oriental's impetuosity and effusiveness make his imprecatory prayers, especially to the 'unaccustomed ears' of

Americans, bloodcurdling. And I confess that on my last visit to Syria, my countrymen's (and especially my countrywomen's) bursts of pious wrath jarred heavily upon me. In his oral bombardment of his enemy the Oriental hurls such missiles as these: 'May God burn the bones of your fathers'; 'May God exterminate your seed from the earth'; 'May God cut off your supply of bread (*yakta rizkak*)'; 'May you have nothing but the ground for a bed and the sky for covering'; 'May your children be orphaned and your wife widowed'; and similar expressions.

Does not this sound exactly like the One Hundred and Ninth Psalm? Speaking of his enemy, the writer of that psalm says, 'Let his days be few, and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children. Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.'

Such were the mutual wishes I so often heard expressed in our neighborhood and clan fights and quarrels in Syria. When so praying, the persons would beat upon their breasts and uncover their heads, as signs of the total surrender of their cause to an avenging Omnipotence. Of course the Syrians are not so cruel and heartless as such imprecations, especially when cast in cold type, would lead one to believe. I am certain that if the little children of his enemy should become fatherless, the imprecator himself would be among the first to 'favor' them. If you will keep in mind the juvenile temperament of the Oriental, already mentioned, and his habit of turning to God in all circumstances, as unreservedly as a child turns to his father, your judgment of

the son of Palestine will be greatly tempered with mercy.

Does it not seem now perfectly clear why Jesus opened the more profound depths of the spiritual life to his much divided, and almost hopelessly clan-nish, countrymen, when he said to them, 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor [in the original, *quarib* = kinsman] and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven.'

Here we have the very heart and soul of the Gospel, and the dynamic power of Jesus' ministry of reconciliation. Yet to many devout Christians, as well as to unfriendly critics of the New Testament, the command, 'Love your enemies,' offers a serious perplexity. An 'independent' preacher in a large Western city, after reading this portion of the Sermon on the Mount to his congregation, stated that Jesus' great discourse should be called, 'The Sarcasm on the Mount.' Is not love of enemies beyond the power of human nature?

This question is pertinent. And it is an obvious fact that we cannot love by command; we cannot love to order. This mysterious flow of soul which we call love is not of our own making; therefore we cannot *will* to love. Such a discussion, however, falls outside the scope of this article. What I wish to offer here is a linguistic explanation which I believe will throw some light on this great commandment.

The word *love* has been more highly specialized in the West than in the East. In its proper English use it means only that ardent, amorous feeling which cannot be created by will and design. In the West the word *love* has been relieved of the function of express-

ing the less ardent desires such as the terms *to like*, *to have good will toward*, and *to be well-disposed toward* imply.

Not so in the East. The word *like*, meaning *to be favorably inclined toward*, is not found either in the Bible or in the Arabic tongue. In the English version it is used in two places, but the translation is incorrect. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Deuteronomy and the seventh verse, 'If the man like not to take his brother's wife,' should be rendered, 'If the man *consent* not'; and in the fourth chapter of Amos, the fifth verse, 'For this liketh you, O ye children of Israel,' is in the original, 'For this ye *loved*, O ye children of Israel.' In any standard concordance of the Bible, the Hebrew verb *Aheb* — to love — precedes these quotations.

So to us Orientals the only word which can express any cordial inclination of approval is *love*. One loves his wife and children, and loves grapes and figs and meat, if he likes these things. An employer says to an employee, 'If you *love* to work for me according to this agreement, you can.' It is nothing uncommon for one to say to a casual acquaintance whom he likes, 'I must say, *Sahib* [friend], that I love you!' I know of no equivalent in the Arabic for the phrase, 'I am interested in you.' *Love* and *hate* are the usual terms by which to express approval and disapproval, as well as real love and hatred.

From all this it may be seen that when the Great Oriental Teacher said to his countrymen, who considered all other clans than their own as their enemies, 'Love your enemies,' he did not mean that they should be enamored of them, but that they should have good will toward them. We cannot love by will and design, but we certainly can will to be well-disposed even toward those who, we believe, have ill will toward us. He who really thinks this an impossibility gives evidence not of

superior 'critical knowledge,' but of being still in the lower stages of human evolution.

II

But the Oriental's juvenile temperament and his partial disregard for concrete facts have led his Anglo-Saxon cousin to consider him as essentially unveracious. 'You cannot believe what an Oriental says.' 'The Orientals are the children of the "Father of Lies."' 'Whatever an Oriental says, the opposite is likely to be the truth'; and so forth.

I do not wish in the least to undertake to excuse or even condone the Oriental's unveracity, any more than to approve of the ethics of American politicians during a political campaign. I have no doubt that the Oriental suffers more from the universal affliction of untruthfulness than does the Anglo-Saxon, and that he sorely needs to restrict his fancy, and to train his intellect to have more respect for facts. Nevertheless I feel compelled to say that a clear understanding of some of the Oriental's modes of thought will quash many of the indictments against his veracity. His ways will remain different from the ways of the Anglo-Saxon, and perhaps not wholly agreeable to the latter; but the son of the East—the dreamer and writer of scriptures—will be credited with more honesty of purpose.

It is unpleasant to an Anglo-Saxon to note how many things an Oriental says, but does not mean. And it is distressing to an Oriental to note how many things the Anglo-Saxon means, but does not say. To an unreconstructed Syrian the brevity, yea, even curtness, of an Englishman or an American, seems to sap life of its pleasures and place a disproportionate value on time. For the Oriental, the primary value of time must not be computed in terms of

business and money, but in terms of sociability and good fellowship. Poetry, and not prosaic accuracy, must be the dominant feature of speech.

In showing the reason why Jesus taught in parables, biblical writers speak of the indirect method, the picture language, the concealing of the truth from those 'who had not the understanding,' and so forth. But those writers fail to mention a most important reason, namely, the *sociable* nature of such a method of teaching, which is so dear to the Syrian heart. In view of the small value the Orientals place upon time, the story-teller, the speaker in parables, is to them the most charming conversationalist. Why be so prosy, brief, and abstract? The spectacular charm and intense concreteness of the parable of the Prodigal Son is infinitely more agreeable to the Oriental mind than the general precept that God will forgive his truly penitent children. It was for this, no less than for other reasons, that it was said of Jesus, 'And without parables spoke he not unto them.'

Just as the Oriental loves to flavor his food strongly and to dress in bright colors, so is he fond of metaphor, exaggeration, and positiveness in speech. To him mild accuracy is weakness. A host of illustrations of this thought rise in my mind as I recall my early experiences as a Syrian youth. I remember how those jovial men who came to our house to 'sit'—that is, to make a call of indefinite duration—would make their wild assertions and back them up by vows which they never intended to keep. The one would say, 'What I say to you is the truth, and if it is not, I will cut off my right arm'—grasping it—'at the shoulder.' 'I promise you this,'—whatever the promise might be,—'and if I fail in fulfilling my promise I will pluck out my right eye.'

To such speech we always listened

admiringly and respectfully. But we never had the remotest idea that in any circumstances the speaker would carry out his resolution, or that his hearers had a right to demand it from him. He simply was in earnest; or as an American would say, 'He meant that he was right.'

Such an Oriental mode of thought furnishes us with the background for Jesus' saying, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee.'

To many Western Christians, especially in the light of the Protestant doctrine of the infallibility of the letter of the Bible, these sayings of Christ present insurmountable difficulties. To such the question, 'How can I be a true disciple of Christ, if I do not obey what he commands?' makes these misunderstood sayings of Christ great stumbling blocks. Some time ago a lady wrote me a letter saying that at a prayer meeting which she attended, the minister, after reading the fifth chapter of Matthew, which contains these commands, said, 'If we are true Christians we must not shrink from obeying these explicit commands of our Lord.'

My informant stated also that on hearing that, she asked the preacher, 'Suppose the tongue should offend, and we should cut it off; should we be better Christians than if we did endeavor to atone for the offense in some other way?' The preacher, after a moment of perplexed silence, said, 'If there is no one here who can answer this question, we will sing a hymn.'

The best commentary on these sayings of Christ is given by Paul in the sixth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. This is precisely what the Master meant: 'Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin; but yield yourselves unto God, as

those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.' Cutting and mutilation of the body has nothing to do with either passage, nor indeed with the Christian life. The amputation of an arm that steals is no sure guaranty of the removal of the desire to steal; nor would the plucking out of a lustful eye do away with the lust which uses the eye for an instrument.

With this should be classed also the following commands: 'Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.' 'If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also; and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.'

From all that I know of Oriental modes of thought and life I cannot conceive that Jesus meant by all these sayings to give brute force the right of way in human life. He himself drove the traders out of the temple by physical force. These precepts were not meant to prohibit the use of force in self-defense and for the protection of property, but were given as an antidote to that relentless law of revenge which required 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' The Master does not preach a gospel of helplessness, but enjoins a manly attitude toward peace and concord, in place of a constantly active desire for vengeance and strife.

III

Again let me say that an Oriental expects to be judged chiefly by what he means and not by what he says. As a rule, the Oriental is not altogether unaware of the fact that, as regards the letter, his statements are often sadly lacking in correctness. But I venture to say that when a person who is conversing with me knows that I know that what he is saying is not exactly true, I

may not like his manner of speech, yet I cannot justly call him a liar.

While on a visit to Syria, after having spent several years in this country, where I had lived almost exclusively with Americans, I was very strongly impressed by the decidedly sharp contrast between the Syrian and the American modes of thought. The years had worked many changes in me, and I had become addicted to the more compact phraseology of the American social code.

In welcoming me to his house, an old friend of mine spoke with impressive cheerfulness as follows: 'You have extremely honored me by coming into my abode [*menzel*]. I am not worthy of it. This house is yours; you can burn it if you wish. My children also are at your disposal; I would sacrifice them all for your pleasure. What a blessed day this is, now that the light of your countenance has shone upon us'; and so forth, and so on.

I understood my friend fully and most agreeably, although it was not easy for me to translate his words to my American wife without causing her to be greatly alarmed at the possibility that the house would be set on fire and the children slain for our pleasure. What my friend really meant in his effusive welcome was no more nor less than what a gracious American host means when he says, 'I am delighted to see you; please make yourself at home.'

Had the creed-makers of Christendom approached the Bible by way of Oriental psychology, had they viewed the scriptures against the background of Syrian life, they would not have dealt with Holy Writ as a jurist deals with legislative enactments. Again, had the unfriendly critics of the Bible real acquaintance with the land of its birth, they would not have been so sure that the Bible was 'a mass of impossibilities.' The sad fact is that the Bible

has suffered violence from literalists among its friends, as from its enemies.

For example, in their failure to heal a sick lad (Matthew xvii: 19) the disciples came to Jesus and asked him why they could not do the beneficent deed. According to the Revised and the Arabic versions, the Master answered, 'Because of your unbelief; for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove.' Colonel Robert Ingersoll never tired of challenging the Christians of America to put this scripture to a successful test, and thus *convince* him that the Bible is inspired. In the face of such a challenge the 'believer' is likely to feel compelled to admit that the church does not have the required amount of faith, else it could remove mountains.

To one well acquainted with the Oriental manner of speech this saying was not meant to fix a rule of conduct, but to idealize faith. In order to do this in real Syrian fashion, Jesus spoke of an infinitesimal amount of faith as being capable of moving the biggest object on earth. His disciples must have understood him clearly, because we have no record that they ever tried to remove mountains by faith and prayer.

Of a similar character is the Master's saying, 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God,' which has quickened the exegetical genius of commentators to mighty efforts in 'expounding the scriptures.' Judging by the vast number of persons in this country who have asked my opinion, as a Syrian, concerning its correctness, and the fact that I have myself seen it in print, the following interpretation of this passage must have been much in vogue.

The walled cities and feudal castles of Palestine, the explanation runs, have

large gates. Because of their great size, such gates are opened only on special occasions to admit chariots and caravans. Therefore, in order to give pedestrians thoroughfare, a smaller opening about the size of an ordinary door is made in the centre of the great gate, near to the ground. Now this smaller door through which a camel cannot pass is the eye of the needle mentioned in the Gospel.

I once heard a Sunday-school superintendent explain this passage to his scholars by saying that a camel could pass through this eye of a needle — meaning the door — if he was not loaded. Therefore, and by analogy, if we cast off our load of sin outside, we can easily enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Were the camel and the gate left out, this statement would be an excellent fatherly admonition. There is perhaps no gate in the celestial city large enough to admit a man with a load of sin strapped to his soul. However, the chief trouble with these explanations of the 'eye-of-the-needle' passage is that they are wholly untrue.

This saying is current in the East, and in all probability it was a common saying there long before the advent of Christ. But I never knew that small door in a city or a castle gate to be called the needle's eye; nor indeed the large gate to be called the needle. The name of that door, in the common speech of the country, is the 'plum,' and I am certain the scriptural passage makes no reference to it whatever.

The Koran makes use of this expression in one of its purest classical Arabic passages. The term employed here — *sum-el-khiat* — can mean only the sewing instrument, and nothing else.

Nothing can show more clearly the genuine Oriental character of this New Testament passage and that of the Teacher who uttered it, than the intense positiveness of its thought and

the unrestrained flight of its imagery. I can just hear the Master say it. Jesus' purpose was to state that it was extremely difficult 'for them that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God.' (Mark x : 24.) To this end he chose the biggest animal and the smallest opening known to his people and compared the impossibility of a camel passing through the eye of a needle with that of a man weighted down with earthly things becoming one with God.

IV

Perhaps the one phase of his speech which lays the Oriental open to the charge of unveracity is his much swearing. Of course this evil habit knows no geographical boundaries and no racial limits. However, probably because of their tendency to be profuse, intense, and positive in speech, the Orientals no doubt have more than their legitimate share of swearing. But it should be kept in mind that in that part of the world swearing is not looked upon with the same disapproval and contempt as in America; swearing by the name of the Deity has always been considered the most sacred and solemn affirmation of a statement. It is simply calling God to witness that what has been said is the sacred truth. Thus in the twenty-first chapter of the book of Genesis Abimelech asks Abraham, 'Now, therefore, swear unto me here by God that thou wilt not deal falsely with me, nor with my son, nor with my son's son.' 'And Abraham said, I will swear.'

In Syria this custom has undergone no change since the days of Abraham. Swearing is an integral element in Oriental speech. Instinctively the speaker turns his eyes and lifts his hands toward heaven and says, 'By Allah, what I have said is right and true. *Yesh-hedo-Allah* [God witnesseth] to the truth of my words.' In a similar man-

ner, and as in a score of places in the Old Testament, the maker of a statement is asked by his hearer to swear by God as a solemn assurance that his statement is true and sincere. Of such importance is this mode of speech to Orientals that the Israelites thought of Jehovah Himself as making such affirmations. In the twenty-second chapter of Genesis we have the words, 'By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord.' Further light is thrown on this point by the explanation given to the verse just quoted in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, where it is said, 'For when God made promise to Abraham, because He could swear by no greater, he swore by Himself.'

I have no doubt that this thought of God swearing by Himself sprang from the custom of Oriental aristocrats of sealing a vow, or solemnly affirming a statement, or an intention to do some daring deed, by saying, 'I swear by my head' — an oath which, whenever I heard it in my youth, filled me with awe. Thus, also, in the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah we have the words, 'The Lord hath sworn by his right hand, and by the arm of his strength.'

Among the Mohammedans, swearing 'by the most high God' and 'by the life of the Prophet' and 'by the exalted Koran' in affirmation of almost every statement, is universal. The Christians swear by God, Christ, the Virgin, the Cross, the Saints, the repose of their dead, the Holy City, the Eucharist, Heaven, great holidays, and many other names. A father swears by the life of a dear child, and sons of distinguished fathers swear by them. 'By the life of my father, I am telling the truth,' is a very common expression. The antiquity of this custom is made evident by the passage in the thirty-first chapter of Genesis and the fifty-third verse: 'And Jacob swore by the fear of his father Israel.' However, the

word 'fear' does violence to the real meaning of the verse, which the Arabic version rescues by saying, 'And Jacob swore by the *keybit* [benignity, or beautiful dignity] of his father.' He swore by that which he and others loved, and not feared, in his father.

But what must seem to Americans utterly ridiculous is the Oriental habit of swearing by the moustache and the beard, which is, however, one phase of swearing by the head. To swear by one's moustache, or beard, means to pledge the integrity of one's manhood. 'I swear by this,' is said solemnly by a man with his hand upon his moustache. Swearing by the beard is supposed to carry more weight because, as a rule, it is worn by the older men. To speak disrespectfully of one's moustache or beard, or to curse the beard of a person's father, is to invite serious trouble.

I remember distinctly how proud I was in my youth to put my hand upon my moustache, when it was yet not even large enough to be respectfully noticed, and swear by it *as a man*. I recall also to what roars of laughter I would provoke my elders at such times, to my great dismay.

Here it may easily be seen that swearing in the Orient had so lost its original sacredness and become so vulgar, even as far back as the time of Christ, that He deemed it necessary to give the unqualified command, 'Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' This was perhaps the most difficult command to obey that Jesus ever gave to his countrymen.

Of the other characteristics of Oriental speech, I wish to speak briefly of three before I bring this article to a close.

The first is the juvenile habit of imploring 'in season and out of season' when asking a favor. To try to exert 'undue' influence, virtually to beg in most persuasive tones, is an Oriental habit which to an American must seem unendurable. One of the most striking examples of this characteristic is the parable of the unrighteous judge, in the eighteenth chapter of Luke. 'There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city, and she came unto him saying, Avenge me [the original is 'do me justice'] of mine adversary. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, *lest by her continual coming she weary me.*'

Here is a case — by no means a rare exception in that country — where a judge rendered a verdict against his own best judgment in sheer self-defense. And I must say that, knowing such Oriental tendencies as I do, especially as manifested by widows, I am in deep sympathy with the judge.

Yet it was this very persistence in petitioning the Father of all men which gave mankind the lofty psalms and tender prayers of our scriptures. It was this persistent filial pleading and imploring which made Israel turn again and again to the 'God of righteousness' and say, 'We have sinned,' and ask for a deeper revealing of his ways to them. Job's cry, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,' may not be the proper language of modern etiquette, but it certainly is the language of religion. In the very parable just quoted, Jesus recommends to his disciples the insistence of the widow as a means to

draw the benediction of heaven upon them, and to secure for them justification at the hands of the righteous judge. Honest seekers after spiritual gifts should not be averse to imitating this Oriental trait. They should never be afraid to come to their Father again and again for his gracious blessing, or refrain from 'storming the gates of heaven with prayer.'

The second characteristic of Oriental speech is its intimacy and unreserve. Mere implications which are so common to reserved and guarded speech leave a void in the Oriental heart. It is because of this that the Orientals have always craved 'signs and wonders,' and interpreted natural phenomena in terms of direct miraculous communications from God to convince them that He cared for them. Although Gideon was speaking with Jehovah Himself, who promised to help him to save his kinsmen from the Midianites, he asked for a more tangible, more definite sign. We are told in the sixth chapter of Judges, thirty-sixth verse: 'Gideon said unto God, If thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as thou hast spoken, behold I will put a fleece of wool on the threshing-floor; if there be dew on the fleece only, and it be dry upon the ground, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by my hand, as thou hast spoken. And it was so.' But Gideon, still unsatisfied, speaks again in childlike simplicity and intimacy: 'Let not thine anger be kindled against me, and I will speak but this once: let me make trial, I pray thee, but this once with the fleece; let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew. And God did so that night.'

It is not at all uncommon for old and tried friends in Syria to give and ask for affectionate assurances, that they do love one another. Such expressions are the wine of life. Especially when new

confidences are exchanged or great favors asked, a man turns with guileless eyes to his trusted friend and says, 'Now you love me; I say you love me, don't you?' 'My soul, my eyes,' answers the other, 'you know what is in my heart toward you; you know and the Creator knows!' Then the request is made.

One of the noblest and tenderest passages in the New Testament, a passage whose spirit has fed the strength of the Christian missionaries throughout the ages, is that portion of the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel where Jesus speaks to Peter in this intimate Syrian fashion. How sweet and natural it sounds to a son of the East! 'So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' How characteristic also is Peter's answer, 'Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee.' Then came the precious request, 'Feed my lambs.' Three times did the affectionate Master knock at the door of Peter's heart, till the poor impetuous disciple cried, 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.'

The third characteristic of Oriental speech is its unqualified positiveness. Outside the small circles of Europeanized Syrians, such qualifying phrases as 'in my opinion,' 'so it seems to me,' 'as I see it,' and the like, are almost entirely absent from Oriental speech. Such expressions, also, are rarely used in the Bible, and then only in the New Testament, in which Greek influence plays no small part. Thus in the seventh chapter of his second Epistle to the Corinthians, Paul, in giving his opinion on marriage said, '*I suppose*, therefore, that this is good for the present distress,' and so forth. I am not aware that this form of speech is used anywhere in the entire Old Testament.

The language of the Oriental is that

of sentiment and conviction, and not of highly differentiated and specialized thought. When you say to him, 'I think this object is beautiful,' if he does not think it is so, he says, 'No, it is not beautiful.' Although he is expressing his own individual opinion, he does not take the trouble to make that perfectly clear: if an object is not beautiful to him, it *is not* beautiful.

From an intellectual and social standpoint, this mode of speech may be considered a serious defect. So do children express themselves. But it should be kept in mind that the Oriental mind is that of the prophet and the seer, and not of the scientist and the philosopher. It is the mind which has proven the most suitable transmissive agency of divine revelation.

When the seer beholds a vision of the things that are eternal, he cannot speak of it as a supposition or a guess, or transmit it with intellectual caution and timidity. 'Thus saith the Lord.' 'The word of the Lord came unto me saying, Son of man, prophesy.' When we speak of the deepest realities of life, we do not beset our utterances with qualifying phrases. True love, deep sorrow, a real vision of spiritual things transcend all speculative speech; they press with irresistible might for direct and authoritative expression.

This seeming weakness in Oriental speech and in the Bible is in reality tremendous spiritual strength. Through our sacred scriptures we hear the voices of those great Oriental prophets who spoke as they saw and felt; as seers, and not as logicians. And it was indeed most fortunate for the world that the Bible was written in an age of instinctive listening to the divine Voice, and in a country whose juvenile mode of speech protected the 'rugged maxims' of the scriptures from the weakening influences of an over-strained intellectualism.

THE POMINKA

BY E. NELSON FELL

ON the tenth of November, 1907, we struggled in the face of a furious *bou-ran* (blizzard) across the open space which separated our house from the office. The air was full of icy particles, which cut your face and made you wonder whether you would succeed in reaching your goal or not. When we reached the office, Rucker did not allow us time to take off our coats, but burst out with the question, —

‘Have you heard that Sultan Hacen Akaev is dead?’

‘No! when did he die?’

‘Yesterday, in his winter quarters on the Topor, about forty miles from here.’

‘How did you hear?’

‘By Kirghiz telegraph.’

The dissemination of news by natives, who possess no mechanical appliances, is a phenomenon noted by all travelers in remote regions. Whether in Africa, where travel is on foot, or in Asia, where it is on horseback, the news of every event is passed from mouth to mouth and from village to village, with a rapidity and certainty which is little short of marvelous. Within twenty-four hours of the sultan’s death, it is probable that every living person within a circle of five hundred miles had heard of it.

The death of so rich a man as Sultan Hacen Akaev was an event of considerable importance in Kirghiz life. In addition to the important question of the distribution of his vast flocks and herds, and the readjustment of the social organization of his *aool* or village, was the

important question of the *pominka* which would follow his death.

As in Ireland a funeral is made the occasion of elaborate ceremonies and feasting, so, in Kirghiz land, the custom is that a notable man, before he dies, makes all the necessary dispositions for a great festival, to be held six months or a year after his death, to which all his friends and the whole countryside shall be invited. In this way, not only does the dying man provide in a worthy way for the dignity and honor of his family, but he also carries with him, beyond the grave, the tradition and law of Kirghiz hospitality. It is indeed a wonderful law; chiefly wonderful because it is universally obeyed. To the guest within the *aool* nothing can be denied, no matter what the previous relations between guest and host may have been. The duty of hospitality prevails over all other sentiments. Most laws and customs are sometimes broken, but this law is never violated, not even in death.

As is natural, the greater the wealth of the deceased, the greater the extent of the festivities. The *pominka* of Sultan Hacen Akaev would be, no doubt, on an unusually large scale.

The week beginning May first was the time set for the festival; and, for months beforehand, little else was talked of among the Kirghiz. We, also, were planning to attend in state, and Rucker was especially interested in the preparations; for his particular work threw him into rather closer relations, than the rest of us, with the Kirghiz.

He had a large vocabulary of their language at the tip of his tongue, and, when he visited them, could dispense fairly well with the services of an interpreter.

He used frequently to visit his particular friend Ospan, the *Volostnoi Oopravitel* of the Noura district, who was continually begging him to join the aool and become one of them. 'Why do you work so hard?' Ospan would say. 'Buy some fat-tail sheep and come and live with us; my men will look after your animals for you; you will not have to do anything; you will have all the *koumiss* you want, and plenty of mutton tallow; you will grow fat; what more can a man want?' How he resisted such seductive appeals, I do not know.

Our preparations were on an extensive scale, for in the East appearances count for a great deal. We sent forward large new *yurtas*, our best rugs, silk hangings, and cushions; and we groomed our horses to the last point. Also we took a small private store of provisions; for at times the menu of the East becomes unendurable to the palate of the West.

On the day appointed, we started on horseback, with a cavalcade of friends, servants, and Russo-Kirghiz interpreters. We were decked out in everything Kirghiz we could muster; our horses were weighted down with heavy silver-mounted bridles of native workmanship; those of us who could endure them suffered tortures on Kirghiz saddles. Mine was a Cossack affair, something like a Texas saddle, but with a thick leather cushion strapped across the seat. It is strange how many ways there are of accomplishing the same thing, and how wedded each of us is to his own. I considered these Cossack saddles the most awkward things in the world, whereas the Cossacks regarded my beautiful Whippy with the utmost contempt.

Rucker was in great glory. On his feet were huge felt linings encased in Kirghiz-made leather boots with silver mountings. On his legs were sheepskin trousers, untanned, having the wool inside, and these were tucked into his boots. Above, he wore a *khalat*, a loose wadded coat of gorgeous silk, with a silver-mounted belt around his waist, from which hung several pouches of fancy leather, heavily silver-mounted. On his head was a pink silk *malachai*, lined with the fur of the red fox. We were very proud of him, and we hoisted him into the saddle, as his costume deprived him of the natural power of movement.

'Kusain,' he shouted, 'fasten my koumiss skins on my saddle.'

Kusain hung a skin of koumiss holding about two gallons on each side of the saddle; and with this his outfit was complete.

We were a gay party and galloped over the steppes enjoying the bright air of spring. We naturally grouped ourselves round Rucker, and were making merry over the bags of koumiss which were bounding at his side, when, suddenly, there was a loud explosion, and Rucker and all of us were covered with a shower of the powerful-smelling fluid. Koumiss ferments with great violence, and the heat of the sun had distended the skin bottles to the danger point. Probably Rucker's horse was jostled by his neighbor's and the blow was sufficient to start the charge. Every one within fifty feet received his share, but Rucker himself was a sad sight. The evil stuff dripped over his pink *malachai* and his crimson and green *khalat*. Stains of various hues spread in channels all over him. Worse than all was the peculiarly pungent perfume which he exhaled. For days he was a burden to himself and to us, but to his particular Kirghiz friends he was a source of great delight.

Several miles from the aool, and long before we could see it, we saw a large party of gayly dressed riders dashing toward us; they had ridden out to meet us and escort us in honor to our tent.

‘Salaam Alaikum! Aman! Aman!’

It all seemed very gay and very simple and natural. They turned and rode with us to the encampment.

When we arrived at the aool, it was the scene of the most animated life conceivable. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, had come in to enjoy the sport, for such a pominka might never occur again during their lifetime. A hundred piebald two-year-old horses had been allotted for slaughter, to feed the multitude, — a number hitherto unheard of, — and as for the sheep, no one thought of counting them. All day and night the feasting went on; from tent to tent great steaming platters of boiled meat and skins of koumiss were carried. Every one ate and drank for three days to his utmost capacity.

When our arrival was known, the head-men of the aool called at our tent to welcome us. Our samovar was set on the usual round table, about six inches high, and round it we all squatted on rugs on the ground. The tea was dispensed by our servant. It is served in small cups and saucers, boiling hot, of course. As soon as the Kirghiz receives his cup, he immediately pours half of it into his saucer, nibbles off a small piece of sugar which he holds between his teeth, and sips the tea with an appreciative gurgle. As he drinks the tea, he obtains the sensation of sweetness with an extraordinarily small consumption of sugar. As soon as his cup is empty, the attendant replenishes it without asking any question. When he has had enough, he turns his cup, bottom side up, on his saucer.

After tea, the bard began to sing, and the usual compliments were exchanged.

‘The Ulkum Bai is a great lord of mighty wealth,’ said the head-man; ‘we know he has much money, for he spends thousands of roubles every day. He places bread in the mouths of many Kirghiz, and we are grateful to him for it. The name of Peel’ (the nearest approach they could ever make to my name) ‘will endure like a rock in our memories for ever. But the Bai is as thin as the poorest Kirghiz on the Steppes. If the Bai will look round, he will see that all rich men are fat. We cannot understand why the Bai is not also fat.’

This was the moment for which I had been preparing with some care. It was our custom to converse with the Kirghiz through a Russo-Kirghiz interpreter. We spoke in Russian, and the interpreter was supposed to reproduce our words in Kirghiz. The interpreter was usually a Kirghiz of no especial education or attainments. In my interviews with the native head-men, I had always felt at a disadvantage because, when I wanted to indulge in a discourse on a high plane of thought, I must first put it into Russian and then trust to the mercy of the Russo-Kirghiz interpreter. To my great annoyance, my most elevated and elevating periods were reproduced with a few guttural gurgles and tongue rattles, and of course the whole effect was lost. Before the pominka, I had especially coached my own interpreter, Noorman. ‘You must try hard to reproduce my words: it is I who am talking, not you; you babble all day for your own pleasure; this time I want you to use my own phrases exactly; it is perhaps a virtue to be brief, but I want to set up my own standard for myself, and, when I proclaim a full yard of magnificent sentiment, I do not want you to cut it down to half an inch.’

This, then, was the crucial moment when Noorman’s training was to be

put to the test. I glanced at him with a severe look, and, assuming my most impressive manner, I turned to the headman and replied as follows: —

‘In our own country, we do not consider wealth merely as a means to satisfy our own desires, but rather as a responsibility for the development of the happiness of those around us.’

We all looked toward Noorman; there was a gurgle in his throat, a slight movement of his lips; then silence. He had finished. It was very depressing.

The chief broke the awkward silence and resumed on the same line of thought. ‘We know the Bai is rich, but we do not understand why the Bai works so hard. Why does he not sit down and enjoy his wealth?’

This was a splendid opening, and I replied, —

‘The wise men of our country consider that wealth is a measure of success rather than an object and an aim in itself. Wealth does not produce happiness. Only the mind that is conscious of work well done can be considered truly happy.’

‘B-r-r-r; G-g-g-g; B-r, G-g,’ mumbled Noorman, and closed his mouth with a click.

All my training and coaching had been in vain; it was useless to pursue such lines of thought. I think the headman understood it also, for he changed the subject abruptly and said, —

‘Where do you live?’

‘In New York,’ I replied.

‘I don’t know where that is,’ he said. ‘I have heard of Akmolinsk and Pavlodar, but I have not heard of New York. If you wish to go to New York, in which direction should you travel?’

I confess to a feeling of malice, for I walked to the door of the tent, and, facing north, I stretched out one arm to the east and the other to the west. I waved first one arm, then the other. ‘You can go to my country either by

traveling in this direction or in that.’

‘Why do you say that you can reach one place by traveling in two directions which are directly contrary to each other?’

‘The earth on which we stand is round like the orange which you see on the table,’ I replied; ‘you arrive on the opposite side of the ball whether you travel this way or that.’

‘Why do you say that the earth is round,’ the chief asked, ‘when we see that it is flat?’ And he waved his arm over the plain, which certainly seemed to support his idea.

Why, indeed, had I said it? It is much safer to stick to tallow and koumiss and horses. I gave the conversation a hard wrench, and, with a great effort of memory, using their own language, I said, —

‘Ak burat bar?’ (Have you any thoroughbred horses?) The effect was magical; every one forgot about oranges and round worlds and the duties of wealth; they all began to chatter at once; harmony and peace were restored.

For three days the pominka lasted, a continuous feast, day and night, with sports thrown in. Wrestling is very popular; even the women engage in hard-fought bouts; but especially popular are the sports and games with which horses are concerned. The sheepskin contest always draws a large crowd. The skin of a freshly slaughtered sheep is seized by a mounted rider, who gallops off; hundreds dash after him and try to wrest it from him; the man who succeeds dashes off with it himself, and so it changes hands. It is a rough sport and so is the wrestling on horseback; but every one is so good-natured and good-humored that it is seldom that any one is hurt.

One form of sport (?) they have which is not inspiring; it is, in fact, disgusting. Every aool of consequence has its eating champion, and, on festal

occasions, the champions of different aools are pitted against each other. The two champions sit down facing each other, and platter after platter of boiled meat (always without salt) is put in front of each man, who crams the meat into his mouth with his hands and gulps it down, like a wolf. Bowl after bowl of koumiss and samovar after samovar of tea disappear in like manner. The quantity which these gastronomical giants are able to consume is astonishing. An ordinary accomplishment for one hero at a sitting is:—

One entire sheep

Eight gallons of koumiss

Two gallons of tea.

Wonderful, but horrible!

The pominka usually closes with the most popular event of all, the horse-race. It is a cross-country race and starts from a point about twelve or fifteen miles away. Tiny little boys are put up as jockeys, whose little legs are too small to grip the saddle. The crowd gathers near the finish and waits patiently for an hour or two. Little specks appear on the horizon, and a number of horsemen gather to meet them. As they come nearer, the partisans of each horse close in round it and gallop by its side, urging it forward with whip and shouts. They grow more and more excited as they draw near the goal; one rider whips out a

rope and, fastening one end to the saddle of the racing-horse, ties the other to his own and drags him along. Another does the same on the other side, another hooks on to the bridle, and so on, till there may be a dozen fresh horses dragging the tired racehorse along, with terrific yells and shouts. It is a scene of the greatest possible animation; the crowd is immense, all well mounted, racing hither and thither. There is no defined finish, no judge, but there never seems to be any difficulty in deciding which horse is the winner. The honor is much prized both for the horse and the rider. It is indeed wonderful to see how the little fellows of six and eight years of age can endure such a ride. The prize may be of money, of cloth, or anything else. But, whatever it is, it is immediately distributed by the winner amongst his friends. He likes the honor of winning, but the prize itself has no attractions for him. I have never observed this habit on our Western race-courses. The odd thing is that it is all done so naturally, so good-humoredly, without any definition of rules, or without intervention of stewards or judges or police; they play the game like real sportsmen.

We left in the dust of the finish, but we were careful to see that Rucker had no koumiss bags concealed about his person.

AN APRIL MORNING

BY BLISS CARMAN

ONCE more in misted April
The world is growing green.
Along the winding river
The plummy willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The goldenwings and bluebirds
Call to their heavenly choirs.
The pines are blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

GOVERNMENT AND PROHIBITION

BY JOHN KOREN

I

So much prejudice and finality of opinion surround the question of drink-reform that he who approaches it judicially risks being misunderstood both as to his purpose and as to the bearing of the argument. It is not a welcome task to paint the shadow sides of a movement absorbing so many men and women whose purity of intention is beyond cavil. But where is the contrast, the authenticated story of 'human wreckage saved by prohibition'?

In closing this series of articles the writer is conscious that truth-telling has earned him the lasting enmity of prohibition leaders and a place on the black-list of thousands who follow them blindly. For the sincerity of their convictions he has but respect, believing that in all things they intend well. He wills the same great end as they—temperance—but would strive for it through other means. He also ventures to hope that in criticism as well as in suggestion he has, however imperfectly, reflected the sense of many people who see perhaps more clearly than he that a social millennium will not dawn until we have been made ready for it, not by force but by persuasion.

Lest new misconception arise, it must be said that criticism of the extreme prohibition wing is not directed against all who hold by sumptuary law as a cure for intemperance. If there be general assent among them to the ultimate object, there is pronounced dissent as to ways and means of achieving it.

Therefore, it were unjust to hold the mass of prohibitionists accountable for all the activities and vagaries of more or less self-constituted leaders. This avowal is perhaps especially needful when the relation of the prohibition movement to government is under discussion. Personal motives and intentions are not to be scrutinized, but merely the inexorable consequences of a misguided propagandism. If now and then extreme instances are cited to illustrate very present perils, they must stand to the credit of those who provide them or who undertake their defense.

The prohibition method of drink-reform in its radical manifestations is indictable because it tends to pervert both the theory and the practice of government. This assertion doubtless will seem singularly harsh and unjust to the men and women who devoutly believe that the over-shadowing tyranny of the liquor traffic is the real bane of our body politic. They have graven on their minds the image of an alcohol octopus whose paralyzing tentacles draw legislators and civic authorities of whatever name into a deadly embrace, and which rules to ruin. The picture, however magnified and distorted, is not one of pure fancy; the liquor interests at times and in places have imposed a deadening weight on government and have corrupted where they should have obeyed. Domination, real or attempted, in political affairs, interference in elections, tampering with the police and other public officials, and general disregard of law have justly been charged

against the liquor traffic. Such evils have been largely of a local nature, quite amenable to correction through an enlightened community sentiment, but have helped wonderfully to point the argument for prohibition.

The opposition to prohibition is invariably ascribed by its promoters to the machinations of the trade. Naturally, the powerful liquor organizations, like any other concern, resent interference with their business, especially when they are faced with the possibility of its utter destruction without compensation. But the suggestion is that 'by some obscure influence they induce others who have not the same interest to join in fighting their battles.' The belief of temperance reformers that they need reckon only upon the opposition emanating from the trade simply reveals their ignorance of the forces with which they have to deal. They would dam the stream without studying its origin and source. First-hand knowledge of the saloon and the social want it meets, they scorn. That actualities show alcoholic indulgence to be far too deep-rooted in humanity to be dug out by any summary process, they deny. Particularly in this land of compulsory virtue, reformers have come to live in an atmosphere of phrases untempered by facts. The 'solution of the liquor problem' is one of them. By this, of course, is meant general prohibition, that short-cut to virtue, which shall accomplish by a wave of the legislative wand that which all the efforts of saints and sages have failed to achieve in a score of centuries. To those who attend more to words than to actual life the saloon incarnates all the evil powers of the world, and war against it becomes a holy crusade justifying any weapon or mode of attack, since they believe emotionally that the salvation of the world hangs by the one issue.

But in the comfortable glow of re-

form people are apt to forget that, in combatting oppression by an overreaching traffic, it is possible to invite another species of tyranny more inimical to government because it is subtler, less tangible, and more enduring in its effects — the tyranny of political and social coercion exercised in the name of public morals. The use of force to obtain a 'sanctified' end is as ancient as history, soiling the pages of Christianity itself. The prohibition propaganda merely illustrates a phase of such coercion, and the application of methods that are the more dangerous because of their apparent innocence. A slight reflection on our theory of government should make this clear.

It is an accepted article of our political faith that the success and durability of a just form of government require the consent of the governed. To deny this concept or to circumvent it is to invade the very fundamentals of liberty. But this sound underlying theory of democracy is easily subject to perversion. As President Hadley of Yale University puts it in his *Standards of Public Morality*: 'Not content with saying that all just government is based on the consent of the governed, the enthusiastic advocates of democracy hold that if you could only find what a majority of the governed wanted, you could easily incorporate it into law. Never was there a greater practical error. Public law, to be effective, requires much more than the majority to support it. It requires general acquiescence. To leave the minority at the mercy of the whims of the majority does not conduce to law or good government or justice between man and man. Even Rousseau, the leading apostle of modern democracy, saw this most clearly. He said in substance: "A majority of the people is not the people and never can be. We take a majority vote simply as the best available means

of ascertaining the real wishes of the people in cases when it becomes necessary to do so.”

These elementary political principles are lightly brushed aside by those who strive for sumptuary legislation. Yet coercion through a crude illegal use of the police power is not a whit more subversive of ideals of government than the enactment by fabricated majorities of statutory and constitutional laws that violate what millions regard as inherent personal rights. Still, the pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp — public virtue to be attained by compulsion — continues. That experience has shown it to be a costly phantom is forgotten or wilfully denied, and a vacuous belief is maintained in the usefulness of law as such, provided it has a seemingly beneficent object.

It is axiomatic that when law reflects general consent in regard to public needs, 'its enforcement takes care of itself.' But when law is enacted by insincere majorities, particularly a measure that undertakes to regulate personal habits and modes of life, its fate is foredoomed. The greatest obstacle is not the active hostility of bad men to such a law, but the unreadiness of good men to support it, for a widespread passive opposition suffices to destroy its vitality. Illustrative of this attitude toward prohibition is the reply of a prominent physician to the question whether he had read any of the alcohol articles in the *Atlantic*. 'No,' said he, 'I never read anything about alcohol; I am afraid of being deprived of it.'

Oftentimes an obnoxious law, by common consent, becomes a dead letter, and its enforcement is not even publicly advocated. But the preservation of liberty by means of a general permission to ignore law does not point to a wholesome social condition. Prohibitory laws, however, are not allowed to die after the manner of other legis-

lation that a community may have outgrown. Even the tolerant citizen will grow apprehensive over the prospect of a complete liberation of forces that stand athwart order and decency. Outwardly, at least, prohibition is always upheld; and from time to time occur sincerely enthusiastic and some locally successful attempts at enforcement. The proper redress when prohibition is shown to be a failure is, of course, to secure its repeal by existing legal expedients. But just as many men allow social and political considerations to override the conviction that prohibition should not be attempted, so, from the same motives, they acquiesce in its habitual violation rather than advocate the repeal of the law. Then there are everywhere large minorities personally hostile to the policy of prohibition, whose existence alone can account for the huge scale upon which it has been and is being violated. From circumstances like these arise conditions that are destructive of the social order we call government. Let us see how these generalizations fit the prohibition propaganda as well as the enforcement of prohibition laws.

The adoption of prohibition as a state's policy need not occur in response to an overwhelming voluntary demand for the extinction of drink-selling; for the present-day prohibition cult is not a spontaneous growth but a condition of mind requiring constant and artificial nurture. The advocacy of prohibition does not necessarily even connote enthusiasm for total abstinence as a personal habit. It will be observed that abstinence or temperance societies of the old pattern are not the leaders of the national movement, nor is its promotion the reason for their being.

In the early days of the prohibition agitation genuine fervor directed the majorities in several campaigns. For the most part its fires burned out quick-

ly, leaving scarce a trace. Of later years it has become increasingly evident that such embers as still remain must be fed with specially prepared fuel if they are to be fanned into flame; and the task of doing so has finally become the paid occupation of a certain class of reformers. This does not imply a prevailing lukewarmness toward temperance. Only a blunted sense of the public feeling round about the country could lead one to deny a very active, wholesome resentment against the saloon and the methods of its backers; but to identify this feeling with an unconquerable desire for prohibition is to read it sadly amiss. For instance, the recent return to prohibition by the State of Alabama would probably not have taken place except to avenge the high-handed interference by the liquor interests in municipal affairs. In general, were this not so, we should not have witnessed the remarkable upward trend in the consumption of liquor during the past decade; nor would it be necessary to build up elaborate local state and national machinery to deal with every trick and device of coercive campaigning in order to foster the necessary sentiment. The old-line Prohibition Party was not adapted to the work, as experience in the United States has shown that a political temperance party pure and simple, whose vision of public policies is bounded by prohibition, is not enduringly an efficient factor in state or national affairs. And so in order to gain the momentum in the prohibition campaign desired by the extremists, a new agency became necessary, and the Anti-Saloon League was fashioned to supply it.

II

The recent manifestations of the prohibition movement, particularly in its bearings upon government, cannot be thoroughly understood without know-

ing what the Anti-Saloon League stands for, its character, purposes, and methods. Ostensibly, it is 'a federation of churches and temperance societies to promote public morals,' and it has also been described as representing a 'militant church movement.' This is true in the sense that it finds its main support within certain large Protestant denominations, — the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and, to an extent, the Lutheran (chiefly the smaller English-speaking portion), — and naturally finds adherents within lesser church organizations. These great religious bodies have their strength in rural or semi-rural districts whence also the prohibition movement recruits its force.

On the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Jewish congregations, counting together about as many members as the others just mentioned, have their stronghold in the cities; but they are not identified with the prohibition movement as such, much less affiliated with the Anti-Saloon League. Indeed, their most prominent spiritual leaders have declared against the prohibition agitation as a religious propaganda and stand aloof from it as a political measure. In all the prohibition states, except Arizona, Colorado, and Maine, the majority of church communicants belong chiefly to the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian bodies; yet in more than half of all the states the Roman Catholic is the religion of the plurality, and in nearly one half of all the states it has a larger membership than the combined denominations which are said to support the programme of the Anti-Saloon League, but among whose members there assuredly are many who refuse it endorsement. Moreover, only two fifths of our population are reckoned as communicants of any church, and only fifteen per cent of the population belong to the particular denom-

inations which the Anti-Saloon League would claim for its own. Does it not, therefore, savor of a recrudescent Know-Nothing spirit, when this organization presumes to call its propaganda an American church movement, and to speak in the name of the people of the United States?

To be sure, the Anti-Saloon League is of ecclesiastical origin: it was given life by a wandering Methodist preacher some twenty years ago; the active workers are drawn from churches; pulpits are its forum, and tribute is received from Sunday collections. In many respects, however, it seems to be singularly worldly and wholly undemocratic. In spite of its ramifications and ubiquitous agents, it is a markedly centralized body. Supreme control is vested in the General Superintendent. He assigns the state superintendents; local or state groups have no choice in the matter. In brief, headquarters selects, directs, and pays all of its officers, including the legislative superintendent at Washington, who conducts the campaign on Congress.

The Anti-Saloon League is thus a very compact, practically self-perpetuating, and, in a public sense, irresponsible group, which knows no political fealty to other principles than that of prohibition, but seeks to bind all parties to its chariot. The corps of professional workers employed in every state is not amenable to local discipline or control. Its lack of public responsibility apparently covers the expenditure of vast sums of money, — one and a quarter millions per annum is admitted, — contributed by churches, individuals, and corporations for political purposes, which are not regularly accounted for as such. It is this organization, backed by its own professional publications and dominating no small portion of the general press, which, under the emblem of religion, has

obtained control of the propaganda for state and national prohibition.

The methods followed by the new type of workers in ordinary prohibition campaigns, the frequent proscription of candidates for office who choose to follow their own convictions, the intimidation of voters through implied threats of social and business boycott, the frank appeal to the emotions of voters instead of to their understanding through the employment of women and children as special pleaders for the cause, — all of which makes for unstable majorities, — are tolerably well known. Let us rather turn to the national aspects of the situation.

The attitude of the Anti-Saloon League toward Congress has recently been stated by Mr. William H. Anderson, State Superintendent for New York, than whom no one can speak with greater authority, as follows: 'The Anti-Saloon League is not asking any member of Congress to declare that he is in favor of National Prohibition, but simply that he shall not become an avowed exponent and protector of the liquor traffic by refusing to vote to allow the people of the nation, by states, through their representatives, to determine this question in the manner provided therefor by the framers of the Constitution.'

Many very specific instances have been published, with names and dates, which seem to disprove this assertion, not to mention the openly avowed intention of seeking the defeat of candidates in the next elections to Congress who refuse 'to permit this question to be settled by reference to the states, so that the people may elect legislatures pledged for or against ratification.'¹

Note, also, the assumption that he who refuses assent to the proposed constitutional amendment thereby be-

¹ The Portland (Oregon) *Journal*, Dec. 18, 1915.

comes 'an avowed exponent and protector of the liquor traffic.' Yet for the most part it is accepted in silence. Is this simply through indifference, the traditional American willingness to submit to political manipulation rather than to oppose it, or does courage really fail? So long as the Anti-Saloon League successfully dangles the bugbear of a moral issue before the public conscience, eternally but wrongfully declaring the prohibition issue to be one between right and wrong and not one of social expediency, it is perhaps natural that many should become frightened. Politicians, both large and small, are thus made to seek cover, or, when in extremity, to enter into prohibition servitude as a means of safety and preferment. Then, too, it is so easy to represent that the question lies solely between temperance workers and the liquor interests, for only those directly connected with it would humanly show the same intense zeal as the temperance agitators themselves. As Mr. Fabian Franklin says, 'The opinion that nobody is concerned in the matter except the prohibitionists on the one hand, and those who make money out of liquor on the other, is not only false but so monstrously false, that its almost unchallenged currency must be set down as one of the most interesting and instructive of psychological curiosities.'¹

But this pronouncement of the attitude of the League toward Congress is of far greater import than in the respects just discussed. To quote Mr. Franklin again: 'A doctrine more dangerous, more subversive of the spirit of representative government than that here laid down concerning the duties of members of Congress in relation to the most solemn responsibility they are ever called upon to discharge, it would be difficult to imagine.'

¹ *The Unpopular Review*, October-December, 1915, p. 296.

Nothing less is contemplated than a *de facto* reversal of the process by which amendments to the Federal Constitution are intended to be made. The provision of the Constitution that the Congress, by a two-thirds vote in both houses, has power to propose amendments to the Constitution, which become effective when ratified by the legislatures of three fourths of the states, necessarily implies a deliberative act on the part of the Congress and imposes a solemn obligation for the nature of the amendment proposed. The requirement that an amendment must be submitted to the several states for ratification is merely in order that there may be a sufficient check upon any action of the Congress. But the Anti-Saloon League would have the nation's chosen representatives abdicate as a deliberative body, efface personal conviction, and forego their greatest responsibility, so that 'the people of the nation' may determine the question of national prohibition, under threat that he who refuses becomes an 'avowed exponent and protector of the liquor traffic.'

The transparent plea is made that 'the people of the nation' through its legislatures should be allowed to decide. In reality this is an appeal for coercion through a minority of the population. For in ratifying a proposed amendment to the Constitution, the votes of the different state legislatures are equal units, no matter how great the disparity of the populations they represent. Thus the four least populous states in the Union would have just as much weight as the four most populous, containing thirty times as many inhabitants. As stated in the first article of this series, a situation might arise in which thirty-six legislatures representing less than one half of the population imposed their will on twelve states representing the majority. Yet we are adjured to 'let the people de-

cide.' The true implication is, let the rural minorities say how the urban majorities shall live. The expedient lies in passing up the decision to the legislatures, in many of which, however, the large city populations have a smaller proportionate representation than the rural. Logically, if 'the people' are to decide in the sense the Anti-Saloon League would have us interpret its plea, there should be a nation-wide referendum for the guidance of the Congress as well as of the state legislatures.

The prophecy is frequently made that national prohibition will become law within ten years. The reasoning behind it is plain: Should Congress submit the national prohibition amendment, a state legislature may act on the question of ratification whenever it sees fit, without any time limit; and naturally every effort would be made to seize upon the right moment for securing a favorable majority. If ratification should fail at the first attempt, a legislature may presumably reverse its action at a subsequent session; but whether a legislature can reverse its act of ratification is dubious and cannot be definitely known until the Supreme Court has passed on the question. Many hold that it cannot.

Thus it may be needful only to accumulate during an indefinite period the ratification votes of thirty-six state legislatures, the requisite majority for an acceptance of the amendment; and if ratification once made is irrevocable, any subsequent revulsion of public sentiment—and how rapidly it shifts, the history of the prohibition movement teaches us—would be of no avail. The reason for urging the Congress to stand aside and delegate its responsibility to the state is therefore evident, since it foreshadows 'the clear possibility of the adoption of the most momentous or radical of changes in the organic law being brought about by the vote of the

legislatures of a handful of states previously disinclined to it, at a time when an indefinite number of the states previously favorable to it had experienced a reversal of sentiment on the subject.'

If the country should wish to repeal the proposed amendment, it would be necessary to secure a two-thirds majority for repeal in both houses, as well as the consent of three-fourths of the state legislatures. But any thirteen states—and there are more than that number in the prohibition column today—would have the power, by refusing their assent, to make repeal impossible, no matter how insistent and sincere the demand for it in the other thirty-five. And a governmental policy fraught with such incalculable consequences, reaching into the very depths of our political and social life, the well-spring of ceaseless strife and of corruption, should be left to chance legislatures in the name of a public opinion which they cannot truly voice!

What hypocrisy may lurk behind the phrase, 'Let the people decide'! Is then representative government, as exemplified by the Congress, opposed to the interests of the people because it is a deliberative body, bound by certain rules, forms, and accountability for its actions? There is something humorous in the suggestion that a state legislator, drawn from goodness knows what patch in the hinterland, must possess a better sense of a national policy than he who is charged with specific responsibility for it, and who now is virtually being asked to delegate his authority.

III

The attitude of the Anti-Saloon League toward government is more clearly revealed through its practices under prohibition. Of later years, perhaps emboldened by many successes, this body undertakes, not only to secure

sumptuary legislation but to dictate how it shall be enforced. Under local self-government, the function of making penal acts effective belongs to the established police authorities, coöperating with the proper judicial tribunals. Somehow these usual custodians of order do not seem to meet the exigencies of prohibition, since it is held necessary to create extraordinary police agencies charged with the single duty of enforcing the edict against drink. In Maine, a few years ago, the scandalous inactivity of the sheriffs and the police became too notorious even for that state to endure, and a commission was established with roving powers to visit every part of the commonwealth and supplement or rather supplant the work of the local police forces. Bitter resentment against this interference with local self-government, mixed of course with political considerations, soon put an end to the experiment. Recent prohibition legislation would anticipate all these difficulties.

The State of West Virginia wrote into her prohibition law open distrust of existing police powers when she established a prohibition commissioner endowed with authority on a par with that of the state's attorney-general and with the right to appoint a practically unlimited number of deputies to assist him in upholding the new law. This innovation in government has at least been welcomed by place-seekers: West Virginia is overrun by deputies armed with extraordinary power to interfere with personal liberty, as illustrated by their searching the baggage of inoffensive travelers, perhaps through passengers, and haling them before some magistrate upon the discovery of a small quantity of contraband goods, or on pure suspicion. Merely to provide the pay of these deputies has become a notable drain upon the already meagre state treasury; but that is a detail. The

core of the situation is what the effect must be upon government when, in order to vindicate a single piece of legislation, it is thought necessary to brand the usual police authorities, chosen by the people or locally appointed, and who are sworn to execute all laws for public safety and welfare, as incapable of trust in the one respect of enforcing prohibition. What a singular travesty on methods of securing community order and decency! Incidentally, what a commentary on the assumption that in West Virginia, for instance, prohibition is backed by an all-pervasive and sound public sentiment!

This resort to specially devised agencies for the purpose of compelling obedience to a single law is illustrated in other prohibition states by the appointment of 'state rangers' (Tennessee), and 'liquor deputies,' or whatever fragrant name they may enjoy. The introduction of such elements into the governmental machinery of the state, and their maintenance, self-evidently denote a control of offices in the interest of no other public policy than that of prohibition; for its enforcement, especially in some Southern states where it is attempted, has become the pivot on which the whole scheme of government revolves. In view of the recent rampant criminality in some of the Southern states, one wonders whether their quest of public order and respect for law has no other meaning than enforcement of legislation against drink.

Perhaps the most sinister phase of the enforcement work is the pressure brought upon the courts — the undisguised efforts to influence their action in trials for violations of the liquor law. The practice of intimidation of this sort may even be threatened before the prohibition law in a given state goes into effect. For example, in the Portland (Oregon) *Journal*, December 18, 1915, we read, under the cap-

tion 'Dry League Chief Tours East-State,' the following story: —

'Superintendent R. P. Hutton of the Anti-Saloon League of Oregon is now making a tour in Eastern Oregon, explaining the prohibition law, telling "what is in it," and "how to get the good of it." "The proposed law and the proposed officials will secure more results with a bunch to back them, than the best law and the best officials can get if only an unorganized public sentiment is behind them."

'That is the burden of Mr. Hutton's message, and he is arranging for *organized demonstrations of public backing for enforcement to be made in the court room* when the first half-dozen trials come up in each county or in the local community.'

The violation of the sanctity of the courts by means of 'organized demonstration' of public backing for enforcement is an expedient borrowed from Southern prohibition states where it has been extensively used. Instances of mobs showing noisy hostility to prisoners on trial for ordinary offenses are fortunately exceedingly rare; and everywhere such offenders would be summarily punished. But in Southern prohibition states it appears to be allowable, not only to exact public pledges from judges and prosecuting officials in regard to the enforcement of prohibition (as to other laws they are presumably to be trusted), but to instruct a judge in open court, ask him to set aside any doubt that may attach to the possible guilt of the defendant and demand that the full penalty of the law shall be imposed.

To what length such intimidation of the courts may be carried was shown in Chattanooga, Tennessee, not many years ago. The local superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League served notice through the public press that at a given time he and others would call on the

judge of the criminal court and find out why the prohibitory law was not enforced. To be sure, past grand juries had returned several hundred indictments against violators, and many fines and workhouse sentences had been imposed. Still, the judge permitted the self-constituted delegation to appear before the bench, listened meekly to the harangue against his administration of justice, and acceded to the demand that all holders of Federal special-tax certificates as liquor-dealers should be summoned before the open court. In Tennessee, as in many other prohibition states, the possession of such a certificate is *prima-facie* evidence of a violation of the law. The court surrendered to the mob and issued an order for the holders of these certificates to appear at a given time 'for further instruction.' In the end the tax certificates were surrendered, not to the court, who had no legal right to receive them, but — to the local superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League! And the farce proceeded 'while a large audience sat amazed at the outrageous spectacle.'

Tennessee, however, is not the only state that has suffered frequent degradation of her criminal courts at the hands of Prohibitionists. Coercive tactics against the courts have been employed also in Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina — 'organized demonstrations' for enforcement is the polite name for this species of intimidation. It is easy to blame the judges for cowardice, but it requires a stiff backbone to stand up against onslaughts by those who have it in their power to end one's official career and scruple not at the means.

IV

To keep perpetual watch on the criminal courts is, however, an irksome occupation and cannot fully meet the needs of enforcement which may be

blocked by negligent prosecuting officials, and, moreover, requires the co-operation of other officials, especially that of the municipal authorities in large centres. So the infamous 'ouster' law was invented for the removal of officials whose activities or inactivities have become obnoxious to some people. This instrument of prohibition, manufactured and demanded solely in support of sumptuary law, is revolutionary, since it would substitute court-made for representative government.

Under the 'ouster' act of Tennessee, which prohibitionists elsewhere seem eager to emulate, the prosecuting attorney of the state, or of any city or county, may file a motion in the circuit or criminal courts for the removal of a public official from office for cause; or a suit to the same effect may be entered on the petition of ten citizens. Should the courts sustain the motion, they may remove officials elected by the people and substitute for them men who would be rejected at the polls. This is not fiction but fact. At this writing the cities of Memphis and Nashville are ruled by court-made mayors. The mayor of Memphis, for instance, was removed from office by ouster process, but in the meantime he was reelected to serve a new term beginning with the present year. The prohibitionists, however, by the aid of the courts succeeded in restraining him from holding the office to which he had been legally chosen, and he is at present replaced, through court order, by a man who has not been elected. A more violent usurpation of the powers and prerogatives which our Constitution has lodged in the hands of the voters has rarely been witnessed. What hold the courts, when thus arraying themselves against the people, can have upon public confidence, it is for the prohibitionists to say, the sponsors of the ouster theory, which was put into practice at their

behest, and solely intended as an adjunct in enforcing prohibition. Until its invention, known processes of law were thought sufficient to safeguard the public against inefficient or corrupt government.

It is probable that the ouster law will eventually prove its own undoing. When political faction is arrayed against political faction it proves an exceedingly convenient club wherewith those who are out of office may wreak vengeance upon those who are in. In several counties in Tennessee ouster proceedings have been begun against county officials by their political opponents and on the most flimsy pretexts, involving such questions as that of public road-building. Meanwhile, popular government becomes a by-word, and turbulence, strife, and bitterness succeed peaceful order. Over the whole spectacle is written in large letters — **PROHIBITION.**

That persons whose ruling idea is to make operative laws directed against one evil may, in their effort, become the spokesmen of essential lawlessness, is an easily understandable mental phenomenon. Accustomed to interfere with the course of justice and with representative government, it is natural that they should lack respect for property when it belongs to the liquor traffic. Therefore they demand its confiscation. In the absence of express provisions in our laws guaranteeing that no man shall be deprived, without compensation, of property rights that have enjoyed legal protection, the question of the legality of confiscation may be purely academic. The economic significance of the interests involved is not the real issue, although, purely from a business point of view, reasonable people may regard apprehensively their prospective obliteration, for the capital involved in the production of liquors consumed in this country ex-

ceeds eight hundred millions of dollars, and the disbursements for materials, taxes, transportation, wages, and other objects during one year amount to nearly the same sum. All this is exclusive of the retail trade, the sum of whose capital and outlay for wages, rent, and supplies other than liquors, exceeds a billion dollars per year. These figures far transcend ordinary comprehension, and the sudden extinction of the property and employment they represent would plainly cause financial disturbances on a scale rarely witnessed, affecting agriculture, commerce, industry, and banking throughout the land.

But even if it could be shown that this industry and the trade under it comprehend the sum total of the social and political ills from which we suffer, the confiscation of its property without compensation would lack all justification. The expropriation of the entire retail business could, of course, not be contemplated. It is a commonplace to state that the traffic in intoxicants has not only enjoyed the same legal sanction and protection as other business, but has been utilized liberally for purposes of taxation benefiting all citizens alike. No public murmur is raised against participation in this 'blood money,' and an instance is probably yet to be recorded of a prohibitionist who has refunded to the local, state, or national government his pro-rata share of the taxes levied on the trade, in order that he may not profit in any sense from the iniquitous traffic. Notwithstanding all this, the ruthless destruction of all the property involved is demanded as an act of justice — or is there a motive of retribution?

In other countries ethical principles in similar cases are followed also when there is no direct legal requirement of compensation. So far as the liquor industries themselves are concerned, there seems to be no question. France

even granted the manufacturers of absinthe compensation, and Switzerland reimbursed the growers of the plant from which the poison is distilled; Russia compensated the producers of vodka upon the abolition of the state monopoly; England expropriates ancient rights to sell liquor for a reasonable consideration; and in countries where the underlying principle has recently come up for discussion, as in Norway and Sweden, there appears to be no disagreement about the equity of compensation, even for old selling privileges. The United States stands alone, and, may we not say, in the unenviable position of being willing to derive a large part of its revenue for state and Federal purposes from the liquor traffic, in long years representing billions of dollars, but ready to destroy by vote the creature of its own protection and profit without a cent in return. The might is there, also the 'legal' right, but where the justice? If the principle of confiscation without compensation be generally defensible, we might, as the next step, at the behest of Anti-Tobacco leagues prohibit the growing, manufacture, and sale of tobacco, which also form an important item of revenue to the Federal government, and let those made to suffer bear their own losses.

V

The final element in considering the relation of prohibition to government is how its non-enforcement affects the public mind. The introduction to the first volume published by the Committee of Fifty sketches this aspect of the situation as follows:—

'There have been concomitant evils of prohibitory legislation. The efforts to enforce it during forty years past have had some unlooked-for effects on public respect for courts, judicial procedure, oaths, and law in general, and

for officers of the law, legislators, and public servants. The public have seen law defied, a whole generation of habitual law-breakers schooled in evasion and shamelessness, courts ineffective through fluctuations of policy, delays, perjuries, negligences, and other miscarriages of justice, officers of the law double-faced and mercenary, legislators timid and insincere, candidates for office hypocritical and truckling, and office-holders unfaithful to pledges and to reasonable public expectation. Through an agitation which has always had a moral end, these immoralities have been developed and made conspicuous.'

The day before Christmas of 1915, a news dispatch was sent broadcast over the country, stating that the saloons of Portland, Maine, had been closed by the chief of police. No surprise was expressed that such institutions should still exist after sixty years of prohibition; nor was it intimated that they would be suppressed for good and all. Only two questions were asked: first, when will the dealers open again? and second, the more significant of the two, what is the political move behind the order to close? This instance is commonplace enough, but it illustrates abundantly the demoralization that seizes upon society at large when it tolerates such conditions.

A community whose public policy centres about the question whether prohibition shall be enforced loses its political sanity. The sense of right becomes warped when habitually in elections the fitness of a candidate is measured by his stand in relation to enforcement; and schooling in evasion and hypocrisy becomes an equipment for public affairs. Disrespect for public service, all too frequent in American life, augments ten-fold, and low standards are taken for granted.

High-minded individuals may writhe

helplessly under such a condition; the political parties do not heed it as they jockey for position. But a party creed declaring absolute loyalty to a law while totally indifferent to its violation in letter as well as in spirit, is no choicer than the party creed definitely opposed to the same law or actively aiding its evasion. When enforcement is made a constant issue, the influence upon the public is bad enough; but when complete apathy settles upon a community, or the patrol wagon makes an occasional trip in search of revenue merely, decent respect for the government has ceased. A prominent publicist and investigator said to the writer that he had remained a steadfast prohibitionist for many years until he lived for a while in a prohibition state and observed the corroding effect on the public mind that is dominated in all its relations to government by the consideration whether fundamental and statutory laws shall be honored.

Gravely we are told to make light of such disquieting symptoms, to discount the aberrations of the zealots who really mean to vindicate pure government although their actions may seem to belie it. For when the sun of national prohibition rises it will melt away all the impure ice that encrusts sumptuary law unenforced; its rays will make virtue spring up in the habitation of vice, dissolve all hostile opposition, and cause personal and civic morality to flourish in barren places. Does the picture allure by its verisimilitude, or shall we face the pitiless facts?

What the future may hold in store we can only forecast from the present, and so far, unfortunately, the promises of prohibition have far outstripped performance. Some day, no doubt, society will be ready for measurement by new standards; but until then progress is not made by adding new evils to those that now burden us.

GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN THE UNITED STATES

BY GUSTAVUS OHLINGER

I

'THE power of the Parthians was not so formidable as German liberty,' exclaims the greatest of Roman historians in concluding his description of the Teutonic nations. A semi-nomadic people, organized by tribes and communities under leaders chosen for their birth, popularity, and military prowess; living in scattered dwellings, for they despised cities and would not allow a continuity of houses; honoring the virtue of their women; recognizing as law their inherited customs, which were binding upon kings and freemen alike; trying offenders before members of the tribe; deciding important matters and enacting laws for their princes in the public assembly where not even kings were permitted to command, but only to persuade; jealous of their personal independence to the extent of laxity in their attendance, for too great punctuality might savor of servility; carrying their weapons wherever they went, for arms were the badge of liberty and citizenship; accompanied in their wars by their women and children, the darling witnesses of their conduct and the applauders of their valor — such were the people who, even when defeated, shook the Roman power. 'We have triumphed,' says Tacitus, 'and Germany is still unconquered.'

The successive bands of Jutes, Saxons, and Angles, who overwhelmed Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries, brought with them this Germanic inheritance. Nowhere else was the bar-

barian conquest so thorough. The Roman provincials were all but exterminated, Roman civilization obliterated. Nor did Rome ever succeed, as on the continent, in casting the spell of her political, religious, or intellectual empire over these conquerors. English history — which in its broad aspects includes the history of the American people — begins with the Anglo-Saxon conquest, and throughout its course is essentially the record of the struggle, at times against foreign or reactionary kings, at other times against particular interests, for the preservation and development of the institutions and ideals which so profoundly impressed the Roman historians. The Germanic assembly became the prototype of the Witenagemot; the Witenagemot, after a long struggle with the Norman kings, emerged as the Parliament, and on this side of the Atlantic came to be known as Congress and State Legislature. The right of the people to choose the sovereign was vindicated by the Bill of Rights, and again by the Act of Settlement which brought the Hanoverian kings to England. From the conception of law as the growth of the free customs of the people developed the great body of the English Common Law, a law supreme over sovereign as well as subject, which Anglo-Saxons have carried as a treasured inheritance into every part of the world, and which they have made the basic law of most of the American commonwealths. The self-reliant warriors of Tacitus are reflected in the constitutional amend-

ment declaring that the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed; the intense individualism which he described finds expression in the guaranties of religious freedom, of freedom of speech and of the press, of the right to assemble and petition, of security of life, liberty and property, and of many other rights, which have been claimed, reaffirmed, and emphasized in a long line of charters and declarations extending from Magna Carta to the Fifteenth Amendment. While repudiating the divine right of kings, the Anglo-Saxon people have steadily aimed to realize the divine right of man.

To this history the kindred people who remained in the ancestral home on the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe, and in Schleswig offer no parallel. In fact, the direction of their development diverged sharply from the time when the progenitors of the modern Anglo-Saxons took their departure. They settled largely among the Roman provincials. The invaders brought with them their native law, the Romans remained subject, as before, to the *Corpus Juris*. The influence of the Church was such as gradually to efface the memory of Germanic institutions. Charlemagne, whom Germans to-day are proud to hail as the first Kaiser, well-nigh exterminated the Saxon tribes who dwelt between the Rhine and the Elbe, and overthrew the *Irmensüule* — said by some to commemorate the victory of Arminius over Varus. The Holy Roman Empire drew the Germanic races more and more under the spell of the ancient civilization. During the Hohenstaufen rule Roman law gained the ascendancy. In making the sovereign the source of law, and in placing him above the law, in inculcating an attitude of subjection and respect for prerogative, it offered advantages which the princes were glad to appropriate,

and in 1495 it was formally adopted as the law of the Empire. Long before this the tribal organization had given way to the feudal system, and, as the power of the Emperors grew weaker in the struggle with the Papacy, the nobles seized upon every prerogative which the successors of the Cæsars lost. By the Peace of Westphalia most of them gained the formal recognition of their territorial independence and sovereignty, and to these were added a swarm of knights of the Empire who exercised a more or less capricious lordship over the peasantry, the villagers, and the despised Jews. In the twelfth century the Germans pushed across the Elbe, and farther to the East the Teutonic Order established its military supremacy over the heathen, non-German Prussians.

In all this territory, comprising two fifths of modern Germany, there was a mingling of Germanic and Slavic blood which may account, partly, for the special apathy of Prussians toward Germanic ideals of freedom. By the end of the eighteenth century the habit of subjection had become fixed. The lords of Hesse-Cassel, Brunswick, and Hesse-Hanau complacently drove a bargain in human chattels with George III — himself by descent, inheritance, and every instinct a German princeling — and sent twenty-nine thousand of their subjects to subjugate the American colonies. The work of the Peoples' Parliament in Prussia was frustrated by the refusal of the King to recognize his subjects in the preamble of the proposed constitution, and the members were forcibly dispersed. The Frankfurt Parliament drafted an imperial constitution, including in it a Bill of Rights, offered the German crown to the Prussian King, and as a reward was hounded into obloquy. In ignominy ended these feeble efforts of the German people to accomplish something

politically for themselves. The future developments were the work of the princes, and resulted in giving to Prussia a sham constitution, and in bestowing upon the Empire an organic law which, while it carefully prescribed the model for military uniforms, overlooked rights of person and of property, and provided an appointive federal council which, under the scheme arranged, can nullify every act of the lower house.

Under this régime the Germanic birth-right of independence and individual initiative has been contentedly bartered away for workmen's pensions and insurance, and for petty employment in a widely ramified bureaucracy, until the ancient spirit of the race finds only a hollow mockery in the action of the Social Democrats, who leave the Reichstag in a body when the cheers for the Emperor are announced. The rights of man have vanished before the divine right of the State, and the divine right of the State is personified in the King and Emperor.

Let this not be understood as a glorification of Anglo-Saxon democracy, for that is still in the making. Though we have liberty, we have not yet learned to curb the abuse of liberty by the cunning, nor the misuse of it by the incompetent. Nor is it the intention of this article to disparage the great work of German philosophers, poets, artists, scientists, and musicians, or even the products of present-day German materialism. The outstanding fact is that, having from a common origin reached these opposite extremes of political development, no nations had more to learn from each other than had the Anglo-Saxon nations — England and the United States — and Germany.

The dying Faust sees his highest ideals realized on a free soil and among a free people:—

Freedom alone he earns as well as life
Who day by day must conquer them anew.

The political apostasy of the German people and the eclectic attitude of the American mind made sympathetic intercourse mutually desirable, and in no way could American citizens of German birth have better served both their native and their adoptive lands than by mediating between the distinctive habits of thought which they presented. To do this required complete sympathy with our institutions, an understanding of American history, and an appreciation of the political inheritance which came to us through England. As natural heirs to the best that the Fatherland has produced in culture and in human character, and as the legatees of Anglo-Saxon freedom, it was their high privilege to reunite through mutual understanding the long-separated branches of the Germanic family. This was the mission of the German element in the United States.

II

The incentive which brought the Pilgrims to New England also inspired the German immigrations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In 1677 William Penn visited the Pietists of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. The desire to escape the persecutions of the state church led to the settlement by members of this sect of Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1683. Other sects — the Moravians, Mennonites, Lutherans, Dunkers — followed. The same ideal was the impelling motive for all — freedom to worship after the dictates of their own consciences. They were quickly converted to the political thinking of their Anglo-Saxon neighbors and bore an honorable part in the Revolutionary War. They and their descendants became Americans in every sense of the word.

The high tides of German immigration during the first seventy years of

the nineteenth century are marked by the political troubles in the old country — the suppression of the student societies and turnvereins in 1820, the revolution of 1832, and the more important revolution of 1848. Each of these disturbances sent its quota of political refugees to America. Driven from their native land, these enthusiasts cherished for many years the idea of founding in the new world a German state in which their aspirations for German nationalism, unity, and freedom could be realized. They severely upbraided their countrymen who had preceded them for having allowed themselves to become Americanized. As Germans they felt that they had a mission to fulfill, and that mission was nothing less than the complete Germanizing of the United States. This was to be accomplished through their intellectual superiority, and also by founding German communities and from these as centres making their influence felt throughout the country. A German university was to be established. It was at one time proposed to concentrate German immigration in Wisconsin, until through a preponderance of the population they had succeeded in replacing English with German as the language of the courts, of the legislature and of the schools. Many schemes were suggested for planting German states in the western territories. *Niles's Register* remarks in a contemporary paragraph that 'a plan is in progress in the southwest of Germany to make up a state and ship it over to America to become the twenty-fifth member of the confederacy.'

Fantastic though these schemes appear, they were seriously undertaken, and fully justified the nativistic ideas of the Know-Nothing Party of the fifties. One society alone sent twenty-five hundred immigrants into Texas for the purpose of founding another Germany.

The secession agitation and the Civil War put an end to these dreams. The German element saw their adopted country threatened with the sectionalism which had been the tragedy of the German people, and with commendable spirit they threw themselves on the side of the Union cause.

The succeeding immigration differed markedly from those that have been described. Neither religious liberty nor political freedom was the goal of the swarms which landed on our shores during the eighties and nineties. They had no spiritual interest in America, for they came hither primarily to improve their material condition. There was also this striking difference — the earlier immigrants brought with them bitter memories of German disunion and of the tyrannies of their petty princes. Pride of nationality they had, but little of state or country. Their political allegiance, and all that it implied, they were glad to cast off as a loathed garment. The later arrivals, on the other hand, came, not as refugees, but as the subjects of a united empire whose power and achievements inspired them with a conscious pride. They were prone to criticize the institutions and customs of the new country and to make invidious comparisons with what they had left behind. The better educated revived the separatist ideals of the former revolutionaries, but with the Empire, rather than the German people, as the background. To journalists, clergymen, and teachers, who depended upon a German-speaking public for their livelihood, this movement was, of course, a matter of practical interest. But there were many others who, before leaving the old country, had become obsessed with the rapidly developing ideas of Germany's imperial destiny in politics, commerce, and culture.

These ideas, too, had stimulated in

the Fatherland a greater interest in those who had migrated to other countries. In 1881 there was organized the 'Educational Alliance for the Preservation of German Culture in Foreign Lands.'¹ It sought to retain at least the spiritual and intellectual allegiance of German emigrants. 'Not a man can we spare,' — so read its declaration of principles — 'if we expect to hold our own against the one hundred and twenty-five million who already speak the English language and who have preëmpted the most desirable fields for expansion.'

A similar thought inspired the Pan-German Alliance.² 'The Germans are a race of rulers,' it declared; 'as such they must be respected everywhere in the world. We do not believe that German national development ended with the results of 1871, great and glorious though they were.' A number of branches of this society, as well as of the Navy League,³ were established in the United States.

Many of the educated class kept in touch with these movements in Germany. They began to agitate among their countrymen for the solidarity of the German element, the preservation of the German language, and the spread of German culture. Their appeals found a ready response among the recent arrivals, and even engaged the attention of the older element, who, though having no interest in Germany as a state, still cherished the memory of the Fatherland as the home of Goethe, of Schiller, of Grimms' Fairy Tales, of the philosophers and musicians. The agitators, permeated with the teachings of modern German historians, pointed to what they regarded as signs of the impending dissolution of

the British Empire; Germany was destined to overthrow the colossus with the feet of clay, and succeed it as a world-empire; German culture would be supreme, the German language the universal tongue. Anglo-Saxon civilization they both disparaged as decadent and cordially hated; Puritanism represented its most odious phase. They proclaimed that only in a political and geographical sense were they Americans — in all other respects they remained Germans; they condemned any approach to assimilation, and decried the moral of Zangwill's *Melting Pot*. Some sought to give the propaganda a patriotic guise by declaring that it was the sacred mission of the German element to guard themselves, their language, and their culture from native influences in order that as a chosen people they might save America from the decay which was destroying the vitals of everything Anglo-Saxon. A monthly magazine, *Der deutsche Vorkämpfer*, began publication as the special exponent of these ideas.

The media for the propaganda were the German newspapers, German societies, churches, and schools. There are probably six hundred periodicals in the United States printed in the German language. From 1890 on, the number has been diminishing, and the circulation has been practically stationary. It was, of course, highly important for them to maintain the interest of their subscribers in things German, especially in view of the fact that the immigration, which reached its high tide in 1882, dwindled during the nineties, and after 1900 practically ceased.

Organizations of every kind have always been a feature of German life in America. The national 'Sängerbund' was organized in 1849. The turnver-eins organized as far back as 1848 and have had a national alliance since 1850.

¹ Allgemeiner deutscher Schulverein zur Erhaltung des Deutschthums im Auslande.

² Alldeutscher Verband.

³ Flottenverein.

To-day they boast forty thousand members, and have a normal school in Indianapolis. In 1870 the association of German teachers ¹ was formed, and soon after that a training school was established in Milwaukee. In 1885 a national organization of German schools ² was started, but met with the opposition of certain elements which, while they favored the propaganda for the German language in parts of Austria and Hungary, could see no reason for such a movement in the United States.

There are associations of German veterans and reservists, many mutual aid and benefit societies, the well-known singing societies, and innumerable other organizations.

Under the influence of the new propaganda, all these societies were brought into closer touch with one another. In 1897 the German societies of Pennsylvania were organized into a state federation. Other states followed, and in 1901 the state federations were united in the National German-American Alliance.³ This achievement the Germans regard as of the greatest importance for their future. The Alliance claims to be the head and front of everything German in the United States.

The Alliance now claims to reach through its subordinate state and local federations and individual societies no less than two million German citizens. Its principal objects, as officially announced, are to increase the feeling of solidarity and unity among the German element; to oppose nativistic efforts; to remove purely educational tests as a requirement for citizenship; to combat Puritan influences, particularly prohibition and the restriction of the liquor traffic; to bring about legis-

lation making compulsory the teaching of German in certain grades of the public schools, and to revise school histories in the direction of emphasizing German influences in the national and institutional development of the United States.

Ever since its organization the Alliance has been energetically pursuing these objects. It is active in supporting the training school at Milwaukee. Prizes and medals are offered to encourage scholarship in German. Its standing committee on historical study examines textbooks to assure itself that the German cause is given proper consideration. At the recent national convention it recommended the introduction of the study of German history in the public schools 'for the reason that only with a knowledge of the history of German politics and culture could an understanding of American history be acquired.' It is made the duty of every subordinate society to see to it that its members become voters as soon as possible. 'Become citizens and exercise your right of suffrage. Accept public office and support German candidates,' was the admonition of the president of the Alliance in a recent address.

Though disclaiming partisan politics, the organization has always urged its members to vote for candidates favoring legislation on behalf of the German language and the 'liberal' view as opposed to prohibition. Several states have made the teaching of German in the grade schools obligatory upon petition of a certain number of voters.

Prohibition appears to have been the favorite bugbear of the Alliance from the beginning. It would be hard to equal the bitterness of the opposition to this movement. A 'shameful and despicable propaganda,' a 'criminal activity,' the 'work of a dark

¹ Deutschamerikanischer Lehrerbund.

² National deutschamerikanischer Schulverein.

³ Deutschamerikanischer Nationalbund.

brood,' are some of the epithets which the official *Bulletin* reports its members as using. In some way it has come to be regarded as directed especially against the German element. 'The question involves the existence of the German people in the United States, just as the existence of Germany and Austria are at stake on the battlefields of Europe,' declared the president of the Alliance recently. This hatred is due to the belief that prohibition is peculiarly representative of Puritanism; and Puritanism, to their minds, is the typical product of the Anglo-Saxon spirit.

And right here the Alliance has drawn the racial line. It was indicated by the opposition to the treaty of arbitration with England proposed by President Taft, and in the attempts to frustrate every movement looking to a better understanding with English-speaking nations — what the leaders of the Alliance have denominated 'Anglo-Saxon imperialism.' As announced in the official *Bulletin*, 'The National Alliance is waging war against Anglo-Saxonism, against the fanatical enemies of personal liberty, and political freedom; it is combating narrow-minded, benighted know-nothingism, the influence of the British, and the enslaving Puritanism which had its birth in England.' 'German, German to the core,' is the watchword proclaimed by the New York *Staatszeitung*, the most influential German daily in the United States. This newspaper denounced the Young amendment to the New York constitution, which proposed to make the ability to read and write the English language a requirement for the suffrage. 'It is a pro-British propaganda,' the *Staatszeitung* declared, 'and it will not cease with the end of the war, but will only begin at that time. It affects primarily us Americans of German blood, who, in this war also, will

be put upon our own resources. The race war which we shall be compelled to go through on American soil will be our world-war.'

III

With the outbreak of the war in Europe the separatist ideal was intensified and the activities of the Alliance multiplied. Word was sent to every locality to organize a press bureau; to be ready to send communications to the local newspapers in answer to any unfriendly criticism of Germany, and, if no retraction followed, to cancel subscriptions. A special call for this work was issued to schoolteachers and to all those who had studied in Germany. From the headquarters of the Alliance resolutions were sent to nearly every newspaper in the United States demanding that it follow a policy of impartiality in its news service and editorial columns. Finally, as these measures did not bring about a revulsion of sentiment in favor of the Fatherland, all publications friendly to the Allies were denounced as controlled by British capital or suborned by the 'reptile fund' of Downing Street. 'Read German papers only,' became the watchword. As a result, it was claimed that the circulation of many papers printed in English experienced a serious decline, while the German press prospered correspondingly.

The Anglo-Saxon rights to assemble and petition the government were availed of with frequency and ostentation. 'We have long since given up the attempt to convert the Anglo-Americans — we must now impress them with our power,' advised the *Westliche Post*. Accordingly, mass meetings were held which every loyal German was urged to attend. Forms of petitions favoring the Vollmer Resolution, which forbade the export of arms, were sent

to every society with the request that they be filled out and forwarded to members of Congress. The 'American Truth Society,' an organization inspired by the Alliance, sent questionnaires to every representative and senator for the purpose of learning his attitude on this and other questions. Those sending in unsatisfactory answers were threatened with the united opposition of the German element. 'Not as Republicans, not as Democrats, not as Progressives should we vote,' declared one of the leaders, 'but as German-Americans, as hyphenated citizens.'

To this, of course, no objection could be raised. But it was not long before partisanship developed into an abuse of these constitutional privileges. In the dark days following the *Lusitania* tragedy, when it was a matter of honor with every American to forget personal prejudices in unswerving loyalty to the country, the summons was sent from the headquarters of the Alliance to every state organization requesting it to wire the President that their members and an overwhelming majority of the citizens of their respective states were opposed to drastic measures against Germany as unjustified. In response to this mandate telegrams poured in upon a sorely harassed executive, denouncing the victims of the tragedy for having traveled on a British ship; asserting that the tragedy would not have occurred had this government put an embargo on munitions and insisted upon the right to ship provisions to the central allies; that England had purposely failed in her duty to convoy the *Lusitania* in order to invite her destruction and bring on a war with Germany; and urging that reparation be demanded of the British government.

At a mass meeting of German citizens in St. Louis resolutions were adopted, excusing the sinking on the

ground of our unneutral attitude in failing to lay an embargo on munitions. 'The American passengers were warned by the German Ambassador in the English newspapers. That warning saved the lives of hundreds of Americans, and for this Count von Bernstorff should receive the thanks of the American people.' At a mass meeting in New York, which Captains von Papen and Boy-Ed and the Turkish Consul-General attended as guests, one speaker declared that 'so long as our government permits the export of arms, so long will German-Americans refuse to ask that ships like the *Lusitania* be spared.' The degree of patriotism that inspired some of the promoters of this demonstration may be judged from the fact that one of the prominent speakers was subsequently indicted with the notorious Franz von Rintelen, for conspiracy in restraint of the foreign commerce of the United States.

When the mass of petitions failed to move the administration, it was denounced as merely the Washington branch of the English government; the Secretary of State was dubbed the messenger boy of Sir Edward Grey, and the heads of the government were contemptuously referred to as the 'ammunition brokerage firm of Wilson and Bryan.' Apparently our German friends had entirely forgotten the provisions of sections ninety-four to ninety-seven of the *Reichsstrafgesetzbuch*, which would have been promptly applied to similar conduct in the beloved Fatherland.

The denunciations which German-Americans have heaped upon the unfortunates of the *Lusitania* for their foolhardiness in risking their lives and jeopardizing the friendly relations of the United States and Germany can be aptly turned against the National Alliance itself. The April issue of the offi-

cial *Bulletin* called upon all Germans to defeat the 'starvation blockade' of England by forwarding provisions to their relatives and friends in Germany by parcel post, and gave detailed directions for such shipment. Any interference with such packages, it was advised, would constitute a *casus belli*. To excite feeling against England old disputes were revived and the long-forgotten tirades which they occasioned were reprinted and circulated. The officers of the Alliance were officious in presenting before the State Department the claims of citizens whose property had been held up by the British blockade. The German societies in the South urged the cotton-growers to insist upon their right to ship their product to Germany unless an embargo should be placed on munitions. England, they repeated again and again, had always been the tyrant of the seas, the sworn enemy of America.

A feature of the agitation has been the large number of organizations which have, apparently, sprung spontaneously into existence. Among these are the 'American Neutrality League,' which professes to favor simon-pure neutrality by opposing the export of arms; the 'American Independence Union,' which advocates a real independence of England by the observance of true neutrality; the 'American Truth Society,' which professes to have that jewel, so far as it relates to the war, in its exclusive possession; the 'Friends of Peace,' who abhor the munitions traffic on humanitarian grounds and whose convention in Chicago was promoted by the president of the New York federation of German societies; and many others. All are mere aliases for the same agencies—the same names appear in the directorates and memberships. So apparent was this fact that the president of the National Al-

liance suggested the advisability of the officers of the 'American Independence Union' resigning in favor of gentlemen whose names would not so clearly betray their German origin and partisanship. He also urged the members to form branch societies of the 'American Neutrality League,' cautioning them, however, to avail themselves, so far as possible, of Anglo-Americans for the official positions.

The American Truth Society has been the principal literary agency of the propaganda. In view of the reiterated protestations of undivided loyalty which head all petitions circulated by the German sympathizers, the pamphlet, *A German-American War*, published immediately after the Lusitania tragedy, is interesting. The author, who is the president of the society, seriously questions the loyalty of the German element in the event of a war with Germany, and goes so far as to predict a revolution which would drench the country in blood. If this is the brand of truth the society espouses, its work need not be taken seriously.

Besides these organizations there are those which are frankly German in name as well as in sympathy, such as the 'German Defense Committee,' and the 'German Information Bureau.'

Just as the German government counted upon an insurrection in Ireland, so the Alliance and the partisans of Germany in this country turned to Irish organizations for support. As far back as 1907 a working agreement was made with the Ancient Order of Hibernians; in 1910 the scope of the agreement was enlarged. Since the war the branch societies have been urged to get into touch with similar Irish organizations. Accordingly, Germans have assisted ostentatiously in the celebration of Irish holidays. In some places the enthusiasts further 'hyphenated' their citizenship by the

formation of 'German-Irish-American' organizations.

There is no question that these activities, like the discontent in Ireland, were carefully noted by agents of the German government and set down as an asset in the event of war. Several years ago the Kaiser conferred upon the president of the National German-American Alliance the Order of the Red Eagle of the fourth class — not a high honor, to be sure, but a trinket which would naturally be appreciated by any German who felt that he was only geographically and politically an American.

Bernhardi predicted that in the event of war between England and Germany the United States would gladly seize upon the opportunity to effect the conquest of Canada. A pamphlet addressed to the German element has recently made its appearance in the United States. The author proposes the following plan:—

'Many Americans are hoping for an expedition against Canada during this war; some, of course, are dubious about such a proceeding in view of the weakness of the American Army. For that reason the idea is freely advanced in the American press that recourse should be had to the five hundred thousand German reservists in the United States, who would form the backbone of an army that could immediately be pushed against the Canadian frontier. In this long frontier England has always presented the most vulnerable part of her entire colonial empire; Canada, too, presents a far greater area for friction with the United States than the West Indian Archipelago.

'But even if the German-Americans cannot persuade their countrymen of the advantages of such a proceeding against Canada, they nevertheless have the opportunity of inciting and equip-

ping the German reservists in America for an independent campaign against Canada, even though the official circles of the German element would, to appearances, have to keep aloof. Before the battle of the Falkland Islands the plan had received consideration of sending the five cruisers of Admiral Spee to Vancouver and of providing a rendezvous on this rich island for the army which was to be improvised in this manner. The *Times* gave the alarm and the British Ambassador in Washington protested to the American government against the massing of armed Germans on the Canadian border which the press described.

'Some other rendezvous than Vancouver could be selected, and, if it were not betrayed, such an expedition against Canada promises satisfactory results. Troops there are in plenty, since, according to official statistics, five hundred and fifty thousand German reservists are being detained in the United States, of whom thirty-five thousand are in New York City and fifty-three thousand in Chicago. These men are lacking neither in enthusiasm nor warlike spirit. Furthermore, the German troops would undoubtedly be received with open arms by the Germans of Canada, who, according to the census of 1911, number five hundred twenty-one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.'

These statements might be regarded as merely the vaporings of an irresponsible pamphleteer but for the fact that the volume contains an introduction bearing the name of Admiral von Knorr, of the German Navy. Then, too, the indictments recently returned against the German Consul-General at San Francisco, together with several members of his staff, for conspiracy to organize a military expedition, give the statements some degree of official endorsement.

IV

It is quite improbable that all this persistent, and oftentimes intemperate, propaganda, has gained converts for the German cause. It has, however, had one important effect — it has encouraged the amazing effrontery with which agents of the German government and German subjects in private life have prosecuted their designs in the United States. While these demonstrations were not taken seriously by native Americans, they served, nevertheless, to give to these foreigners an exaggerated idea of the strength of the pro-German sentiment. Backed by this sentiment they could defy the law and transgress diplomatic privilege. This was the natural inference which the attachés of the German embassy and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador drew from the expressions at the 'peace' meetings which followed the Lusitania tragedy. The convicted officials of the Hamburg-America line, the perpetrators of passport frauds and bomb outrages, and the paid instigators of strikes felt that their crimes were condoned by a large and influential portion of the public, and that the rest were at most indifferent.

The field seemed prepared for an active propaganda from official sources. In April, 1915, Franz von Rintelen, an agent of the German secret service, was sent to New York with a large fund for the purpose of convincing labor of the inhumanity of the munitions industry. The notorious 'Labor's National Peace Council' was promoted. To the everlasting credit of the representatives of labor be it said that they were never deceived as to the true purposes of the organization, or tempted by its campaign fund. The character of the 'labor' interested in the movement can be gauged by the personalities of those subsequently

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indicted in connection with its work. A few individuals were attracted to Washington by the promises of a junket with all expenses paid, and the group was dubbed a 'convention.' 'Part of the activities of this organization,' says District Attorney H. Snowden Marshall, 'consisted in stirring up strikes in various plants which were engaged in munition manufacture. In each case where a strike was purchased there was labor opposition to the strike.' With Von Rintelen's departure, which occurred just in time to enable him to escape the clutches of the law, and with the indictment of the other promoters, the labors of the council came to an end.

German agents next turned their attention to the organization of the 'American Embargo Conference.' With this work the German embassy was kept closely in touch. Germans were cautioned to keep in the background, in order that the movement might have, to all outward appearances, a purely American character. Nevertheless, the National Alliance is actively supporting the work, which consists chiefly in flooding members of Congress with petitions, letters, and post-cards calling for the interdiction of the traffic in munitions. The Alliance also makes frequent appeals to its members to support the *Fatherland*, a magazine whose editor, as published correspondence shows, has received payments from German agents. Many efforts have been made by them to acquire control of a newspaper or press agency for promulgating the German view in the United States.

German diplomacy failed, according to Maximilian Harden, because it proceeded on the theory that the other man was a stupid fellow. The efforts of the German agents in the United States have failed because they underestimated the intelligence of the American

people. 'Nowhere,' says Dr. Eduard Meyer, professor of history in the University of Berlin, 'has the general hostility to Germany manifested itself more surprisingly or with greater intensity than in the United States. Here at least we had flattered ourselves that we had gained a firm foothold.' The appeals to the civilized world, issued broadcast by German professors and theologians at the beginning of the war, have given place to pamphlets with such inquiring titles as 'Why do the Nations Hate us?' 'Why are we Disliked Abroad?' 'The Unfriendliness of America,' and so on. The solutions presented are in the main the same. It is the answer which the parvenu in wealth and power always flings at his critics: 'They are jealous of my success.'

Viewed in the light of history, the propaganda of those Germans who are only geographically and politically Americans is as unnatural as it is pernicious. It stands condemned by the results which would follow its adoption by other nationalities in this country. The United States would become a polyglot jumble of compact organizations in which French, Italians, Slovaks, Poles, Jews, Greeks, and every other people would strive to preserve their peculiar customs, institutions, and languages; the more virile would naturally attempt to impose their distinctive ideas of culture on all the others; racial feuds would disrupt the country and make of it a heterogeneous mass of warring factions. Under these influences an American nation would be impossible, and without an American nation the American state would succumb to disintegration.

Nor can the activity of these propagandists be defended under the ægis of a superior German culture. True culture demands neither a press agent nor a conscious propaganda. Twenty-two hundred years after Chæroneia Greek

thought still dominates the modern world. Germans are proud to assert that Lessing discovered Shakespeare before he was duly appreciated even by his own countrymen, and that to-day his dramas enjoy a greater vogue in Germany than among English-speaking peoples. This was not the result of any imperial policy, of any 'will to power,' nor was any propaganda necessary to attract Longfellow, Bancroft, and the thousands of other Americans who have studied in German universities. The influence of true German culture lies in the power of no man and of no government either to limit or to destroy. It is prized as highly by native Americans as by native Germans. But every people — and in time this will include the Germans themselves — represents the muezzin-call of the zealots of modern 'Kultur.' It makes neither for comity nor for good will. Japan has acquired more 'Kultur' than any other country, and yet no peoples entertain for each other the same degree of dislike as the Germans and the Japanese.

The separatist ideal pursued with increasing zeal during the last twenty years made the fulfillment of the mission of the German element impossible. A people that insisted upon the superiority of their own culture, disparaged the Anglo-Saxon race as decadent, put themselves in ostentatious opposition to everything which might savor of English influence, had simply fallen from their high calling. Under the influence of false leaders they became nothing more or less than the dupes of Prussian Junkerdom.

In estimating the activities of the Germans during the last eighteen months, allowance must be made for the high tension of feeling produced by the war. Nor must it be imagined that the majority of Germans in this country subscribe to the opinions put forth by the noisy propagandists. This group,

though compact and well organized, forms but a small fraction of the thirty millions of citizens of German birth or descent in this country. But it is for this majority, for the descendants of those who fought at Oriskany; of those who over the trenches of Yorktown heard the opposing commands given in

their native tongue, and finally saw the garrison march out to the music of German airs; of those who fought under Schurz and Sigel in the Civil War, to rebuke these false prophets, and to turn the aspirations of their countrymen in the direction of true American nationalism.

SHARKS OF THE AIR

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

THE sea raid, the land raid, the airship raid — this was the trio of bugaboos under the menace of which Britain, uninvaded, almost unthreatened, for a thousand years, stirred uneasily at the outbreak of the war and turned anxious eyes toward the leaden mist curtain which veiled the North Sea. Then the bulldog of the Navy, after a tentative snap or two, set its teeth in an ever-tightening stranglehold, and with the dying gasps of German sea-power the threat of the sea and land raids disappeared for good. So far as England was concerned, only the ways of the air were left open to Germany; only the menace of the Zeppelin remained.

And when weeks had lengthened to months, and summer had given way to autumn, and autumn to winter, without the threatened bombing from the sky, the name of Zeppelin ceased to have interest for the stolid Briton, now just awakening to the fact that he had a mighty task to perform beyond the seas. Continued immunity bred contempt, and even the fore-running raids of the spring of 1915 failed to stir Lon-

don from her impassive calm. By midsummer she was showing signs of being bored with the whole subject, and the sky-searching antics of the comedians in her packed music halls began to be greeted with yawns from the stalls. She was becoming impatient of her darkened streets, and captious 'Pro Bono Publicos' wrote to the papers demanding more illumination and a general return to 'Business as Usual.'

The 'authorities' still kept up a pretense of preparedness. The so-called anti-aircraft guns — really a nondescript lot of ordnance, left over after the fittest of the few available pieces had been requisitioned for use in France, on the coast or by the Navy — still had their crews of half-trained amateurs, and the golden beams of the searchlights continued to whirl and dip and curtsy in their nocturnal minuets. Buckets of water and boxes of sand stood ready for emergency use in the art galleries and museums, and on the hoardings conspicuous posters gave with meticulous particularity instructions as to how one should act if Zeppelin bombs began raining in his vicinity.

At the first sight of a hostile airship, we were told, we should repair at once to the nearest cellar, and in case a smarting sensation in the nostrils indicated the release of deleterious gas, the mouth and nose should be covered with a moist double bandage containing a layer of carbonate of soda. Some of the pharmacies displayed patent anti-gas respirators in their windows, but none would admit ever having had an inquiry for one.

'We've got a war to fight. Zepps ain't war; fergit 'em.' So a London bus conductor summed up the situation to me, and so seemed to feel the majority of his fellow townsmen of all classes.

Such, as regards Zeppelins, was the spirit of 'London and the Eastern Counties' — to use the official phrase — as the summer of 1915 waxed and began to wane. Something of how this spirit met the trying events of the months which followed, I shall try to show by a few extracts from my journal. In deference to the wishes of the British Censorship the names of several points in London have been slightly altered.

I

On Board Yacht ———

en voyage,

Wroxam Broad to Hickling Broad

August —

We sailed and poled along the river and canal yesterday, and in the afternoon moored to the bank at this point, which is but a mile or two from the North Sea. The morning papers, which we picked up as we passed through the little village of Potter Heigham, contained an official bulletin telling of a Zeppelin raid on the 'Eastern Counties' the previous night; and later in the day word was brought us that Lowestoft, the great trawlers' port about twenty miles to the southeast, had been heavily bombed. A second raid in this vicinity

seemed, therefore, anything but likely.

The afternoon closed in one of those characteristic butterfly chases of sunshine and showers so familiar to the August *voyageur* on The Broads, and, lounging at ease on deck after dinner, we had watched the twilight aeroplane patrol, stenciled in black silhouette against the glowing western clouds, pass north from Yarmouth to meet its fellow from the Cromer hangars. A half hour later the sharp staccato of its engine, rather than its blurred image against the paling afterglow, told us of its homeward flight.

It was a good two hours after the drumming of the aeroplane's engine had ceased to be heard that a strange new sound became audible, first distantly, in the puffs of the quickening night breeze, soon more imminent and with steady insistence. It was apparently the booming explosions of powerful gas engines, and presently, blending with this, could be distinguished a buzzing clackity-clack that suggested whirring propellers.

'Another aeroplane,' suggested one. 'A fleet of aeroplanes,' hazarded another. 'A dirigible threshing-machine,' opined a third. And, judging by the now almost overpowering rush of sound, the latter was nearest to the truth.

The whole universe seemed to have resolved itself into one mighty roar, and I distinctly recall that the mainsail halyard by which I steadied myself vibrated to the beat of the pulsating grind from above. For a moment — sensing rather than seeing — I was aware of a great black bulk blotting out the stars above the river, and then, stabbing the darkness like a flaming sword, the yellow flash of a searchlight leapt forth from the dusky void and ran in swift zigzags back and forth across the marshes and canals beneath. Now a herd of cows could be seen staggering

dazedly to their feet, now the startled bridge-players on the deck of the house-boat moored above were revealed, and now our own eyes blinked blindly in the yellow glare before the questing shaft darted on down the river to spotlight an eel-fisher's shanty on the dyke and the gaunt frame of a towering Dutch windmill beyond.

Now it found the sharp right-angling bend of the river, quivered there for a second or two, and then flashed out, leaving a blanker blackness behind. At almost the same instant the 'Thing of Terror' — a hurtling mass of roaring engines and clattering propellers — shot by overhead, followed by a confused wake of conflicting air-currents. It passed straight down above the middle of the river at a height of not over 300 feet, and beneath the dimly guessed bulk of it bright chinks and squares of light, broken by the shadows of moving men, plotted the lines of two under-slung cars. A Zeppelin had passed almost within a stone's throw.

The lights of the car leaped sharply upward almost as soon as the bend of the river was reached, and at the end of a couple of minutes the roar of the engines dwindled to a distant buzz and died away completely. Ten minutes passed, during which the old eel-fisher went on stringing his traps across the river and the house-boaters resumed their interrupted bridge. Then a red signal light flashed out in the heavens in the direction of Yarmouth, and at almost the same moment, clear and sharp, came the sound of furious light-artillery fire. This lasted for only a minute or two, and there was another eight- or ten-minute interval before a still more distant sound of gun-fire became faintly audible. Drowning the crack of these latest shots suddenly came the roll of a heavy boom, quickly to be followed by another, and another, and another, until a dozen or more had

sounded. Then the peaceful silence of the early evening resumed its sway.

The eel-fisher finished sinking his traps before paddling up the gangway of the yacht and venturing a casual inquiry as to whether or not we had 'chanct to see the Zepp.' 'Her do this onct befor,' he chirruped. 'Er gets bearin's from 'e' riv'r an' then 'eds off fu No'ich o' Ya'muth. I be thinkin' if 'er knowed this grouse moor b'longed tu Ser Edderd Grey, 'er'd a bombed it good as 'er goed by.'

This morning the London papers have the bulletin of still another raid on the 'Eastern Counties,' with a good many casualties; also an account of how a Zeppelin was brought down in the North Sea and destroyed by aeroplanes from Nieuport.

II

LONDON, *September* —

Yesterday's papers had the usual account of an air raid on the 'Eastern Counties,' and during the day word was passed round that this had consisted of an attempt to bomb the Woolwich Arsenal. This morning they have finally had to add 'and London' to the regular formula, as last night, for the first time, bombs were dropped upon the heart of the city and seven million people watched the whole performance. It was the nearest thing to their promised 'big raid' that the Germans have yet brought off, and to-day London — in the defense of the metropolitan area of which guns were fired for the first time in many hundreds of years — appears to have declared a sort of informal half-holiday to note the consequences.

To Londoners, a Zeppelin raid appears to be a good deal like the paradoxical 'man-sitting-on-the-pin' joke — it is funniest to those who miss the point. To the ones in the swath of the

raid, like the one who sits on the pin, it is anything but a laughing matter. 'But the swath of the raid is so narrow, London so broad; the killed so few, Londoners so many. If this is the worst the Huns can do, on with "Business as Usual!"' There is no denying that this epitomizes the spirit of London—even as it mourns its dead—on the morrow of the first great air raid of history. For myself, I must admit that I was rather too near the point of the pin, and have since seen rather too many of the 'pin-pricks,' to be able to look at the diversion from quite the standpoint of the great majority.

Last night was clear, calm, and moonless—ideal Zeppelin conditions—and walking down from my hotel to the Coliseum at eight o'clock, I noticed that the searchlights were turning the dome of the sky into one great kaleidoscope with their weaving bands of brightness. The warming-up drill was over as I entered the music hall, and, returning home at the end of the 'top-liner's' act, I picked my precarious way by the light of the stars and the diffused halos of what had once been street lamps. I was in bed by a quarter to eleven, and it was but a few moments later that the distant but unmistakable boom of a bomb smote upon my unpillowed ear. I was at my east-facing window with a jump, and an instant later the opaque curtain of the night was being slashed to ribbons by the awakening searchlights.

For a minute or two, all of them seemed to be reeling blind and large across the empty heavens, and then, guided by the nearing explosions, one after another they veered off to the east and focused in a great cone of light where two or three slender slivers of vivid brightness were gliding nearer above the dim bulks of the domes and spires of the 'City.'

Swiftly, undeviatingly, relentlessly,

these little pale yellow dabs came on, carrying with them, as by a sort of magnetic attraction, the tip of the cone formed by the converged beams of the searchlights. Nearer and louder sounded the detonations of the bombs. Now they burst in salvos of threes and fours; now singly at intervals, but with never more than a few seconds between. Always a splash of lurid light preceded the sound of the explosion, in most instances to be followed by the quick leap of flames against the skyline. Many of these fires died away quickly,—sometimes through lack of fuel, as in a stone-paved court; more often through being subdued by the firemen, scores of whose engines could be heard clanging through the streets,—others waxed bright and spread until the yellow shafts of the searchlights paled against the heightening glow of the eastern heavens.

The wooden clackity-clack of the raiders' propellers came to my ears at about the same moment that the sparkling trail of the fuse of an incendiary bomb against the loom of a familiar spire roughly located the van of the attack as now about half a mile distant. After that, things happened so fast that my recollections, though photographically vivid, are somewhat disconnected. My last 'calmly calculative' act was to measure one of the oncoming airships—then at about twenty-five degrees from directly overhead—between the thumb and forefinger of my outstretched right hand, these, extended to their utmost, framing the considerably foreshortened gas-bag with about a half inch to spare.

Up to this moment, the almost undeviating line of flight pursued by the approaching Zeppelins appeared as likely to carry them on one side of my coign of vantage as the other; that is to say, they *seemed* not unlikely to be going to pass directly overhead. It was at this juncture, not unnaturally, that it oc-

curred to me that the basement — for the next minute or two at least — would be vastly preferable, for any but observation purposes, to my top-floor window. Before I could translate this discretionary impulse into action, however, a small but brilliant light winked twice or thrice from below the leading airship, and a point or two of change was made in the course, with the possible purpose (it has since occurred to me) of swinging across the great group of conjoined railway termini a half mile or so to the north. This meant that the swath of the bombs would be cut at least a hundred yards to the northeast, and, impelled by the fascination of the unfolding spectacle, I remained at my window.

During the next half minute the bombs fell singly at three- or four-second intervals. Then the blinking light flashed out under the leader again, — probably the order for ‘rapid fire,’ — and immediately afterwards a number of sputtering fire-trails — not unlike the wakes of meteors — lengthened downward from beneath each of the two airships. (I might explain that I did not see more than two Zeppelins at any one time, though some have claimed to have seen three.)

Immediately following the release of the bombs, the lines of fire streamed in a forward curve, but from about halfway down their fall was almost perpendicular. As they neared the earth, the hiss of cloven air — similar to but not so high-keyed as the shriek of a shell — became audible, and a second or two later, the flash of the explosion and the rolling boom were practically simultaneous.

Between eight and a dozen bombs fell in a length of five blocks, and at a distance of from one to three hundred yards from my window, the echoes of one explosion mingling with the burst of the next. Broken glass tinkled down

to the left and right, and a fragment of slate from the roof shattered upon my balcony. But the most remarkable phenomenon was the rush of air from, or rather to, the explosion. With each detonation I leaned forward instinctively and braced myself for a blow on the chest, and lo — it descended upon my back. The same mysterious force burst inward my half-latched door, and all down one side of the square curtains were streaming outward from open or broken windows. (I did not sit down and ponder the question at the moment, but the phenomenon is readily explained by the fact that, because the force of the explosives used in Zeppelin bombs is invariably exerted upwards, the air from the lower level is drawn in to fill the vacuum thus created. This also accounts for the fact that all of the window glass shattered by the raiders has fallen on the sidewalks instead of inside the rooms.)

Tremendous as was the spectacle of the long line of fires extending out of eyescope to the City and beyond, there is no denying that the dominating feature of the climax of the raid was the Zeppelins themselves. Emboldened, perhaps, by the absence of gun-fire, these had slowed down for their parting salvo so as to be almost ‘hovering’ when the bombs were dropped opposite my vantage point. Brilliantly illuminated by the searchlights, whose beams wove about below them like the ribbons in a Maypole dance, the clean lines of their gaunt frameworks stood out like bas-reliefs in yellow wax. Every now and then one of them would lurch violently upward, — probably at the release of a heavy bomb, — but, controlled by rudders and planes, the movement had much of the easy power of the dart of a great fish. Indeed, there was strong suggestion of something strangely familiar in the lithe grace of those sleek yellow bodies, in the swift

swayings and rightings, in the powerful guiding movements of those hinged 'tails,' and all at once the picture of a gaunt 'man-eater' nosing his terribly purposeful way below the keel of a South-Sea pearler flashed to my mind, and the words 'Sharks! Sharks of the air!' leaped to my lips.

While the marauders still floated with bare steerage-way in flaunting disdain, the inexplicably delayed firing order to the guns was flashed around, and — like a pack of dogs baying the moon, and with scarcely more effect — London's 'air defense' came into action. Everything, from machine guns to three- and four-inchers, — not one in the lot built for anti-aircraft work, — belched forth the best it had. Up went the bullets and shrapnel, and down they came again, down on the roofs and streets of London. Far, far below the contemptuous airships the little stars of bursting shrapnel spat forth their steel bullets in spiteful impotence, and back they rained on the tiles and cobbles.

Suddenly a gruffer growl burst forth from the yelping pack, as the gunners of some hitherto unleashed piece of ordnance received orders to join the attack. At the first shot a star-burst pricked the night in the rear of the second airship, and well on a line with it; a second exploded fairly above it; and then — all at once I was conscious that the searchlights were playing on a swelling cloud of white mist which was trailing away into the northeast. The Zeppelin had evidently taken a leaf from the book of the squid.

The tinkle of shrapnel bullets on the roof sent me down at this juncture to join the gathering of my fellow guests on the ground floor, where, on the manager's calling attention to the fact that my knees were shaking from the cold, I was glad to avail myself of the loan of his overcoat. I was not unappreciative

of his delicacy in attributing the undeniable shiver in my frame to the cold, and I have not yet entirely made up my mind just to what extent the chill night air, standing in a twisted and cramped position in order to look up, and sheer funk shared the responsibility for it.

I have been under shell-fire on several occasions, and I confess quite frankly that I never before felt anywhere near so 'panicky' as during that long half minute in which the airships appeared certain to pass directly overhead. The explanation of this, it seems to me, may be found in the fact that, in the trenches or in a fort which is under fire, one is among cool, determined, and often callous men who are meeting the expected as a part of the day's work, while in a Zeppelin raid one is more or less unconsciously affected by the unexpectedness of it, and by the very natural terror of the unhardened non-combatants. At any rate, to say that there was not a very contagious brand of terror 'in the air' in the immediate vicinity of the swath of last night's raid would be to say something that was not true of my own neighborhood.

As soon as the firing ceased I slipped into my street clothes and hurried out, reaching the 'Square' perhaps ten minutes after the last bomb had fallen. That terror still brooded was evident from the white, anxious faces at street doors and basement gratings, but a mounting spirit was recorded in the gratuitous advice shouted out by the 'Boots' at a hotel entrance to a portly and not un-Teutonic-looking gentleman who went puffing under a street light.

'No use hurryin', mister,' chirped the young irrepressible. 'Last Zepp fer Berlin's jus' pulled out.'

At the end of a block my feet were crunching glass at every step, and a few moments later I was in the direct track of the raid. By a strange chance — it

is impossible that it could have happened by intent — that last fierce rain of bombs had descended upon the one part of London where the hospitals stand thicker than in any other; and yet, while every one of these was windowless and scarred from explosions in streets and adjacent squares, not one appeared to have been hit. One large building devoted entirely to nervous disorders was a bedlam of hysteria, and the nurses are said to have had a terrible time in getting their patients in hand. From another, given over to infantile paralysis, hip-disease, and other ailments of children, came a pitiful chorus of wails in baby treble. The other hospitals, including one or two foreign ones, appeared to be proceeding quietly with their share of the work of succor, receiving and caring for the victims as fast as they could be hurried in.

The fires, except for a couple of wide glows in the direction of the City and a gay geyser of flame from a broken gas main in the next block, had disappeared as by magic, and most of the places where bombs had dropped in this vicinity could be located only by the little knots of people before the barred doors, or by following a line of hose from an engine.

Except for an occasional covered stretcher being borne out to a waiting ambulance, the killed and maimed were little in evidence; and but for a chance encounter with a friend who was doing some sort of volunteer surgical work, I should have failed entirely to have an intimate glimpse of the grimmer side of the raid. I jostled him at a barrier where the crowd was being held back from a bombed tenement, and he pressed me into service forthwith.

‘They are trying to uncover some kiddies on the second floor. Four of them — all in one room,’ he explained. ‘Two floors above smashed in on them.

Everybody fagged out, and I’m after some brandy to buck ’em up. You’re fresh. Take this armlet and tell the police at the door I sent you.’

The little lettered khaki band passed me by the police cordon, and I found myself in the lantern-lighted hallway of a rickety brick building such as they erected as tenements in London thirty or forty years ago. Two blanket-covered bodies lay on the floor waiting to be removed to the morgue, and a third, hideously mangled but still breathing, was being hastily bandaged by a doctor before sending on to the hospital. A dozen children were crying in a room which opened off the hall, and there, too, a hysterical woman in a nightgown, her face and hands streaming blood, was being restrained by a couple of uniformed police-women from rushing up the sagging stairway.

A fireman who had collapsed on the floor gave me his axe, and a special constable with a lantern guided me up the quaking stairs to a little back flat, where several men, distinguished by armlets as some kind of volunteers, were hacking away at the pile of débris which filled most of one of the rooms. Four children had been sleeping in that room, explained the policeman, and one of them had been heard whimpering a while back. There was no light but a lantern and a flash torch, he added, and every one was dead played out; but just the same, they were going to stick to it as long as there was a chance that the ‘nipper’ was alive.

This must have been somewhere around midnight, and it was by the first light of dawn leaking in through the shattered beams and rafters that we reached the last of the little bruised bodies buried under the débris. The ghastly interval between was in many respects the most trying I have ever experienced. Somebody’s strength, or nerves, or courage was giving way

every few minutes, and there was one dreadful quarter hour during which we all had to knock off and help hold down the now stark-mad mother who had somehow escaped from the room below. For our reward we found that the youngest child was breathing, and might continue to do so, according to the doctor, for several hours. Its two brothers and its sister had mercifully been killed outright in the first crash.

Same day, 7.30 P.M.

I wrote the foregoing after a couple of hours of sleep; then went out and spent the rest of the day back-tracking the raiders. As the swath was largely cut through the tenement and slum districts of the East End, the property damage was not great, but, for the same reason, the loss of life must have been considerable. Pathetic little funerals — the kind one sees advertised on posters of enterprising Shoreditch and White-chapel undertakers as costing two pounds, ten shillings, with hearse and two carriages, with an extra carriage added for an even three pounds — were to be seen here and there; but withal there was a remarkable absence of 'hate' observable in the crowds that thronged from far and near to view the work of the nocturnal visitors from beyond the North Sea.

It is, indeed, well said that the Briton is a poor hater, and almost the only evidence that I could see of his being stirred by the events of last night was in the heightened activity of recruiting. The astute authorities, quick to see the advantage of taking the tide at flood, kept speakers — both civilians and soldiers — all day at the barriers where the crowds were held back in the vicinities of the points bombed, and many hitherto wavering volunteers were gathered in as a consequence. Here and there threatening crowds gathered in front of bakeries and butcher shops

which bore German names; but their leaders were half-tipsy cockney dames whom the ever imperturbable 'Bobbies' had no trouble in hustling on out of the way. No, stubborn fighter that he is, the Briton is only the most indifferent of haters.

III

From the time of the big raid, in early September, until the second week in October there was not a single night on which the moon, wind, clouds, or some combination of meteorological conditions was not unfavorable to Zeppelin action, and it was not until this date that they tried to come again. Although rather nearer than before to two or three of the explosions, I had no such opportunity to view the progress of the raid as on the previous occasion, and this latest bombing is, perhaps, most memorable to me as having served to shake the monumental calm of two of the most famous and impressive of all London's institutions, the 'Bobby' and the Frivolity chorus girl. I turn again to my journal.

LONDON, October —

I was at the Frivolity last night with my friend Captain J—— of the Royal Artillery, home from France on a week's leave, to see an oculist. About nine-thirty, the nearing boom of heavy explosions heralded another Zeppelin attack. I started for the door at once, but J——, an old Londoner, pulled me down into my stall by the coat-tail, dryly observing that, right before us under the Frivolity footlights, there was transpiring an infinitely more epochal event than anything that could possibly be seen outside.

'We have had other Zeppelin raids,' he shouted close to my ear, to make himself heard above the uneasy bustle which filled the theatre as the bombs

boomed more imminent, 'but never before in history has man beheld the Frivolity chorus shaken from its traditional languor. But now look! They faint to left and right, and I'm jolly certain that M—— does n't get her cue to embrace G—— until the next act. 'Pon my word, I never expected to live to see the waters of this fount of brides for the British peerage so disturbed.' J——'s voice trailed off into wondering speechlessness.

'Boom!' This time it was close at hand, and the rattle of falling débris could be heard above the discordant wail of the mechanically laboring orchestra. Utterly unable to sit still any longer, I shook off J——'s restraining arm and reached a side exit just as two bombs fell, in quick succession, a hundred yards up the Avenue. Again I was conscious of those strange rushes of air from the 'wrong' direction which I had experienced during the previous raid. The panes of the upper windows shattered to bits, but the fragments, striking the reinforced glass of the marquise, were robbed of their force before they had caromed to the sidewalk.

On both sides of the Avenue glass was falling in countless tons, — in one great corner building alone, 25,000 pounds of plate glass are estimated to have been shattered, — and there is no doubt that many were killed and injured by being caught under the vitreous avalanche.

Almost immediately, three or four more bombs fell beyond the Avenue, there was another crescendo of falling glass, and then a lone Zeppelin — apparently at the end of its ammunition — headed up and off to the northeast pursued by a single searchlight beam and a scattering gun-fire.

The Frivolity chorus, having been soothed and revived, resumed its wonted demeanor and took up the dropped thread of the performance, and J——,

no longer held a fascinated captor by the wonder of its lapse, joined me on the sidewalk to see what had been happening outside. It is a remarkable fact that the great majority of the audience, many of whom had not stirred from their seats, elected to remain and see the show out. From the three theatres opposite, however, one of which had been struck, considerable numbers were pouring forth. But not in all the now dense crowd in the Avenue were there the symptoms of a panic.

As we stepped from the curb, something tinkled against my foot. Picking it up, it turned out to be a still warm piece of torn steel which J—— identified at once as a fragment of the casing of an incendiary bomb. It was not over an eighth of an inch thick, but of such superlative quality that it rang like a silver bell even to the tap of a fingernail. A far more murderous fragment of shivered metal, which J—— kicked into a few minutes later, was a piece of shrapnel casing, and there is no doubt that the casualties from anti-aircraft-gun projectiles are very considerable.

The police and fire department work was even more remarkable than in the September raid. Not a single tell-tale glow marked the path by which the Zeppelin had come, and the only fire in our immediate vicinity was the spout from another sundered gas main. Barriers already shut off the crowds from the points where the worst damage had been done, and the work of removing the dead and wounded was being carried on quietly and expeditiously.

A bomb falling in the Avenue, midway between a motor bus and a taxi, had taken a heavy toll of the passengers of both, while the two vehicles, still standing upright, had been flattened until their appearance was not unlike that of their respective 'property' prototypes occasionally employed to give perspective to the stage-setting of a

street. A dozen or more dead and wounded lay in a row in front of a gin palace which had collapsed under a bomb; but, as far as we could see or learn, there had been little if any loss of life in the historic old theatre which had been struck.

A sinister coincidence had landed one bomb on a temporary wooden building occupied as Belgian Refugee headquarters. Miraculously, however, although the rickety frame was blown quite out of shape, no fire was started among the small mountains of highly inflammable baggage on which the bomb exploded.

'The 'Uns ain't satisfied with wot they did to 'em in Belg'um,' snorted an indignant coster, viewing the wreck; 'the baby-killers 'ad to follow 'em to Lunnun.' This was, I believe, about the nearest thing to 'hate' that I heard expressed during the several hours we mingled with the crowds on the streets.

Faring on down the 'bomb-track' into that historic section of Old London which lies to the east of the Avenue, we came upon an apparition quite as astounding to me as the spectacle of the 'panicky' Frivolity girls had been to J—. It was nothing less than a London police constable, hatless, breathless, and so little master of himself that he was unable to respond with the customary 'First to theright, second to the left, and so on' formula when we asked him the way to the B— Court, where we had heard there had been heavy damage. Slamming down on the pavement a heavy burden which he carried by a loop of wire, he began jabbering something to the effect that the 'bloomin' pill' came down 'arf a rod' from where he stood, and that orders called for the instant fetching of all 'evidences' to the nearest station. I switched on my electric-torch, — every body here has carried them since the streets were darkened, — to recoil be-

fore the sight of the pear-shaped cone of dented steel toppled over on the cobles at my feet.

'Good heavens, man, you've got an unexploded bomb!' I gasped, backing against the wall. 'What do you mean by slamming it around in that way?'

'If she did n't go off after fallin' from the sky, I fancy she can stand a drop of a few inches,' was the reply. 'It is n't 'avin' 'er 'ere, sir, that gets my nerves. They went to pieces when she came down and bounced along the pavement in front of where I stood.'

'Perhaps she has a time fuse, set to go off when she gets a crowd around her,' said the irrepressible J— by way of encouragement. 'The Huns are adepts at just such forms of subtlety. Better leave her alone for a spell.'

Shaking in every limb, but still resolved to carry out 'orders' to the last, the doughty chap slipped his bleeding fingers through the wire loop and trudged off on his way to the station, staggering under the weight of half a hundred pounds of 'T.N.T.'¹ That he reached there without mishap is evidenced by a flashlight in one of the 'penny pictorials' this morning showing both him and his booty at the wicket of the B— Street Police Station.

Two or three times during the next couple of hours searchlights flashed out to the east and south, and the blink of shrapnel bursting under barely defined patches of pale yellow indicated that the raid was an ambitious one, participated in by many airships. The heart of the city, however, was not reached again. I have it on good authority this morning that a number of bombs were exploded on the works at Woolwich, but even if true, this only goes to show that Britain's great arsenal, if not less, is at least not more vulnerable than the non-military areas.

If possible, London took this latest

¹ Trinitrotoluol.

raid even more calmly than the previous one, and the level-headed practicality of the remark of the bus conductor I have quoted — 'We've got a war to fight. Zepps ain't war; fergit 'em!' — may be taken as fairly representing the frame of mind in which the metropolis awaits the really frightful visitation that Germany has promised.

For three months following the October visitation there were no further air raids on England, and it was known that this immunity was due to one or more of four things: the strengthening of Britain's anti-aircraft defenses, unfavorable weather, the efficacy of the Allies' reprisals on South German cities, or a dawning realization on the part of Germany that the maximum physical damage which can possibly be inflicted on Great Britain by air raids can never be more than an insignificant fraction of the damage done to the Teutonic

cause as a consequence of resorting to this form of terrorism.

As weeks lengthened to months without an attack — even though incessant reports from a score of sources told of feverish Zeppelin construction in all parts of the Kaiser's dominions — there awakened a hope in the breasts of Germany's enemies and her friends that the humanitarian consideration had been the moving one. This hope was rudely crushed by the mid-January aeroplane raid — evidently a scouting reconnaissance — upon Kent, and the renewed Zeppelin attacks on Paris and the Midland counties. Subject only to the weather, then, and to such defensive measures as may be taken in France and England, we now know that this least warranted and most cruel of all forms of Teutonic 'frightfulness' may be expected to continue until the end of the war.

MEISSNER PASHA ON THE EGYPTIAN ADVENTURE

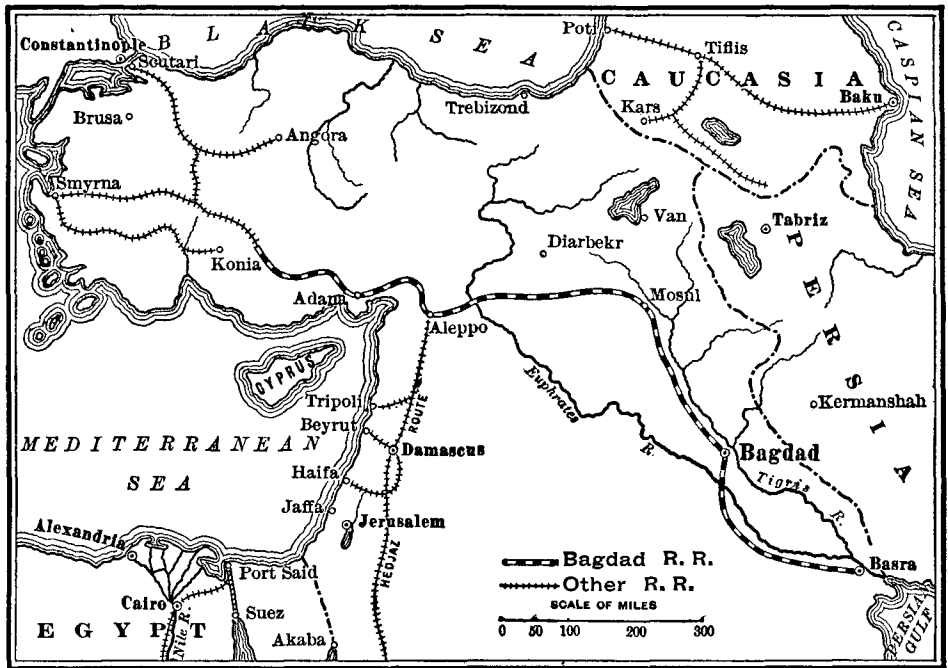
BY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT

I

It has been well said, in summing up the development of colonial railways throughout the world, that the Briton has built his lines to help him carry 'The White Man's Burden,' while most of the German lines were constructed to help shift 'The White Man's Burden' back upon the shoulders of the black. This same diversity of spirit has been observable in many phases of British and Teutonic colonial endeavor in all parts of the world. The one represents

what has been called the 'humanitarian school,' the other the 'repressive'; and the results — British success and German failure — are pretty well commensurate with their respective deserts.

Germany 'bludgeoned' and blundered in China, Polynesia, and on both coasts of Africa, and the place where she 'bludgeoned' the least happens to be the only one in which she was able to get a really comprehensive constructive programme well under way. This was in Asiatic Turkey, and possibly some explanation of Teutonic success



ASIA MINOR, ILLUSTRATING THE POSSIBILITIES OF A TEUTONIC ATTACK ON THE SUEZ CANAL

there is found in the fact that Asiatic Turkey was not a German colony, and Germany therefore did not, up to the outbreak of the war, have a sufficiently free hand to warrant swinging the bludgeon in quite the same way as where the standard of the double-headed eagle was already planted. Now that the Kaiser has been supreme for a year over a considerable portion of this region there is ample evidence that the old repressive policy has begun to act automatically in alienating the peoples to whom it is applied. However that may be, it is also true that a very potent factor in gaining for Germany the strong position which there is no denying that she held in the several years immediately preceding the war, was Meissner Pasha, the railway-builder.

Meissner, who is but a few years older than the Kaiser, went out to Turkey as a young engineer shortly before Wilhelm ascended the throne, and has

made one portion or another of the Ottoman Empire his special field of endeavor ever since. As Germany's 'Eastward Ho!' policy was a nebulous hope rather than a definite plan, up to the beginning of the present century, the first decade or so of his work in Turkey was as unselfish in character as were the labors of those distinguished Britons who have built the railways of Argentina and Peru or reformed the customs of China. During this period the foundation of the present railway system was laid in what was then Turkey in Europe, and considerable construction was also carried on in Asia Minor. How much of Meissner's work of the last fifteen years has been in direct furtherance of the Kaiser's far-reaching Eastern ambitions, it would be very difficult to say; probably, indeed, he has little idea himself. But however much he has been made a pawn in the game of *Realpolitik*, I am

confident that there are very few who have followed his work of the last thirty years who will not grant that the mainspring of his personal efforts was a deep and sincere affection for Turkey and the Turkish people. The type is a common one in the last century of British history, but Meissner is the only German I have ever met worthy of inclusion with the elect.

'Meissner's looks and accent are Teutonic,' an American missionary of Basra said to me in 1912, 'but his humanity is distinctly Anglo-Saxon. He has enough heart to qualify for an Indian civil servant — a mighty rare thing in a German — and there is no question of the sincerity of his devotion to the Turks.'

There was no doubt of the sinister activities of the great majority of the Germans whom one met in all parts of Asiatic Turkey in 1912-13, whether they professed to be archæologists, engineers, officials, or masked their missions behind cloaks of inconsequent bluster or disdainful reserve. Yet meeting Meissner Pasha among all of these, I nevertheless formed an opinion of him very similar to that quoted above, and I distinctly recall bracketing him — in an article which I wrote, in 1913, for *Indian Eastern Engineering* of Calcutta — with Sir William Willcocks as one of the 'Restorers of the Garden of Eden'; this, of course, on the assumption that railways were quite as essential as dams and canals to Mesopotamian reclamation. Doubtless he, like all the rest of his countrymen, was entirely cognizant of, and committed to, the 'Deutschland über Alles' programme; but in his case at least, I am sure, this was leavened with a strong desire to be also of service to Turkey. Whether or not he had an ulterior motive, it is undeniable that, as Chief Engineer of the Hedjaz and Bagdad railways, he played — and is still playing

— a highly important part in the extension of Germanic influence over Asiatic Turkey; and for this reason, if for no other, some of his observations regarding the possibilities and limitations of these lines, in the event of Germany's ever trying to 'consolidate' her position beyond the Mediterranean, should be of especial interest at this time, when such an attempt seems about to be launched. I am setting down no statement that I have any reason to believe was made to me in confidence, nor yet anything that Herr Meissner could have especial grounds for desiring to withhold from publicity, either now or in the future.

II

My most extended conversation with Herr Meissner took place during a tour I made in his company over the Bagdad-Samara section of the Bagdad Railway, — work upon the southern end of which was just getting under way, — and a political turn was given to our talk, if I remember correctly, by my inquiring why, when it was apparent to every one that the descent of Italy on Tripoli meant the almost inevitable defection of the former from the Triple Alliance, all the German officers I had met in Bagdad appeared to be so well pleased with the course events had taken.

'I think you will find,' said Herr Meissner, raising himself on his elbow to ease the jolting of the *arabanah* by which we were traveling, 'that they are pleased because, while it is fairly certain that Italy has been lost to the Alliance, there is no possible doubt that Turkey has been gained.'

'Then you believe that Turkey is more powerful than Italy?' I asked incredulously.

'Not *I* necessarily,' he corrected, 'but *they* — the German officers. They

believe that Turkey is, not more powerful than Italy, perhaps, but far more useful to Germany, especially in certain contingencies. As for myself, I heartily regret anything that might make war more likely, for my own country in the first place, and, in the second place, for Turkey — especially Asiatic Turkey — which I have spent the best part of my life trying to build up.'

'You mean that Germany believes she could strike a successful blow at Egypt and the Suez Canal through Palestine?' I queried in surprise.

'I mean that a certain section of German military opinion holds such a thing possible, and that, also, command of — or shall I say coöperation with? — Turkey, might exert potent influence on events in the Middle as well as the Near East.'

'You mean — India?' I asked with dawning comprehension.

Herr Meissner neither spoke nor even nodded; but his smile was palpably confirmative.

'Germany, even with Turkey, could not threaten India across these endless miles of deserts, in a hundred years,' I protested. 'Russia, incomparably better situated geographically and strategically, and with an age-long thirst for warm water, has shrunk from the task for half a century.'

'Possibly you are correct,' was the reply. 'But our militarists probably tell each other (though they would hardly tell you) that, with the Bagdad Railway all the way to the Persian Gulf, with two or three branches to the Persian border and beyond, and with the not invulnerable Russo-Perso-Indian Railway through to Baluchistan and Karachi, things might eventuate which would enable them to turn these deserts and their peoples to good account. Also, they doubtless tell each other that the Egyptian adventure would be con-

summated first, and that the success of this could not fail to have a great influence on India.'

A blue print map of Asiatic Turkey and the route of the Bagdad Railway was spread out across our knees, and suddenly there leaped to my mind what I felt sure was the correct explanation of that long *détour* of the railway to Mosul, on the Tigris, concerning which I had heard so much puzzled speculation in India.

'Your Excellency has, I think, furnished me with a clue as to why the Bagdad Railway is being built three or four hundred miles out of its way, through the sterile north Mesopotamian region and down the almost desert right bank of the Tigris, when it could have followed the direct route along the old caravan road by the Euphrates, where it would have been in a potentially fruitful country all the way to the Persian Gulf,' I hazarded boldly. 'Was it not because this more roundabout route flanks Armenia on the south and parallels the Persian frontier for four hundred miles on the west, while Mosul, situated at the hub occupied by old Nineveh, is an ideal point of departure for the penetration — either peaceful or warlike — of Northern Persia?'

Again Herr Meissner confirmed my conjecture with a smile though not with words.

Since the 'Egyptian adventure' had been hinted to be held as a condition precedent to the threatening of India, I now began to grope for light in that direction.

'But surely Your Excellency does not believe it possible to push a sufficient force across the Egyptian frontier to create more than a temporary diversion at the Suez Canal,' I said. 'The Turks would never be equal to organizing an adequate army, to say nothing of the task of transporting it across the great stretches of desert be-

tween the Hedjaz Railway and the Canal.'

'True,' admitted Herr Meissner, 'but the organization would hardly be left in Turkish hands. As for transportation — as the builder of the Hedjaz Railway, the problems in that connection would doubtless be turned over to me. I should probably be called to look after the task in person if I were still active in Turkey, and at least in an advisory capacity if I had been superannuated home.'

'And do you think the thing could be done? Would you welcome the task?' I asked.

'It would hardly be proper for me to state my views on the transportation problems,' he replied, 'but I may say that certain influential German strategists believe that the Suez Canal could be cut and held if sufficient strength could be concentrated for the attack. Just to what extent they would count on favoring diversions elsewhere I cannot say. As to whether or not I would welcome the task, let me register a most emphatic negative. Its success — let us say the cutting of the Canal and the conquest of the Nile Delta — would bring a series of events in its train that could do no good and might result in much harm to Turkey; while its failure would mean the end of her as a nation — perhaps actual dismemberment. How great a blow such an event would mean to me I will hardly need tell you. My thirty years of work in this country have made me almost as much of a Turk as I am a German.'

In reply to further questions Herr Meissner stated plainly that anything in the way of a 'surprise' attack on the Canal could be nothing more than a raid, which might or might not inflict some damage before retiring. A real attack would involve many months of preparation, including not only the laying of light railways across the de-

sert, but the practical reconstruction — preferably a double-tracking — of the Hedjaz line to Damascus, the French-built railway from Damascus to Aleppo *via* Rayak, and the main trunk of the Bagdad Railway from Aleppo through Asia Minor to the Bosphorus. The completion of the tunnels on the Bagdad Railway through the Taurus and Amanus mountains would, he considered, be an absolute *sine qua non* to the success of such an expedition as that under discussion.

'Ten years from now a force operating from the north and east against Suez might be fed from Mesopotamia, but it is certain that the reclamation of that region will not have gone far enough in less than a decade to make it a considerable exporter of food. As it will be for the next ten years, then, with the enemy in front, deserts to the south and east, and Palestine and Syria hardly able to feed their own populations, an army moving on Suez would have to be fed from Asia Minor and munitioned from Europe. For that very considerable task an unbroken double track all the way from Scutari, opposite Constantinople, to near the Palestine frontier would seem to be almost imperative. As you have doubtless observed, railway construction in Turkey is beset with more difficulties and fraught with more delays than in any other country in the world. The throwing down of two, or even four, tracks of light railway to and across the Egyptian frontier would be no prohibitive task at any time, — the country is hardly so forbidding as that stretch of the Sudan across which Kitchener laid track at the rate of a mile or two a day when he tried to relieve Gordon at Khartum, — but the providing of really adequate communications with the Bosphorus might well be a matter of years. I should greatly deplore, for reasons I have already stated, the under-

taking of this operation at all; but if it has to come, I should at least hope that it may not be inside of five years, or, better still, ten.'

To my inquiry as to whether or not he meant to imply that an operation against Suez undertaken inside of five years—say, previous to 1917—would be foredoomed to failure, Herr Meissner was noncommittal, but to a somewhat less pointed question he vouchsafed a qualified answer.

'Supposing,' I said, 'that five or ten years had gone by, and that the adequate railway communications which you have stipulated had been established in the interim, and that only three or four months of light-railway construction at high speed were necessary to throw an attacking army upon Egypt, would not those three or four months—considering the central position of Suez—always be sufficient for the massing of overwhelming forces—English, Indian, Egyptian, and Australian—at that point for its protection?'

'Frankly, I am not competent to express an opinion,' replied Meissner; 'but'—after a moment's hesitation—'I think our strategists—though they discount help from Egypt, India, and Australia—would reckon on being faced by superior numbers and base their expectations of success on superiority of organization, personnel and *matériel*; and they might hint at "diversions" among the Mohammedans of North Africa and the Middle East.'

The foregoing sums up, so far as my notes and memory go, the main points of Meissner Pasha's observations—as expressed in the course of our meetings of 1912—regarding the rôle likely to be played by the Hedjaz and connecting railways in the event of a Turko-German attack upon Egypt. Worth pondering over, however, by those who have taken it for granted that Ger-

many's establishment of unbroken communications with Constantinople means anything like a breaking of the Allies' blockade through the opening up to her of the mineral and agricultural wealth of Asiatic Turkey, is this remark of Meissner's regarding the resources of the region in question:—

'There has been far too much of a tendency in Germany and England to look upon this part of the Ottoman Empire as a great storehouse, the wealth of which would become available to the world immediately the doors were unlocked by means of railways. This is a most erroneous impression. The wealth is here, but it is potential, not existent, wealth, and will only be won at the end of many years of patient preparation. Mesopotamia may be shipping a few foodstuffs five years from now, but I do not look to see the oil of Hitt, or the copper of Diarbekir, figuring in world returns before 1920.'

These facts are, of course, known to any one who is familiar with the vast voids of the interior of Turkey-in-Asia, but they seem very little appreciated by people in general. As a matter of fact, the Central Empires will gain nothing whatever of use to them from Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, and Palestine, and from Asia Minor they will secure only an almost negligible food-supply and an even less considerable amount of short-staple cotton.

III

I left lower Mesopotamia in the spring of 1912, and made my way to Mosul and Aleppo over the route of the Bagdad Railway, stopping not infrequently at the camps of the engineers along the way. From Aleppo I went to Damascus and Beirut, and spent the following two months in Palestine and Arabia, not a little of the time along the route of the Hedjaz Railway. Re-

turning to Aleppo in the autumn, I encountered Meissner Pasha — who had come up the Euphrates by *arabanah* from Bagdad — and had the pleasure of another evening in his company. Almost his first question, on hearing where I had been, was, ‘What do you think of the Hedjaz Railway?’ And in reply I took from my pocket the manuscript of an article I had just completed and was about to dispatch to the *Railway Age Gazette* of New York, on the railroads of Syria and Palestine, and indicated the following paragraph: —

‘Although it still bears evidence — in solidly constructed culverts and bridges and well-run levels — of the skill of the distinguished engineer who built it, the Hedjaz line, opened scarcely half a decade ago, has deteriorated to a point where it has no rival for the title of “The Worst Run, and the Worst Run-Down Railway in the World.” Most of its engines — their boilers eaten out by the alkali water — are on the scrap-heap, and the rest are on their way there. The trains, nominally run on the constantly varying Arab time, can rarely be depended upon to leave even their termini within an hour or two of the minute scheduled. All in all, the much vaunted “Pilgrim’s Railway” rivals the remains of Baalbek for the completeness of its ruin, failing to come up to the latter only on the score of picturesqueness.’

‘That about epitomizes my impression of the Hedjaz Railway as it is to-day, your Excellency,’ I added, ‘and I might say further that, if it has ever to be put in shape for that little operation against Egypt which we discussed in Mesopotamia, the cleaning-up job will be on a scale to make Hercules’s labor with the Augean Stables look like a sideshow.’

It was a flippant, not to say a rude, speech, and I regretted it the moment it had passed my lips. Meissner’s reply,

however, was ‘more in sorrow than in anger.’

‘I don’t wonder that the Hedjaz Railway seems a joke to you, or to any foreigner, or to any but myself who have spent some of the best years of my life in the building of it. So perhaps you will find it hard to believe me when I say that its steady destruction — I can use no other word — under the *laissez-aller* policy of the Turks has been to me the nearest approach to a tragedy I have ever known. Less than five years ago, I turned over to the Ottoman government one of the best built railways Asia had ever known, and they have made of it — yes, you have used the right word — a ruin. Do you wonder that I refused to undertake the construction of the Bagdad Railway until the Porte had agreed to operate it, after completion, under German management?’

‘As for having to employ it for operations against Egypt (there would be no use in denying to you after what you have seen of where it runs, that strategic considerations were not lost sight of in keeping it so far from the coast and the dangers of a sea raid), if that contingency ever arises, why, we will simply have to make out the best we can with it. There is no other line of communications available — assuming of course that sea-control were in the hands of the enemy. But please believe me when I say that, from the bottom of my heart, I hope that contingency may never arise.’

I met Meissner Pasha more or less casually on several other occasions during my subsequent travels in Asiatic Turkey, but at no time did I hear him say, nor yet have I ever had authentic word of his doing, aught to indicate that — personally at least — he was not entirely sincere in the sentiments expressed that evening in Aleppo regarding a possible attack upon Egypt

from Turkey. I have of course always known that, like all the other Germans in the Near East, he was chained for life to the Kaiser's war chariot, and it is, therefore, with no surprise that I read in the late Berlin papers that he is directing the railway preparations for the long-heralded advance on Suez. There can be no doubt that he is doing the best he can with the facilities at his disposal, and it may be taken for granted that Meissner's best — because he is trusted by the Turks and Arabs and has the faculty of getting on with them — will be a good deal more than any other German could accomplish under the circumstances. But deep in his heart he knows that, however good his best is, it will not be good enough, for the task ahead of him is far more nearly prohibitive than it was at the time he told me that an indispensable condition precedent to its success was a double-track railway between Sinai and the Bosphorus. Not only is there no double track — except for considerable sidings — along any portion of this tenuous line, but even single-track communication is still unestablished through the Taurus and Amanus mountains. Practically all of the food, and every bit of the munitions, of an army operating against Suez will have to break bulk at least twice and be portaged over what are now snow-clogged passes of considerable altitude, and after that be worried along a zigzag route to Palestine over lines which, though connecting, are not of uniform gauge, and were, up to the outbreak of the war, under German, French, and Turkish management respectively. Then will come the trans-shipment to the light desert railways in the rear of the army. To tinker this sorry patchwork into an efficient

line of communications for a modern army is the task set for Meissner Pasha and his engineers, and there is no doubt that they will 'do the best they can' at it, however far that best would seem foredoomed to fall short of what would be necessary for anything approaching success.

It might also be pointed out that the actual military problem of attacking Suez — according to the views outlined by Meissner Pasha as being those of the German strategists of three years ago — has become an incomparably more difficult one. The 'diversions' in North Africa and the Middle East have failed utterly to materialize, while, on the other hand, the active coöperation of India and Australia with Great Britain has become a *fait accompli*. With undisputed sea-control, the ability of Britain to concentrate overwhelming numbers for the defense of Suez is greater than ever before, while — more important still, perhaps — the vaunted superiority of Teutonic personnel and matériel has been proved a myth on every field of Europe. Even with the way clear between Germany and Constantinople, Suez is safer to-day than it was at the outbreak of the war.

For the resolute and energetic Meissner Pasha, the consolation obtained through being able to restore the ruin of the Hedjaz Railway will probably be a good deal more than offset by the realization that the words he spoke in 1912 regarding the consequences of a Turko-German-Egyptian adventure hold good with added force to-day; and, moreover, that the worst of the alternatives he conceded at that time — the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire — seems in process of inevitable fulfillment.

KITCHENER'S MOB

II. IN THE TRENCHES AT LOOS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

WE were wet and tired and cold and hungry, for we left the train miles back of the firing-line and had been marching through the rain since early morning. But as the sergeant said, 'A bloke standin' by the side of the road watchin' this 'ere column pass would think we was goin' to a Sunday-school picnic.' The roads were filled with endless processions of singing, shouting soldiers. Seen from a distance, the long columns gave the impression of imposing strength. One thought of them impersonally, as battalions, brigades, divisions, cohesive parts of a great fighting machine; but when our lines of march crossed — when we halted to make way for each other — what an absorbing pageant of personality! Each rank was a series of intimate pictures. Everywhere was laughing, joking, singing, a merry minstrelsy of mouth organs. The jollity in my own part of the line was doubtless a picture in little of what was happening elsewhere. We were anticipating the exciting times just at hand. Gardner, who was blown to pieces by a shell three days later, was dancing in and out of the ranks singing, —

'Oh! won't it be joyful!
Oh! won't it be joyful!'

Mac, who had less than a week to live, was throwing his rifle in the air and catching it again in sheer excess of animal spirits. Three rollicking lads, all of whom we buried during the week in the

same shell-hole, under the same wooden cross, stumbled along with an exaggerated show of utter exhaustion, singing, —

'We never knew till now how muddy mud is,
We never knew how muddy mud could be.'

And little Sammy P., who had fibbed bravely about his age to the recruiting officers, trudged contentedly along, his rifle slung jauntily over his shoulder, munching army biscuit with the relish of an old campaigner. Several days later Sammy said good-bye to us, smiling bravely through his tears, and made the journey back along the same road — this time in a motor-ambulance. And as I write, he is hobbling about a London hospital ward, one trouser leg pathetically empty.

I remember that march in the light of our later experiences, in the light of the official report of the total British casualties at the battle of Loos. Sixty thousand British lads killed, wounded and missing! Marching four abreast, a column of casualties fifteen miles long! I see them plodding cheerily through the mud, their faces wet with the rain, 'an' a bloke standin' by the side of the road would think they was goin' to a Sunday-school picnic.'

I was marching with the sergeant — a favorite with the boys. They respected him as a soldier and liked him as a man. He was in a talkative mood.

'Lissen to them guns barkin'! We're in for it this time, stryght!' Then turning to the boys behind, —

'Ave you got yer wills made out,

you lads? You're a-go'n' to see a scrap this time, an' it ain't a-go'n' to be no flea-bite, I give you my word!

'Right you are, sergeant! I'm leavin' me razor to 'is Majesty. 'Ope 'e'll tyke the 'int. I don't like to see Royalty with 'air on their fyces.'

'Strike me pink, sergeant! You gettin' cold feet?'

'Less sing 'im "I want to go 'ome"! Get 'im to cryin' like a byby!'

'W're's yer mouth organ, Ginger?'

'Right-O! Myke it weepy now! Slow march!'

'I want to go 'ome!

I want to go 'ome!

Jack Johnsons, coal-boxes and shrapnel, O Lor'!

I don't want to go in the trenches no more.

Send me across the sea

W're the Allemand carn't shoot me!

Oh my! I don't want to die!

I want to go 'ome!'

It is one of the most plaintive and yearning of soldiers' songs. 'Jack Johnsons' and 'coal-boxes' refer to two greatly dreaded types of high explosive shells. More than half of the boys who sang it to the sergeant on this occasion were killed within a fortnight.

'Wyte,' the sergeant said, smiling rather grimly; 'just wyte till we reach the end of this 'ere march! You'll be singin' that song out o' the other side o' yer fyces.'

We halted in the evening at a little mining village, and were billeted for the night in houses, stables, and even in the water-soaked fields, for there was not sufficient accommodation for all of us. With a dozen of my comrades I slept on the floor in the kitchen of a miner's cottage, and listened far into the night to the constant procession of motor-ambulances, the endless tramp of marching feet, the thunder of guns, the rattle of windows, and the sound of breaking glass.

The following day we spent in cleaning our rifles, which were badly caked

with rust, and in washing our clothes. We had to put these still wet into our packs, for at dusk we fell in, in column of route, along the village street, and our officers told us what was before us. I remember how vividly and honestly one of them described the situation.

'Listen carefully, men! We are moving off in a few minutes to take over captured German trenches in the neighborhood of Loos. No one knows yet just how the land lies there. The reports we've had are confused and rather conflicting. The boys you're to relieve have been having a hard time. The trenches are full of dead. Those who are left are worn out with the strain, and they need sleep. They won't want to stop long after you come in, so you must n't expect much information from them. You'll have to find out things for yourselves. But I know you well enough to feel certain that you will. From now on you'll not have it easy. You'll have to sit tight under a heavy fire from the German batteries. You'll have to repulse counter-attacks, for they'll make every effort to retake those trenches. But remember, you're British soldiers! Whatever happens, you've got to hang on!'

We marched off on a road nearly a foot deep in mud. It had been churned to a thick paste by thousands of feet and by all the heavy wheel-traffic incident to the business of war. The rain was still coming down steadily; it was pitch-dark, except for the reflected light on the low-hanging clouds of the flashes from the guns of our batteries and those from the bursting shells of the enemy. Every few moments we halted to make way for long files of motor-ambulances, which moved as rapidly as the darkness and the awful condition of the roads would permit. I counted twenty of them during one halt, and then stopped, thinking of the pain of the poor fellows inside, their wounds

wrenched and torn by the constant jolting and pitching. We had vivid glimpses of them by the light from flashing guns, and of the Red Cross attendants at the rear of the cars, steadying the upper tiers of stretchers on either side. The heavy garrison artillery was by this time far behind us; but batteries of field artillery were concealed in the fields and in the ruins of houses on every side. They were firing at a tremendous rate. The big shells from the larger guns to the rear went over us with a hollow roar like that of an express train heard at a distance. They exploded several miles away with a sound of jarring thunderclaps.

In addition to the motor-ambulances there was a constant stream of outgoing traffic of other kinds: dispatch-riders on motor-cycles, feeling their way cautiously along the side of the road; ammunition-supply and battalion-transport wagons, the horses rearing and plunging in the darkness. We approached a crossroad and halted for some batteries of field pieces moving to pass to new positions. They clattered by on the slippery cobbled road, the horses at a dead gallop. In the red lightnings of gun-fire they looked like a series of splendid sculptured groups.

We moved on and halted, moved on again, stumbled into ditches to get out of the way of headquarters cars and motor-lorries, jumped up, and pushed on. Every step through the thick mud was taken with an effort. We frequently lost touch with the troops ahead of us and had to march at the double to catch up. I was fast getting into the despondent, despairing frame of mind that often follows physical weariness, when I remembered a bit of wisdom in a book by William James which I had read several years before. He had said, in effect, that men have layers of energy, reserves of nervous force which they are rarely called upon to use but

which are, nevertheless, assets of great value in times of strain. I had occasion to test the truth of this statement during that night march and at intervals later, when I felt that I had reached the end of my strength. And I found it to be practical wisdom which stood me in good stead on more than one occasion. How, I wonder, did Professor James learn it?

II

We halted to wait for our trench guides at the village of Vermelles, about three miles back of our lines. The men lay down thankfully in the mud, and many of them were soon asleep, despite the terrific noise. Our batteries, concealed in the ruins of the houses, were keeping up a steady fire, and the German guns were replying almost as hotly. The weird flashes lit up the shattered walls and revealed men asleep, with their heads thrown back over their pack sacks, their rifles leaning across their bodies; others standing in attitudes of suspended animation. The noise was deafening. One was thrown entirely upon his own resources for comfort and companionship, for it was impossible to converse. While we were waiting for the order to move, a homeless dog put his cold nose into my hand. I patted him and he crept up close beside me. Every muscle in his body was quivering. I wanted to console him in his own language, but I knew very little French, and I should have had to shout into his ear at the top of my voice to make myself heard. When we marched on I lost him, and I never saw him again.

There was a further march of two and a half miles over open country — the scene of the great battle. The terrain was a maze of abandoned trenches, and was pitted with shell-holes. We crossed what had been the first line of British trenches — which marked the

starting-point of the advance — and from there the ground was covered with the bodies of our fallen comrades — men who had 'done their bit,' as Tommy says, and would never go home again. Some were huddled in pathetic little groups of two or three, as they might have crept together for companionship before they died. Some were lying face downward just as they had fallen; others in attitudes revealing dreadful suffering. Many were hanging on tangles of German barbed wire, which the heaviest of bombardments never completely destroys. We saw them only by the light of distant trench-rockets, and stumbled on and over them when the darkness returned.

Marching across country under fire is an unpleasant experience, even though it is dark and the enemy's shelling is haphazard. We machine-gunners were always heavily loaded. In addition to the usual infantryman's burden, we had our machine guns to carry, together with our ammunition, water-supply, tools, and instruments. We were very anxious to get under cover, but we had to go slowly. By the time we reached our trench we were nearly exhausted.

The men whom we relieved were packed up, ready to move out, when we arrived. We threw our rifles and equipment on the parapet and stood close to the side of the trench to allow them to pass. They were cased in mud. Their faces, seen by the glow of matches or lighted cigarettes, were haggard and worn. A week's growth of beard gave them a wild, barbaric appearance. They talked eagerly. They were hysterically cheerful — voluble from sheer nervous reaction. They had the prospect of a short reprieve from the sickening horrors, the sight of maimed and shattered bodies, the deafening noise, the nauseating odor of decaying flesh. As they moved slowly

along, there were the usual conversations which take place between incoming and outgoing troops.

'W'ot sort of a week you had, mate?'

'It ain't been a week, son; it's been a lifetime!'

'Lucky fer us you blokes come w'en you did. We've about reached the limit.'

'Ow far we got to go for water?'

'Bout two miles. Awful journey! Tyke you five hours to do it. You got to stop every minute, so much traffic along that trench. Go down Stanley Road about five 'unnerd yards, turn off to yer left on Essex Alley, then yer first right. Brings you right out by an old farm w'ere the pump is.'

'Ere's a straight tip! Send yer water fatigue down early in the mornin'. Three o'clock at the latest. They's thousands usin' that well an' she goes dry after a little w'ile.'

'You blokes want any souvenirs, all you got to do is pick 'em up. 'Elmets, revolvers, German di'ries, rifles. You wyte till mornin'! You'll see plenty.'

'Is this the last line o' Fritzies' trenches?'

'Can't tell you, mate. All we know is, we got 'ere some'ow, an' we been a-'oldin' on. My Gawd, it's been awful! They've calmed down a bit to-night. You blokes is lucky comin' in just w'en you did.'

'I ain't got a pal left out o' my section. You'll see some of 'em. We ain't 'ad time to bury 'em.'

They were soon gone, and we were left in ignorance of the situation. We knew only approximately the direction of the living enemy, and the dead spoke to us only in dumb show, telling us unspeakable things about the horrors of modern warfare.

Fortunately for us, the fire of the German batteries, during our first night in captured trenches, was directed chiefly upon the positions to our

right and left. The shells from our own batteries were exploding far in advance of our position, and we judged from this that we were holding what had been the last line of German trenches, and that the British artillery was shelling the probable line along which a new German entrenchment would be made. We felt more certain of this later in the night when working parties were sent from the battalion to a point twelve hundred yards in advance of the trenches we were then holding. They were to dig a new line there to connect with entrenchments which had been pushed forward on either side of us.

At daybreak we learned that we were slightly to the left of Hill 70. Hulluch, a small village, still in the possession of the Germans, was to our left front. Midway between Hill 70 and Hulluch and immediately to the front of our position, there was a long stretch of open country, which sloped gently forward for six or eight hundred yards and then rose gradually toward the skyline. In the first assault, the British troops had pushed on past the trench which we were holding and had advanced up the opposite slope nearly a mile farther on. There they started to dig themselves in, but an unfortunate delay in getting forward had given the enemy time to collect a strong force of local reserves behind their second line, which was several hundred yards beyond. So heavy a fire had been concentrated upon the British troops that they had been forced to retire to the line we were then occupying, meeting with heavy losses both in advancing and retiring. The ground in front of us for the distance of nearly a mile was covered with bodies.

All of this we learned later. We knew nothing of our exact position during the first night; but as there appeared to be no enemy within striking

distance of our immediate front, we stood on the firing benches vainly trying to get our bearings. About one o'clock, we witnessed the fascinating spectacle of a counter-attack at night.

It came with the dramatic suddenness, the striking spectacular display of a motion-picture battle. It was hard for me to realize that I was witnessing an actual attack. I had been anticipating this very thing for so many weeks. I had visualized it for myself time after time, but my imaginings had been woefully inadequate. I would not have believed such a stupendous pictorial effect was possible.

There was a sudden hurricane of rifle- and machine-gun fire, and in an instant all the desolate landscape was revealed under the light of innumerable trench-rockets. We saw the enemy advancing in irregular lines to the attack. They were exposed to a pitiless infantry fire. I could follow the curve of our trenches on the left by the almost solid sheet of flame issuing from the rifles of our comrades against whom the assault was launched. The artillery ranged upon the advancing lines at once; the air was filled with the roar of bursting shells and the melancholy *whing-g-g* of flying shrapnel. I did not believe that any one could cross that fire-swept area alive, but before many moments we heard the staccato of bursting bombs and hand-grenades, which meant that some of the enemy at least were within striking distance. There was a sharp crescendo of deafening sound; then, little by little, the firing ceased, and word came down the line: 'Counter-attack against the — Guards; and jolly well beaten off, too!' Another attack was attempted before daybreak, and again the same torrent of lead, the same hideous uproar, the same sickening smell of lyddite, the same ghastly noonday effect, the same gradual silence, the same result.

III

The brief respite which we enjoyed during the first night soon came to an end. We were given time, however, to make our trenches tenable. Early the following morning we set to work removing the wreckage of human bodies. Never before had death revealed itself so terribly to us. Many of the men had been literally blown to pieces. We had to gather the fragments in blankets. It was horrible beyond the power of words to express. For weeks we had to eat and sleep and work and think among such awful sights. We became hardened to them finally. It was absolutely essential that we should. Life would have been unbearable otherwise.

The trenches and dug-outs had been battered to pieces by the British artillery as a preliminary to the infantry assault; and since their capture the work of destruction had been carried on by the German gunners. Even in their wrecked condition we could see how skillfully these earthworks had been constructed. No labor had been spared to make them as nearly shell-proof and as comfortable for living quarters as possible. Under a clayish surface soil from two to three feet in depth there was a stratum of solid chalk, and advantage had been taken of this by the German engineers who planned and supervised the work. Many of the shell-proof dug-outs were from fifteen to twenty feet below the surface of the ground; entrance to these was made in the front wall of the trench on a level with the floor. A stairway just large enough to permit the passage of a man's body led down to them. The roofs were reinforced with heavy timbers, and so strongly were they built throughout that most of them were intact despite the heavy bombardments.

There were larger surface dug-outs

with floors but slightly lower than that of the trench. These were evidently built for living quarters in times of comparative quiet. Many of them were six feet wide and from twenty to thirty feet long, and quite palatial compared to the wretched little 'funk-holes' to which we were accustomed. They were roofed with logs a foot or more in diameter, placed one on top of the other in tiers of three, with a covering of earth three or four feet thick. But although they were solidly built, they had not been proof against the rain of high explosives. They were for the most part in ruins, the logs splintered like kindling-wood and strewn far and wide over the ground.

We found several dug-outs, evidently officers' quarters, which were almost luxuriously furnished. The walls and the floors were of wood. There were rugs for the floors and pictures and mirrors for the walls; and in each of them there was the jolliest little stove, with a removable lid on the top. We discovered one of these underground palaces at the end of a blind alley leading off from the main trench. It was at least fifteen feet underground, with two stairways leading down to it, so that, if escape were cut off in one direction, by reason of the trench caving in and blocking the passageway, it was still possible to get out on the other side.

We immediately took possession, built a roaring fire, and were soon passing round canteens of hot tea. Life was worth while again. We agreed that there were less comfortable places than German officers' dug-outs in which to have breakfast.

The respite was short, however. We were soon to have borne in on us that death comes swiftly in war; that one's life hangs by a thread; that the most trivial circumstance saves or destroys. Shortly before noon, Mac came into the half-ruined dug-out where the off-

duty machine-gunners were making tea over a fire of splintered logs.

'Jamie,' he said, 'take my place at sentry for a few minutes, will you? I've lost my water bottle. It's 'ere in the dug-out somew'ere. I'll only be a minute.'

I went out to the gun position a few yards away, and just as I did so the German batteries began a bombardment of our line. One's ear becomes trained in distinguishing the size of shells by the sound they make in traveling through the air, and it is possible to judge the direction and probable place of their fall. Two of us were standing by the machine gun. We heard the terrifying sound which we knew meant danger, possibly death: the awful whistling roar of a high explosive. We dropped to the floor at once. The explosion blackened our faces with lyddite and half blinded us. The dug-out which I had left less than a moment before was a mass of wreckage. Seven of our comrades were inside.

One of them crawled out, pulling himself along with one arm. The other arm was terribly shattered and one leg was hanging by a tendon and a few shreds of flesh.

'My Gawd, Jamie, look wot they did to me!'

He kept saying it over and over while we cut the cords from our bandoliers, tied them about his leg and arm, and twisted them up to stop the flow of blood. He was a fine healthy lad; a moment before he had been telling us what he was going to do when he went home on furlough. Now his face was gray with pain; his voice grew weaker and weaker, and he died while we were working over him.

High-explosive shells were now bursting all along the line, throwing tons of earth high in the air. The ground rocked beneath us. Great masses of earth and chalk were blown in on top

of men seeking protection where there was none. I heard frantic cries for 'Picks and shovels!' 'Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers this way, for God's sake!' The voices sounded as weak and futile as the squeaking of rats in a thunderstorm. When the bombardment began, all off-duty men were ordered into the deepest of the shell-proof dug-outs, where they were really quite safe. But those English boys were no cowards. Orders or no orders, they came out to the rescue of their comrades. They worked without a thought of their own danger. I felt actually happy, for I was witnessing splendid heroic things. It was an experience which gave a man a new and unshakable faith in his fellows.

The sergeant and I rushed into the ruins of our machine-gun dug-out. The roof still held in one place. There we found Mac, his head split in two as though it had been done with an axe. Gardner's head was blown completely off, and his body so terribly mangled that we did not know until later who he was. Preston was lying on his back, with a great jagged, bloodstained hole through his tunic. Bert Powell was wounded in so many places that we exhausted our supply of field-dressings in bandaging him. We found little Charlie Harrison lying close to the side of the wall, gazing at his crushed foot with a look of incredulity and horror pitiful to see. One of the men — he had been a Thames river-policeman in civilian life — gave him first-aid with all the deftness and tenderness of a woman.

The rest of us dug feverishly in a great heap of earth at the other end of the shelter. There we uncovered Walter, a lad who had kept us laughing at his drollery on many a rainy night. The earth had been heaped loosely on him and he was still conscious.

'Good old boys!' he said weakly, 'I

was about done for.' In our haste we dislodged another heap of earth which completely buried him again, and it seemed a lifetime before we were able to remove it. I have never seen a finer display of pure courage than Walter's.

'Easy, boys! I can't feel anything below me waist. I think I'm 'urt down there.'

We worked as swiftly and as carefully as we could. We knew that he was badly wounded, for the earth was soaked with blood; but when we saw, we turned away sick with horror. Fortunately, he lost consciousness while we were trying to disentangle him from the fallen timbers, and he died on the way to the field dressing-station. Of the seven in the dug-out, three were killed outright, three died within half an hour, and one escaped with a crushed foot which later had to be amputated.

What had happened to our little group was happening to others along the entire line. Americans may have read of the bombardment which took place that autumn morning. The dispatches, I believe, described it with the usual official brevity, giving all the information necessary from the point of view of the general public:—

'Along the Loos-La Bassée sector there was a lively artillery action. We demolished some earthworks in the vicinity of Hulluch. Some of our trenches near Hill 70 were damaged.'

'Damaged'! It was a guarded admission! Our line was a shambles of loose earth and splintered logs. At some places it was difficult to see just where the trench had been. Had the Germans launched a strong counter-attack immediately after the bombardment, as we expected they would do, we should have had great difficulty in holding the position. But they failed to do this and we at once set to work rebuilding.

The loose earth was put into sand-

bags, parapets remade, the holes blasted out by shells filled in. The worst of it was that we could not get away from the sight of the mangled bodies of our comrades. Arms and legs stuck out of the wreckage, and on every side we saw ghastly distorted human faces—the faces of the men whom we had known, with whom we had laughed and joked and shared rations for months past. Those who have never had to undergo experiences of this sort cannot possibly know the horror of them. It is not in the heat of battle that men lose their reason. Battle-frenzy is, perhaps, a temporary madness; but when the fighting is ended there comes the real danger. The strain is relaxed. Men look about them and see the bodies of their comrades torn to pieces as though they had been hacked and butchered by fiends. One thinks of the human body as inviolate, a beautiful and sacred thing. The sight of it dismembered or disemboweled, lying in the bottom of a trench, tramped into the mud, smeared with blood and filth, is so revolting as to be almost unendurable.

And yet we *had* to endure it. It was impossible to escape it. The ground in front of our trenches was strewn with bodies. They were lying in the trenches and were scattered over the fields to the rear of us for more than a mile, for there had not yet been time to bury those who had fallen before reaching the German line. Worse even than the sight of the bodies were the cries and entreaties of wounded men, dying before our eyes while waiting to be taken back to the field dressing-stations. The stretcher-bearers were doing magnificent work, but there were so many wounded that some had to wait for hours before they could be carried back. We were compelled to listen to their groans and pleadings, knowing that we could do nothing more for them.

'I'm shot through the stomach, matey! Can't you get me back to the ambulance? Ain't they some way you can take me back out o' this?'

'Stick it, old lad! You won't 'ave much longer to wyte. They'll be some o' the Red Cross along 'ere in a jiffy now.'

'Give me a lift, boys, can't you? Look at my leg! Do you think it will 'ave to come off? Maybe they could save it if I could get back to 'ospital in time. Won't *some* of you give me a lift? I can 'obble along with a little 'elp.'

'Don't you fret, sonny! You're a-go'n' to ride back in a stretcher presently.'

Some of the men, in their suffering, forgot everyone but themselves, and it was not strange that they should do so. There were others with more iron in their natures, who endured fearful agony in silence. During memorable half hours, filled with danger and death, many of my gross misjudgments of character were made manifest to me. Men whom no one had credited with

heroic qualities revealed them. Others failed rather pitiably to live up to one's expectations. The most startling and unexpected revelations were made. It seemed clear to me that there was strength or weakness in men for which they were in no way responsible; but doubtless it had always been there, waiting to be called forth at just such crucial times.

During the afternoon I heard the hideous, hysterical laugh of the soldier whose nerve is gone. One of the men picked up an arm and threw it far out in front of the trenches, shouting as he did so in a way that made my blood run cold. I knew what had happened. Then he sat down and started crying and moaning. He was taken back to the rear — one of the most pitiable victims of a war of unspeakable horrors. I heard of many instances of nervous breakdown, but I witnessed surprisingly few of them. Frequently I saw men trembling from head to foot; they pulled themselves together, however, under the taunts of less susceptible Tommies.

(To be concluded)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SMOKING

My complaints against smoking are not those of the Puritan outsider. My innocence, in fact, was early lost. Already at thirteen my friends and I were guiltily aware of the joys of corn-silk cigarettes and catalpa-bean cigars. Our bravest would even confess the voluptuous delights he found in strange

stogies compounded of dried autumn leaves, and he would wistfully wonder if any nicotinish weed could ever seduce him from their discovered charm. I remember our going far out of our way to find illicit smokes. Opium and hashish were out of the range of our New Jersey town, but there were the thick fumes of ground coffee which I smoked in a pipe with hot and blinding relish, and

there were less happy experiments for which I was jeered by my more conventional friends.

We came to tobacco, therefore, with some slight boredom from these weird and exotic pleasures. At first the neat little packages of cigarettes appealed to our æsthetic taste. My dried-leaf friend had a long debauch of twirling cigarettes with one hand out of a thin sheet of Rizla and a pinch of tobacco. We never succumbed to cigars, and the innocent novelty of cigarettes finally palled, so that I think we never smoke now except for purely social and gregarious reasons, especially when ladies press tobacco upon us and we yield for fear of mollycoddledom. Most burdensome is the cigarette-smoking lady who forces you into an unholy competition of numberless cigarettes, merely to keep up the reputation of your sex. Masculine solicitation I can refuse with a wearied air. The only time I find I really crave a smoke is as the crowning touch to an unusually bad dinner. The stale and strident taste which smoking always leaves with one is the healthiest reminder to avoid all those occasions which make one crave it.

The cigar I always look upon as the most manifest symbol of blatant maleness. It can apparently be held in the teeth only at a certain angle, and this angle always gives a peculiarly rakish expression to the most benevolent faces. The cigar has a tendency to bring out unconsciously in a man's expression all of those saloon-keeper and tough-politician traits which are latent, I suppose, in every man. I am often amused to see how the faces of devout clergymen or cultivated lawyers change as soon as they get a cigar into their mouths. The hat unconsciously slips back on the head, the cheeks unconsciously become jowlish, the eye sly and beery. An estimable human being has, with the cigar as a

pencil, drawn a caricature of himself as a predatory male. The cigar-smoker leaves a trail behind him. His staleness is ever with you. About every smoker there clings an atmosphere of noisomeness. Odor follows everywhere like the rumor of graft or the fact of a prison sentence.

The cigarette, on the other hand, shared by both sexes, has an undeniable æsthetic charm. It is friendly, sociable, light. Its odor does not cling boorishly to every curtain and garment. It passes with the light thoughts which it creates. Of a man it tends to make a poet, just as the cigar tends to make a dive-keeper of him. For a woman it is the symbol of emancipation, the temporary substitute for the ballot.

The pipe, warmly defended as the true smoke, is the most amusing of all the smoking manifestations. To see men smoking pipes is a spectacle irresistibly funny. If the cigar brings out their latent, blatant maleness, the pipe puts it all to sleep. Pipe-smokers always invest the act with a religious solemnity. They refer to it as an aid to calm contemplation. Meditative thought is supposed to be the undercurrent of the long and fragrant pipe. But if the smoker is conscious of his smoking, how can he use his attention for thought? And if he is unconscious, what is the use of doing it? One decides that smoking is really a substitute for thought, and that it is this that accounts for its perennial popularity. At the best, it may be the fixation means for a hypnotic reverie, the bowl of the pipe taking the place of that navel which the East Indian saint is supposed to contemplate. But normally it is a mere escape from care, a harmless submersing of the mind in sensuous and tobaccoish fog.

To see a man peacefully smoking a pipe is to witness a triumph over nature. It is to see aggressive masculinity

soothed and pacified to an idyllic harmlessness. Fierce and lustful man rendered as tame as a tabby-cat! For pipe-smoking does always make me think of cats. Women smoke with nervous alertness. They have something of the air of the kitten putting up the electric back at this puppy of a world. But the pipe-smoking man is the blinking, dozing domestic tabby. Pipe-smoking is merely the way men purr. One can almost hear the murmur of their contented souls. The rising smoke registers the gentle gurgle of their nicotinish purr. Blessed be the civilizing pipe, which brings out the tabby in otherwise unbridled man!

THE PASSING OF EMILY RUGGLES'S

AUTUMN has come and school has opened, yet no tops have appeared in our town. These be degenerate days! In the New England village where I live there is not a top to be had. Neither are there marbles in the spring, nor hoops, nor paper soldiers, nor slingshot elastic, nor — but let us simply say we have no Emily Ruggles's.

Miss Emily Ruggles kept the little notion store in the Massachusetts town where my boyhood was spent. She was almost as terrifying as her store was alluring. She must have been nearly six feet tall, and she had a deep bass voice and a forbidding manner. It was said that she wore a ramrod in the back of her dress, and on Sunday when she was sitting very straight in her pew across the aisle from ours, wrapped in her best Paisley shawl, I used furtively to watch for some visible confirmation of this rumor. I thought the ramrod might slip up and show at the back of her neck. It was also said, I believe on sound authority, that she sent a substitute to the Civil War, and was highly indignant that she was n't allowed to go her-

self. For us youngsters who scrambled every Memorial Day for the cartridge-shells ejected by the G.A.R. firing squad after the salute, this was a thrilling fact about Miss Emily.

Her little store was in Lyceum Hall Block, close to the Post Office, and you climbed four steps to enter it, by a single heavy door without any slam-absorber. When you had pushed open this door and entered the somewhat dim interior, you looked toward the back of the room between two parallel counters, and behind a third counter which connected them at the rear you saw Miss Emily sitting, swathed in her weekday shawl. She looked at you sternly, to see if you were going to shut the door, and shut it quietly, and after you had done so, she demanded, in her deep bass voice, 'Which side, young man?'

This question had much point, for on the right side of the store, both in the counter and on the shelves behind it, were the notions — spools, needles, calico, garter elastic, and a hundred other things your mother was always wanting; while on the left side were kept marbles, paper soldiers, lead soldiers, slingshot elastic, air-guns, bows and arrows, slates, whistles, school pencils, compasses, paint-boxes, and a hundred other things *you* were always wanting. Miss Emily sat strategically at the rear of the store, and did not move till she knew for certain what it was you were after. Nowadays this would be called efficiency. In those days our parents called it crankiness.

When Miss Emily took your pennies for an 'aggie' or a 'snapper' or a big glass 'popper,' she did so sternly, and she always examined them closely as if she expected counterfeits. She never smiled sweetly on you, and called you 'Sonny' or 'Little boy.' She never smiled at all. She called you, invariably, 'Young man,' in her aggressive

bass. But the fact remained that she invariably kept on hand just the kind of marbles and toy soldiers and paper soldiers and dolls and pencils and paints the heart of youth desired, and slingshot elastic of pure rubber, which nobody else ever kept and which is quite unprocurable to-day; and she always put in an extra marble or two with a ten-cent purchase, and she never stretched the elastic on the yard-stick when she measured it, and the steps to her shop were worn hollow by the tread of children's feet. That was her prim New England way of expressing her affection. She studied for weeks to procure a window display which would delight the hearts of all the youngsters, and then she thundered at the first child who entered, 'Shut the door, young man — and don't slam!'

She knew the season for every game. She knew when marble time was due, and the appearance of glittering 'aggies' in her window invariably preceded by one day the drying up of the sidewalk along the Common. She knew when top time had arrived, and when the tops filled her window, then we laid aside our other sports and obeyed the call. At Valentine time her window was full of the most ravishing confections of paper lace and pink cupids and amorous poetry — but never a 'comic.' The nefarious trade in 'comics' was carried on by a druggist who also was suspected of selling something stronger than soda. Miss Emily would have nothing to do with such iniquitous things as 'comics.' And all the time the left-hand window was constantly changing its display, the right-hand window contained the same bales of calico and

boxes of spools, till they were faded and dusty and fly-specked. Miss Emily's real interest was in the children's trade.

Long ago Miss Emily joined her fathers. Her store passed with her. There is none in that town to take its place, nor in other towns, either. No doubt most of the things she sold (except that marvelous sling elastic of pure rubber three quarters of an inch wide) can still be bought, some in one store, some in another. But they cannot be bought from the same counter. They are not assembled together for the eye of childhood to gloat over, not even in the occasional toy store of the large cities. Certainly there are no such shops any more in the villages and smaller towns, their steps worn hollow by the tread of little feet. Spinsters we have with us still, and children, too; but one form of mutual dependence between the two seems to have gone forever.

I have wondered sometimes if that is the reason the boys in the town where I live now never play marbles, or spin tops. In the past five years I have not seen a single game of marbles or once heard the shrill request, 'Gimme a peg at yours!' It is not strange that the slingshot has vanished, for automobile tires use up all the available rubber. But why should tops and marbles vanish from the earth? They have gone the way of the delightful children's matinees at the old Boston Museum. no doubt, and the Kate Greenaway books, and the jack-stones little girls used to toss by the hour, sitting on the front steps. It makes one feel middle-aged and mournfully reminiscent.